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THE MURDER NOVEL.

Unless my recollection of the novels of one or two generations ago be astray, there is one remarkable difference between them and the popular school of English romance at the end of the century. Near as they were to the days of highway robbery, of hanging for sheep-stealing, or duelling, and of domestic and European war, our grandfathers and grandmothers were so far different in their tastes from their descendants that, in their novel-reading, they seem never to have wanted, or at least they very rarely got, bloodshed. It seems to have been held in those days that breaking of bones and letting of blood was really not sport for ladies. And it is the distinction of the last score of years in the century, in the matter of romance, to have changed all that.

It is true that Sir Walter, dealing as he did at times with deeds of arms, had now and then to let somebody be killed; but it was always done with a certain solemnity, as of a serious man over an unfortunate event: so that the one impression we do *not* preserve of his romances is that of the cheerfulness of the taking of life. One hesitates to think what some of our modern authors would have done with Sir Walter's opportunities—what assiduous sword-play they would have given us in "Rob Roy" and the "Legend of Montrose," and how

they would have disdained his device, in "Ivanhoe," of letting the offending Brian de Bois-Guilbert die of "the violence of his own contending passions." The death of the sham herakl in "Quentin Durward" would have been for them an incident barely worth a sentence, and that sentence, in their hands, would not have been one of homily. To them, Sir Walter's respect for mere human life must seem almost valetudinarian; and the slaughterless narratives of Fielding and Goldsmith, to say nothing of Richardson, must have the insipidity of spoon meat.

When one thinks of it, there must have been *some* murders in the old novels: there were pirates and coroners and villains then, as now; the "bowl and dagger school" was a phrase in use; and the clash of arms does still faintly ring from some half-forgotten romances across the century; but, unless the distance lends propriety to reminiscence, the murders were treated as things to be got away from, and the task of the hero in whose sphere of influence they occurred was to "bring the assassin to justice" rather than to assassinate back. And, for the most part, murder was left to the lower orders of character. In Dickens, Jonas Chuzzlewit murders somebody—like Mr. Lang, I cannot recall whom or why—with an amount of mental strain that

communicates itself to the reader, so that the episode looms in memory as something lurid and frightful; and, similarly, the crime of Bill Sykes bulks blackly and oppressively across the tale. A murder *was* a murder, so to speak, in Dickens. And in Thackeray, so much less melodramatic, and so fastidious about sensation, we never get a murder at all, save by way of a duel. On that head, the author of "Vanity Fair" would have stared at some of the later practitioners of his craft, who on their part, it is to be feared, must find him preposterously scrupulous about killing, and extravagantly interested in mere character.

In "Esmond," for instance, the personality of Lord Castlewood is held up to the light in chapter after chapter, and his death by the sword of Lord Mohun is handled as a veritable tragedy; and when Harry Esmond, with his *botte de Jésuite*, gets a chance later to avenge his kinsman and remove a rascal, he does but wound him, on the now unheard-of ground that it was not for him, a private citizen, to take a life in vengeance. This, be it observed, in a romance, a tale of adventure. In the society novels, of course, such a question did not even arise. • For Thackeray, as for Jane Austen, normal human experience did not include the use of cold steel upon fellow creatures, however objectionable; and these artists did not take Dickens' satisfaction in parading criminals and crimes.

Looking back, one is inclined to think that it was with Dickens that the taste for blood began to come into English fiction. Mr. Wilkie Collins, to the best of my recollection, made a good deal of use of murder in his plots; and Miss Braddon improved upon him in the matter of thrill. Even George Eliot, who, like Mr. Meredith, belonged to the middle age of plot, gives us whiffs of crime in "Romola" and "Middlemarch," and raises a delicate question for the

coroner in "Daniel Deronda." But these coquettings with police news are the merest child's play compared with the hearty and unabashed spirit of slaughter that animates a whole school of romancers who have arisen since George Eliot's day.

It was the gallant Stevenson who first effectively brought the glamour of *gules* into our artistic romance in these latter days. In order of publication, "Treasure Island" began the entertainment, with its fascinating Long John Silver, its stockade fighting, and its general flow of blood in the scuppers. In "Kidnapped," after the early bout of assault and ambush on the brig, the author held his hand somewhat, aiming rather at an interest of character; but in "The Wreckers" he certainly made up for lost time; and in "The Black Arrow," which appeared in book form out of its order in time of writing, the handling of sword and knife is spirited and spirit-stirring. A touch of the same scent gives piquancy to the "New Arabian Nights" and "The Dynamiters;" but it is in "The Wreckers" that we have the most enterprising use of the gore motive, and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" that the charm of crime is most intensely exploited. The naval massacre in "The Wreckers," the romantic attraction of which consists in its being treated as a disagreeable necessity for which nobody is seriously to be execrated, almost carries us back to the good old tale of the Nibelungen, wherein "a murder grim and great" gives Homeric breadth to the narrative. Finally, in "The Beach of Faleså," we have the joy of knifing dramatically presented in the first person by "a man who did."

It is not to be supposed that Stevenson did not reflect artistically and even ethically on his employment of blood as local color. Doubtless he would have ready a vigorous retort on the bourgeois sentimentalism of anybody who

suggested that he made very little account of murder as a phase of conduct. Still, he seems to have pulled up after the "Beach" and "The Ebb-Tide," and bethought him that after all great fiction has more to do with the analysis of the spirit than with the cutting-up of flesh and blood. "Weir of Hermiston" is a distinct reversion to the psychological.

If Stevenson flagged, however, the neo-romantic school has not yet lost its taste for the higher homicide. Carnage is its handmaid—if one may so modify Wordsworth. Mr. Kipling has outgone Stevenson in his wholesale manipulation of the murder-motive. In "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," in particular, he has given to his large public such a touch of the thrill of slaughter as no previous artist had been able to communicate; and in his "Jungle Book" he contrives, in the intellectual interests of the young, to raise the life of the lower animals to the epic heights of massacre hitherto reserved for the head of the mammalia.

Thus the rising generation is being kept up to date. There used to be a good deal of cutting-off of heads in the fairy tales of a generation ago, Hans Christian Andersen having no aversion to the lusty key set in "Jack the Giant-Killer." When a humanitarian lady, some years ago, protested against such literature—and some other sorts—as demoralizing to the young, a certain learned journalist scornfully retorted that children are not morally affected in that fashion; and are thus more sensible than some of the adults who supervise them. And doubtless he was right, so far as the question then went. But the boy whose young idea is taught to shoot by the "Jungle Book" seems to be in a different case; and the British patriot may hopefully reckon that the generation that is being thus guided will be well nurtured for the duties of empire as regards the hand-

ling of inferior races, and will be quite peculiarly prepared for the coming Armageddon that so inspires the imagination of our patriots. And, as the cares of empire widen for us in Africa, we may take similar comfort in the services of Mr. Rider Haggard, whose picture of the Achillean figure of Umslopogaas, the skull-prodder, has doubtless roused many a youth to high resolves conducive to the civilizing aims of Mr. Rhodes.

After the successes of Stevenson and Kipling and Mr. Haggard, the murder novel was bound to be energetically cultivated; and in Mr. Anthony Hope it has found a master. That versatile artist, finding no great appetite in the public for such moderately exciting fiction as "A Man of the People," seems to have passed at one resolute stride from the delicate drawing-room humor of the "Dolly Dialogues" to the ruddy and sanguine romance of "The Prisoner of Zenda"—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, as the slang of last generation had it. Nowhere, perhaps, is the latter pursuit taken up in fiction with such scientific grasp, and such a vigilant eye to opportunities, as in the tale of the wondrous career of Mr. Rudolf Rassendyll in Ruritania. The keynote is struck with promptitude and decision on the first day of the proceedings in the matter of king-making. Mr. Rassendyll and his comrades, it will be remembered, return to the castle to find that one of their subordinates has been killed in the process of securing the king. Thus thriftily has time been husbanded. As they ride away and see a party of horsemen approaching in the darkness, the substitute king, full of his new responsibility of office, feels that something must be done in the way of retribution, and accordingly charges with his henchmen into the group whose general guilt he broadly divines. With regal impartiality he lays about him with his weapon at

large, heedless as to degrees of complicity. To this ideal he does not fail to live up; and the result is a butcher's bill which speaks volumes for the soundness of the nerves of the British reading-public. The reader is never allowed to feel that the story drags. If the captivity of the king seems factitiously prolonged, the deaths of other people keep up the interest without a pause. In one chapter, one does feel for a moment puzzled as to the artist's plan of campaign. The prisoner's friends get within reach of him; the sentinel in the boat on the moat is duly knifed; the king is found to be alone in his cell; the rescuer sees a light between the wall and the end of the funnel; and all that is needed is that he should whisper to the king to get into the funnel and be taken up by the boat at the other end. Yet nothing comes to pass; the rescuers withdraw till another time; and one begins to harbor an ungenerous suspicion that Mr. Hope simply countermanded the action because he found he had not yet made the book long enough. But, on retrospect, one remembers the stabbed sentinel and retracts the charge, acknowledging that the night had not been lived in vain, and that the action is consistently progressive.

The seal of popularity having been set upon "The Prisoner of Zenda," the industrious artist produced, in "Phroso," a much better romance, in which the excitement of manslaughter is again secured in connection with contemporary life. An educated English nobleman of our day finds himself in situations where the stabbing and shooting of enemies is "all in the day's work," and nobody, save the parties disposed of, is a penny the worse, in reputation or in conscience. I do not recollect how many human obstacles are cleared off in the stirring pages of "Phroso;" but there are a full half-dozen to the credit of the right side,

apart from the stabbed lady. Mr. Hope had used that lady before in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and he seems to have felt that, in view of the sameness of her duties in the two plots, he could not very well employ her again, and so had better diversify her career in the meantime by getting her knifed. Those who have been able to follow the acrobatic career of Rupert of Hentzau can report whether the master's hand keeps its perfect cunning. I have only been able to take cursory note that Mr. Hope, true to his art, has killed the king, applying to him also the *ultima ratio*.

More industrious novel-readers than I can doubtless lengthen indefinitely the list of examples of the art-form under notice. It has many varieties, from the vein of Mr. Rider Haggard to that of Mr. Wells; it even promises to tinge the novel of character, so called. George Eliot spared us the threatened hanging in "Adam Bede;" but Mrs. Ward carried hers through to the bitter end in "Marcella;" and Mr. Hardy gave us both murder and execution in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The psychological novel evidently feels the competition of the sarcological, and is moved to adopt modern methods. As for the short story, it now wears the red badge of carnage in two cases out of three, and one may pick up a magazine in which every tale has its justified homicide. That is the crowning charm of the murder novel—nobody is ever prosecuted. It is taken for granted all round that the American gentleman of a Southern State was unchallengably right when he framed the maxim that "murder is the most gentlemanly crime that anybody can commit."

It is somewhat remarkable, by the way, that despite the universality of its appeal, the murder novel is still almost wholly in British hands. M. Zola indeed added gore to his other coloring

in "La Terre" and "La Bête Humaine;" but on his powerful palette the pigment did not particularly stand out; and the practitioners of America are in this matter quite behind the age. Mr. James and Mr. Howells obstinately pursue the presentment of mere character and its reactions. Years ago, Mr. George Moore complained wistfully that in Mr. James' books, while there are traditions that grave misdeeds occurred in a past generation, and hints that they may happen again, "right bang in front of the reader nothing ever happens." Mr. James has proved incorrigible in his distaste for crime, and Mr. Moore seems even to have been partially converted to his view, for "Esther Waters" is not eminently eventful in the current sense, and the only blood in it is a medical, not a moral phenomenon, while in "Evelyn Junes" there is not even that. But there is no saying how things may go: it is all very well to exploit the British conscience once in a way with a novel that shows the punishment of betting; but the range of possibility in that line is restricted in comparison with the scope of the theme of unpunished murder. Mr. Stanley Weyman has written some catching stories, one of them a very pretty romance in its way, but his parsimony in the matter of blood threatens to class him low in the race for popularity. He will probably have to give his swordsmen more practical work if he is to hold his own. Fights in which nobody falls will not suit the robust appetite of the age.

It is to be observed, too, that the taste appealed to by the sanguinary school is eminently virtuous. That taste is even capable of recoiling from the unpleasantness in "Esther Waters," where nobody kills or is killed, but where there is a hospital scene and a *fauz pas*—things compared with which a murder is refined and romantic. Mr. Robert Cromie, the author of one of

the most original and effective sensational romances of the day, "The Crack of Doom," has vehemently attacked the methods of the school of Zola as being nauseous, evidently feeling that the murder by slow strangulation which strikes the key-note of the plot in his romance is something breezy and wholesome in comparison. As regards sex-matters, he is himself strictly conservative, and nowhere more so than in his brilliant war romance, "The Next Crusade," where the bulk of the population of Turkey are massacred, in revenge for their atrocities, here carefully chronicled. So scrupulous, indeed, are most practitioners of the novel of blood in the matter of what are commonly called the proprieties, that they must be credited with a laudable anxiety to consider the feelings of that "young person of seventeen" whose needs have been so much discussed in connection with the English novel of character. They may justly claim to have written nothing that will bring a blush to the cheek of youth; and, all things considered, it seems difficult to prove that, on the other hand, they ever plant a pallor there. The suffrages of the circulating libraries must be taken to express the decision of the British public that the murder novel is a strictly sanitary product for family reading. Many people boggle at "Jude the Obscure" and "Tess;" and not a few, including the Times newspaper, at "Esther Waters;" but nobody, I think, complains of the death-rate in the romances of Mr. Hope, any more than over those of Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard. These writers never fluster the parlor with problems of sex; and Mr. Hope, though he did introduce a dark lady in the "Prisoner," treated her very austere, albeit she leant to virtue's side, and took care that in "Phroso" she was legally, if secretly, married. And even that did not save her. Of such strict regard for

propriety the great British public is cordially appreciative. Art with us is felt to be on perfectly safe moral ground when it sympathetically represents breaches of the sixth commandment, provided it only stops there and never raises the question of the seventh. This is the great stay of the Anglo-Saxon spirit, as regards all comparisons between itself and the French. Our healthy taste, and at the same time our delicacy, are proved by the satisfaction we take in tales of abnormal bloodshed, where the corrupt public of Daudet and Zola and Huysmans, indifferent to such pure entertainment, persistently contemplates things that go on among average people. Hence the prevalent decadence of French literature.

To be sure, a difficulty might be raised about the possible effects of the murder novel upon the statistics of crime. If it be true that the penny dreadful, with its highwaymen heroes, propels untutored youth to burglary, it seems arguable that the constant reading of tales of honorable murder, written by gentlemen for gentlemen and ladies, might tend to encourage the practice in real life, where it must

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often seem so convenient, and where its propriety must often be perfectly clear, as tried by the generous standards of the sanguinary school, so, notoriously scrupulous about morals. But thousands of estimable people will be ready to testify that such apprehensions are "morbid" and "sentimental;" so that we seem entitled to be of good cheer over our literary condition. At the close of the nineteenth century, unemasculated by peace and the Peace Society, unsophisticated by Socialism, untainted by utilitarian ethics and French models, our great reading-public draws a Spartan moral stimulus from the healthy novel of homicide; and the weaker sex, too long a prey to mere psychology and the lore of the affections, has learned to share the masculine interest in the effective use of the knife and pistol, whether in public or in private quarrel. There is even ground to hope that the wholesome and educative sport of bull-baiting may be restored, after a century of eclipse, and that the literary gentleman who lately deplored the thoughtless haste with which we have "too much abolished brutality" may die comforted about his country.

John M. Robertson.

BYGONE DAYS.

My father, Josceline Percy,¹ was born in 1784. At thirteen years of age he was appointed as a volunteer of the first class to H.M.S. "Sans Pareil," carrying Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour's flag, and joined her at the Nore. His uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, having given him, the former a chest of plate, and the latter a

medicine-chest to take to sea with him, the boy was so laughed at for bringing such luxuries that he threw the medicine chest overboard, and the plate would have shared the same fate had it not been handed over to the charge of the ship's purser. The "Sans Pareil" was ironically called the "House of Lords" from having several noble-

¹ Admiral Percy was a son of the Earl of Beverley. His eldest brother subsequently succeeded to the dukedom of Northumberland, on

the death, in 1865, of his first cousin, Algernon, the fourth duke.

men's sons on board of her, and, naturally, these youngsters came in for an extra share of rough treatment. I remember my father saying that for two years he never sat down to a meal, as he and the other lads who had just joined were not allowed to enter the midshipman's mess, but had to snatch their food as best they could.

My father was afterwards appointed to the "Victory," under Lord Nelson, on the Mediterranean station, who sent him with private despatches to the Queen of Naples, and letters to Lady Hamilton, which he was instructed to deliver into her own hands. The Queen presented him with two magnificent old silver lamps; and, on his return from Naples to rejoin H.M.S. "Victory," Lord Nelson gave him a sword, saying to him, "Young man, I envy you! at your age, and in these times, you ought to have a fine career before you."

After the Convention of Cintra, when the French agreed to evacuate Portugal, he had orders to convey General Junot, then a prisoner in the hands of the English, to La Rochelle. Junot and my father became great friends. He meant to have made himself King of Portugal. He told my father that he was the son of an *avocat*, and owed his advance to being able to read and write, which in those days was an honorable distinction in the French line regiments. He acted as Secretary to Napoleon, when the latter was the colonel of the regiment in which he, Junot, was a sergeant. On one occasion (I forget at which battle the incident occurred) he was writing on a drum-head at Napoleon's dictation, when a cannon-ball struck the earth close to them. "*Nous ne manquerons pas de la poussière, mon colonel*," he remarked, calmly. He began his brilliant career from that day, and, when talking of it to my father, said, "Now Napoleon is an emperor, and I am a duke!"

"We do not acknowledge in England

that General Bonaparte is an emperor," replied my father to this remark; "neither do we admit that he has a right to confer titles in another kingdom, more especially when that title and position is already held by a native of that kingdom."

At that time there was a Portuguese Marquis d'Abrantès.

Every morning Junot used to take out a miniature of his wife and kiss it. She was a very beautiful woman.

On leaving my father's ship, Junot gave him a magnificent dressing-case with gold fittings. Whilst at La Rochelle, my father was invited to dine with the French naval officers there, but he thought it more prudent to decline the invitation, lest he might not be permitted to return to his ship.

Junot himself came to urge him to accept it, and pledged his honor that all would be well, and that no deception was intended. "Would you pledge your honor that, should orders arrive from Paris to seize me and detain my ship, you would not feel obliged to obey them?" asked my father.

Junot replied that he could not do so, should such orders arrive, and retired. His visit was followed by one from the French Admiral, who also urged him to accept their invitation. My father told him that, though he had implicit confidence in the honor of the French officers, he could not accept their hospitality. "Because," said he, "I do not acknowledge your Emperor, and will not trust his Government."

My father always spoke of Lord Nelson as having a singular power of attaching all under his command to himself, from the highest officers to the lowest cabin-boy serving under his flag. Lord Nelson's sense of religion was sincere and strong. He brought it with him into his profession, and it never left him. My father, who knew him intimately, said, "Though it" (his

religious feeling) "did not keep him from the great error of his life, it ought to be remembered that few were ever so strongly tempted; and I believe that had Nelson's home been made to him what a wife of good temper and judgment would have made it, never would he have forsaken it." A great cause of quarrel and dissension between Lord and Lady Nelson was the latter's son by a former marriage, who was not a satisfactory person from Lord Nelson's point of view.

My father never forgave Captain Hardy for turning up all hands, and ordering the ship's tailor to sew up his pockets on the quarter-deck. My father had had the early morning midshipman's watch; it was in the North Sea, the weather was bitterly cold, and Hardy had found him with his hands in his pockets.

When Lord Nelson was commanding the Mediterranean fleet, and was lying off the Spanish coast, the captains of two Spanish frigates, just arrived from America, sent to entreat an audience of him, merely to give themselves the gratification of seeing a person whom they considered to be the greatest seaman in the world. Captain Hardy took their request to Lord Nelson, and urged him to comply with it. Notwithstanding the Admiral's peevish reply of—"What in the world is there to see in an old withered fellow like myself?" he ordered that they should be admitted.

Lord Nelson always wore short breeches and silk stockings, and at that moment his legs were bound up at the knees and ankles with pieces of brown paper soaked in vinegar, and tied on with red tape. This had been done to allay the irritation arising from mosquito-bites. Quite forgetting his attire and the extraordinary appearance which it presented, Lord Nelson went on deck and conducted the interview

with the Spanish captains with such perfect courtesy that his singular appearance was quite obliterated by the charm of his manner, and the Spaniards left the ship with their high opinion of him thoroughly confirmed.

He was very peevish about trifles, and would sometimes say to Captain Hardy, "Hardy, it is very hard that I cannot have my breakfast punctually when I order it!"

Nelson subsequently got my father his lieutenancy, and he was appointed to the "*Diadem*," whose boats he commanded at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1810 he was given, appropriately enough, the command of H.M.S. "*Hotspur*."

I recollect hearing from him that on one occasion, when the "*Hotspur*" was ordered to destroy some French gunboats which threatened the island of Guernsey, the French pilot purposely took her under the enemy's forts. An officer of the vessel, whose name I cannot remember, told me that my father was in such a rage when he discovered the treachery, that had his arms not been held he would have shot the pilot there and then with his pistol. The story of this engagement may be worth relating as typical of the many encounters at sea between the English and the French in those stirring days.

The "*Hotspur*" engaged, single-handed, three French gunboats and several forts. Owing to the pilot's treachery she had been almost run aground within easy range of the land fortifications, and was thus exposed to a cross-fire. The action was a hard-fought one, and lasted from six o'clock on a September evening until midnight.

Before going into action the ship's company was mustered, in order to ascertain that the men were ready and fit for the work before them. Only one man was missing, and he was subsequently brought up by his mess-mates in an intoxicated condition. My father

ordered the man to be placed inside the captain's galley, which had been hoisted up amidships, and there he was laid, nothing more being thought about him. During the heat of the action a voice was frequently heard announcing in what direction the French were firing, and where the "Hotspur's" shots fell short or wide of their mark. It was only when the violence of the fight abated, and the din and smoke diminished, that my father's repeated demands as to who the informant was could be answered, and it was discovered that the voice proceeded from the drunken man in the galley. When he was ordered down, it was found that he had been completely sobered when the action commenced, but that, true to discipline, he had not ventured to move from his position, whence he had been able to see much that was invisible to those on the deck below him. The galley in which he had been placed was riddled with shot, but he himself had escaped untouched. At the beginning of the action my father selected the two youngest boys on board to be his aides-de-camp, hoping thereby to keep them by his side on the poop. He chaffed them when they ducked their heads at the sound of the shot whizzing over them, and they soon became calm and steady.

At one moment he was obliged to send one of these lads to take charge of a gun on the quarter-deck, the firing of which was flagging, and the poor boy had barely reached the post which he was so proud to fill when a 24-pounder ball killed him instantly. The remaining little A.D.C., a young Hay, one of the Kinnoul Hays, my father was reluctantly compelled to send from his side on some errand, and, as he turned away to give an order to his first lieutenant, he heard a groan, and poor Hay fell, shot through the lungs. He was carried down below by the first lieutenant, and placed next to a marine

whose leg had to be amputated. This man, regardless of his own sufferings, supported the boy's head on his shoulder, and gave him all the water which had been brought to him. Hay lived an hour after he was struck, and just at the end he heard the cheering from the decks above which greeted the sinking of the French gunboats. With struggling breath he joined in it, giving a last faint hurrah for the honor of England, and so died. The bodies of the two boys were laid together, covered with a Union-Jack, at the door of the fore-cabin. On leaving the cabin next morning, my father found the flag partially removed, and the faces of the young heroes exposed. By their side were kneeling some old Frenchmen, praying over their bodies. These men had been taken prisoners from some coasting vessel the day before the action, and it seemed that the boys had been very kind to them. They said to my father, "Not all the injury you can do our countrymen will compensate you for the loss of such lives as these!"

My father told me that after the three gunboats had been sunk and the forts destroyed, the surgeon insisted on his going down to have some food, which he did. On sitting down at the table, however, he kicked something underneath it, and, stooping down to see what it might be, he saw a sight which effectually prevented him from having any desire to eat, for he had kicked a mass of amputated arms and legs.

After this engagement the "Hotspur" had to proceed at once to Portsmouth, for she had lost many men, and others were seriously wounded. The frigate herself was badly damaged. Her bulwarks were shot away, and she presented almost the appearance of a raft. During the anxious voyage home the men who had to undergo amputations at the surgeon's hands would not allow the latter to operate unless they

were previously assured that the captain would be present. They declared that if he were there they would undergo anything, and so, of course, my father made a point of acceding to their wishes, though to do so was a great trial to him.

When the "Hotspur" made her number at Spithead she had to be taken into harbor for repairs. Crowds lined the shores and cheered her all the way to her moorings, and the ships saluted her as she was towed slowly by in her damaged and battered condition. My father subsequently received the thanks of the Admiralty on his quarter-deck, but he always said that not all the honors accorded to the "Hotspur" could compensate him for the sorrow he felt at the death of young Hay.

The sword that Nelson gave my father, and a beautiful model of the "Hotspur"—which the carpenter on board carved with a penknife, losing his eyesight in the process—are now preserved at my son's place, Levens. With these are the Duke of Wellington's gloves which he wore at Waterloo, and which his sister-in-law, Lady Mornington, my husband's grandmother, took off his hands when he returned to Brussels after the battle. Lady Mornington was at Brussels with her daughter, Lady Fitzroy Somerset, who was daily expecting her confinement. Her old maid—a woman called Findlay, whom I recollect—could not be awakened when the sound of the firing at Waterloo was first heard, early in the morning of that eventful day. Lady Mornington went herself to her maid's room, and, when she had succeeded in rousing her, the maid said, "Is the Duke between us and the French, my lady?" On being told that he was, she replied quietly,

"Oh, then, my lady, I shall go to sleep again!" Lady Mornington told me that she took her daughter into the park at Brussels, hoping that she would not notice the sound of the cannon, as her husband, Lord Fitzroy Somerset—afterwards Lord Raglan—was at Waterloo, where he lost an arm. A French lady, however, rushed up to them and exclaimed to Lady Fitzroy, "*Mon Dieu, n'entendez vous pas les canons?*" Shortly afterwards the carts containing the wounded began to enter the city.

Lady Mornington was the Duke of Wellington's favorite sister-in-law.² She accompanied him to Paris after the battle of Waterloo. The Duke gave her the pen (a very bad and worn-out quill) with which he signed the capitulation of Paris, and this pen she gave to my husband. It was afterwards stolen from our house in Staffordshire. Lady Mornington lived to a great age. She and Lady Clarendon were twin-sisters, daughters of Admiral Forbes. Admiral Forbes refused to sign the verdict of the court-martial sentencing Admiral Byng to death. He always believed that a fog prevented Admiral Byng from seeing the French fleet, his neglect to pursue which caused him to be tried by court-martial and shot. On each anniversary of his execution Admiral Byng's family used to pay Lady Mornington a formal visit, all dressed in the deepest mourning, in grateful recollection of her father's testimony to their father's innocence of the charge which had been brought against him.

My uncle, Henry Percy, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, and had the glorious task assigned to him of taking

² She was Lady Maryborough at that time (1815), wife of the Duke's eldest brother. Her eldest daughter, Lady Mary Wellesley, married the Hon. Charles Bagot, afterwards Sir Charles Bagot, G. C. B., Ambassador at Paris, St. Petersburg, &c., and Governor-General of Can-

ada. Sir Charles and Lady Mary Bagot's eldest son—the late Colonel Charles Bagot, for many years Assistant Master of the Ceremonies to her Majesty the Queen—married, in 1847, Sophy Louisa Percy, the authoress of these reminiscences.

home the despatches announcing the victory and the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon. He found Napoleon's cloak, left with his carriage on a mound near the battle-field. The cloak was too cumbersome to be taken away, so my uncle cut off the clasps, consisting of two large brass bees linked together by a serpent. This clasp and a book found in the carriage were left to me, and are also at Levens.

He left the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before the battle, and had no time to change his dress, or even his shoes, before going into action. When he received orders to go to England with the despatches he posted to Antwerp, and there took the first sailing-boat he could find to convey him to Dover, where he landed in the afternoon. He found that a report of the victory had preceded him there. The Rothschilds had chartered a fast sloop to lie off Antwerp and bring the first news of the battle to the English shore—news which was to be used for Stock Exchange purposes.

My uncle's confirmation of the rumor of a great victory was received with the greatest relief and enthusiasm. At that time the hotel-keeper at Dover, a certain Mr. Wright, had the monopoly of the posting arrangements between that port and London. He immediately placed his best horses at my uncle's disposal, and despatched an express to order fresh relays all along the road. Besides the despatches my uncle took the two captured eagles of the Imperial Guard with him. These, being too large to go into the carriage, were placed so as to stick out of the windows, one on each side. In this manner he drove straight to the Horse Guards, where he learnt that the Commander-in-Chief, at that time the Duke of York, was dining out. He next proceeded to Lord Castlereagh's, and was told that he and the Duke of York were both dining with a lady in St. James'

square. To this house he drove, and there learned that the Prince Regent was also of the dinner-party.

Requesting to be shown immediately into the dining-room, he entered that apartment bearing the despatches and the Imperial eagles with him. He was covered with dust and mud, and, though unwounded himself, bore the marks of battle upon his coat. The dessert was being placed upon the table when he entered, and as soon as the Prince Regent saw him he commanded the ladies to leave the room. The Prince Regent then held out his hand, saying, "Welcome, *Colonel Percy*." "Go down on one knee," said the Duke of York to my uncle, "and kiss hands for the step which you have obtained." Before the despatch could be read my uncle was besieged with inquiries after various prominent officers engaged, and had to answer "dead" or "severely wounded" so often that the Prince Regent burst into tears. The Duke of York, though greatly moved, was more composed.

By this time my uncle was exhausted from fatigue, and begged the Prince's permission to go to his father's house in Portman square. The crowd was so great in St. James' square that he had the greatest difficulty in getting through it, and reaching my grandfather's house, which was soon surrounded by anxious multitudes begging for news of relatives and friends. My uncle told them that the victory was complete, but that the number of killed and wounded was very large. He told them that he would answer more questions next morning.

He said that the agony of suspense and grief which he witnessed made him insensible to the joy and triumph of the victory, and that he could only think of the awful price at which it had been gained.

Lady Mornington told me that when she went to see the Duke of Welling-

ton after the battle of Waterloo, and congratulated him, he put his hands before his face and sobbed, saying, "Oh, don't congratulate me! I have lost all my best friends."

As Rear-Admiral, my father was appointed to the command of the Cape of Good Hope Station in 1841. We sailed from Portsmouth on board the "Winchester," my father's flagship. At that time the Brazils were included in the command of the Cape Station, and we spent some time in Rio Janeiro, where we were most hospitably entertained by the English Minister, Mr. Hamilton. We made many long riding excursions through beautiful tropical scenery and vegetation, the orchids and air plants being most wonderful. For a fortnight we rode all day and danced all night, and then left for the Cape of Good Hope, after vowing eternal friendship to many people at Rio whom we never saw again or heard of. We anchored in Simons Bay, and went to stay at Government House, with Sir George and Lady Napier, until the Admiralty House was ready for us.

Six months after this we went to Mauritius, to stay with the Governor, Sir William Gomm, and his wife. Port Louis in those days was very healthy, and we stayed both there and at Réduit, the Governor's country place. Mauritius was in my father's station, and the dinners and balls given for us were endless. The most interesting visit we paid was to an old French gentleman, a Monsieur Genève. He was over ninety, and had left France at the time of the Revolution. In manners, dress, and deportment he belonged to the *ancien régime*. He had a large property on the Black River, and when we arrived we were received by him and all his family under a large banyan-tree. There were *pavillons* or large huts, dotted about all over a big lawn—one for my father, another for my

sister and myself, and so on. The dining-room and drawing-room *pavillon* contained also Monsieur Genève's own rooms. In a large village near were all his emancipated slaves, who were devoted to him and his family.

At Bourbon, whither we went after leaving Mauritius, we were entertained by the French Admiral Bazoche, whom my father had fought in the old war. He showed us the greatest hospitality, and he and my father, when we were not riding about the island, used to sit together and spin war yarns all day. I was sometimes called on to interpret between them. He gave a large official dinner in our honor, and at the end of it stood up and proposed the Queen of England's health.

We were to have gone on to Madagascar, but the French officials gave my father so alarming an account of the fever which they declared was raging there, that he did not like to expose us to it; so, much to my disappointment, the intention was abandoned. I have since thought that even in those days (1842) the French were jealous of English men-of-war visiting Madagascar, and that the authorities had orders to prevent my father visiting the island, and therefore exaggerated the danger from fear of our doing so.

The next cruise we took in the "Winchester" was up the West Coast of Africa. H.M.S.S. "Sappho," "Thunderer," "Bittern," and "Conway" accompanied the flagship, and every evening the "Winchester" lay-to during dinner-time, and the captains of the ships dined with us.

After we left Benguela, the officer of the watch came down to the fore-cabin while we were at luncheon, and said to my father—

"A sail in sight, sir, with very raking masts—a slaver, probably."

"Make all sail and chase her," ordered the Admiral. An officer came

down to report at intervals how we were gaining upon the vessel. As we drew near her, a gun was fired from the "Winchester," which was answered by another from the slaver. Our boats were then ordered out—the cutters and a launch, fully armed. On seeing this, the slaver went about, and tried to run for the mouth of a river on the coast; but she was soon overtaken, and had to surrender. The following morning, her captain was brought on board the "Winchester," and my father saw him in the after-cabin. He was a handsome young Spaniard, and wore beautiful clothes, his coat being adorned with silver filigree buttons, and altogether he was clearly a great dandy. He and my father spoke together in Spanish, which I did not understand. He declared that the captain was not on board, and that he was merely the supercargo; but I believe that this subterfuge was always made.

I went on board the slave-vessel with my father. The captain's cabin was very smart. There were plenty of nice books in it, and every luxury, and his guitar, with blue ribbons tied to it, was lying upon a sofa. The slave-deck was a terrible sight, and I shall never forget it. The miserable creatures were crowded on it, doubled up, with their knees touching their chins. Twice a-day they were ordered to the upper-deck, for the sake of the fresh air, and to prevent them dying, which many tried to do in order to escape from their miseries. If they were unable to rise from their cramped position and walk, they were flogged unmercifully until they did so. This slaver was "condemned," and sent to Sierra Leone, and the slaves, of course, liberated. I remember hearing that if liberated slaves fell into the hands of the Boers at the Cape, they were so cruelly treated that they preferred their days of slavery, when they often found kind masters.

We had a black servant called "Jumbo." He was a Christian, and very intelligent, and we always heard that he had been a prince in his own country. He could recollect the agony of being torn from his home and sold in the Brazils as a slave. Whenever a slaver was condemned, Jumbo so far forgot his civilization as to dance his native war-dance and sing with joy. He came to England with us, but could not stand the cold, and, moreover, he was terrified when he saw the steam of his breath on a cold day, because he thought his inside must be on fire! We sent him back to the Cape of Good Hope to Admiral Dacres, who succeeded my father at Simons Bay, and were very sorry to part with him.

Sir James Ross and Captain Crozier, in H.M.S.S. "Erebus" and "Terror," anchored in Simons Bay on their way home to England from their Antarctic explorations. My father asked them to stay at the Admiralty House while they were there, and they remained some time with us.

Sir James Ross and Captain Crozier were the dearest of friends, attached to each other by their mutual tastes, and by the dangers and hardships they had shared. Their hands shook so much that they could scarcely hold a glass or a cup. Sir James Ross took me in to dinner one evening, and said: "You see how our hands shake? One night in the Antarctic Circle did that for us both. There was a heavy sea running, and a fearful gale. Icebergs were all round us, and in front of us a wall of ice, for a rent in which we knew we must steer in order to find the passage through it. It was a pitch dark night, and we could only guess where the gap in the ice-wall was by seeing one part look blacker than the rest. Both "Erebus" and "Terror" steered for the blackest bit. We could not see each other for a long time, and each of

us thought we had run the other down."

Sir James told me that this episode had shaken their nerves more than any other peril of that perilous voyage. Captain Crozier told me that on neither of their ships had any one been ailing, but at Simons Bay many of them fell ill, and suffered terribly from the heat, though it was winter at the time of their visit.

After our return to England, my father was subsequently made Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, which post he held till 1854. In the meantime I had married, and my naval experiences came to an end.

I well recollect Talleyrand. On one occasion, Lord Westminster gave what was then called a breakfast, at Moor Park. King William IV. and Queen Adelaide were there, and the Corps Diplomatique came down from London to it. We children were sent to play in the garden while the party were at luncheon, and were ill-mannered enough to flatten our noses against the dining-room windows to see what was going on inside.

The King saw us, and asked my father whose children we were, and, to his annoyance, he had to reply that we were his own. The King sent for my brother and myself, and kept us beside him, giving us ices and fruit, and was extremely kind to us. My father told me to look well at M. de Talleyrand, who was sitting opposite, as when I grew older I should read a great deal about him. He was deadly pale, and looked like a death's head. I also well remember Madame de Gontaut at The Grove, Lord Clarendon's place. She was a most amiable and amusing old lady.

I was present with my mother at the Queen's coronation in Westminster Abbey. We had to be in our places in

the Abbey in low dresses, at four o'clock in the morning. I "came out" at the ball given at Stafford House on the night of the Queen's marriage, and danced with old Lord Huntly, who made a point of dancing with every *débutante* because he had danced with Marie Antoinette!

In the summer of 1847 my husband and I stayed in Grosvenor square with his grandmother, Lady Mornington, in order that I might make acquaintance with the Wellesley family. My mother-in-law, Lady Mary Bagot, Lady Mornington's daughter, was dead, but while we were there the Duke of Wellington, Gerald Wellesley, who became Dean of Windsor, and Lord Cowley, our ambassador in Paris, were frequent visitors in the house. Having been brought up by my father to think of the Duke of Wellington as the greatest man living, or who ever lived, I naturally felt very shy of him.

Lady Westmorland, my husband's aunt, asked me one night to go with her to her box at the opera, as my husband was on guard that night. The Duke came with us, and Lady Westmorland told him that I was very frightened of him, so he took my hand and held it throughout the first act of the opera, which only made me still more shy! However, my fear of him soon passed, and I asked him for a piece of his hair, and also for some of that of his famous charger, "Copenhagen," the horse he rode at Waterloo. Lady Mornington had already given me some of his hair as a young man, and next morning his valet brought me a packet containing his hair as an old man, and some cut off "Copenhagen's" mane. This hair, and the horse's, are set in the frame of a miniature (now at Levens) of the Duke, which he gave to Lady Mornington when he went to India as Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was at that time so "hard up" that Lady

Mornington gave him his socks, and, indeed, most of his outfit.

The Duke of Wellington said that when he received the report at Brussels, on the night of the 15th June, that the French had driven back the Prussians and advanced to Quatre-Bras (thirty-six miles in one day, thirty miles of which were fought), he looked at the map, and would not believe it possible.

The Duke told Lady Mornington: "I have taken a good deal of pains with many of my battles, but I never took half the pains I did at Waterloo. By God! there never was such a battle. One hundred and fifty thousand men *hors de combat*. Blucher lost 30,000—I can account for 20,000, and the French loss may be fairly reckoned at 100,000 more."

General Arthur Upton (born 1777) asked the Duke what he should have done had the Prussians not come up in time. The Duke replied: "The Prussians were of the greatest use in the pursuit. If they had not come up in time, what should we have done? Why, we should have held our ground. That is what we should have done. Our army was drawn up into a great many squares, with the cavalry riding among them. I saw it was necessary to present a length of front to the enemy, so I made them fall into line, four deep. That manœuvre won the battle: it was never tried before."

After the pursuit of the French army to Genappe the Duke of Wellington and my uncle Henry Percy returned to Waterloo. The Duke was very low, and said to my uncle: "I believe that you are the only one of my A.D.C.'s left." My uncle replied, "But we ought to be thankful, sir, that you are safe!"

"The finger of God was upon me all day—nothing else could have saved me," was the Duke's answer.

My uncle replied that he had feared

that the Duke was a prisoner when he had got amongst the French.

"I got away through the 95th Regiment three times during the battle," said the Duke.

Sir Peregrine Maitland told me that he had such a raging toothache during the battle of Waterloo, that he never knew how he got out of the wood in which the Guards lost so many of their officers and men, and that he could tell me absolutely nothing about the battle. His wife was the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. It was a runaway match, and the Duchess, who was furious at the marriage, had the bad taste when speaking of her daughter to call her "Barrack Sall!"

Sir Peregrine told me that the enthusiasm for the Allied Armies after they entered Paris was immense, and that the fickle Parisian mobs made themselves hoarse with shouting "*Vive nos amis les ennemis!*"

Before Louis XVIII. was obliged to fly from Paris, the 19th March, 1815, he sent for Fouché and wished him to take the department of the Police. Fouché informed the King that it was too late, and frankly told him his reasons for thinking so.

M. Blacas, who was present, twice interrupted him by saying, "Monsieur Fouché, you forget that you are speaking to the King."

Fouché, indignant at being interrupted, turned upon Blacas, and retorted: "Monsieur Blacas, your impertinence compels me to tell his Majesty that you were fourteen years in my pay as a spy upon him when he was in England!"

The King burst into tears, and broke up the conference.

When Talleyrand returned from the Congress, the Duc de Berry persuaded the King to dismiss him, and at his first audience with Louis XVIII. the King

was markedly cold to the great Minister. Talleyrand demanded an explanation, and was informed that he was no longer in the King's confidence.

Talleyrand went privately to the Duke of Wellington, with the result that the Duke told the King that the only condition upon which he would support his Majesty's interests was that M. de Talleyrand should be retained in office.

The following is from a letter of my uncle, Lord Charles Percy, dated Paris, 8th July, 1815:—

"Lord Wellington decided to enter Paris yesterday. I believe none of the Prussians knew of it; I am sure none of his A.D.C.'s did. They, poor souls, were left in a state of edifying ignorance of all his measures, even of those of the least importance, so much so that when we left headquarters upon our respective horses, not one of the company, except the Lord Paramount, knew how he was to enter it [Paris]—whether in state or not, and if there was to be a review previously.

"The result was that he rode into Paris, followed by his suite, without demonstration of any kind, nor were there twenty people assembled. His house is situated at the extremity of the Champs Elysées and the Place Louis Quinze, therefore, before any rumor could reach the inhabitants, he was safely housed. The tricolor flag continued to fly over the Tuilleries, the Invalides, and the Place Vendôme, and the Corps Législatif continued their sittings under the accursed ensign as if the city had not capitulated and they were still masters of their own proceedings.

"Twenty thousand Prussians marched immediately into the town, and the boulevards were crowded to see the sight; but no feeling was discoverable. The English troops are encamped in the Bois de Boulogne and have possession of the Barriers; but are not to take

up their quarters at all within the walls of Paris."

Extracts from Lord Charles Percy's Journal.

"On Thursday, the 2nd May, 1816, I received an order from Lord Hertford to command my attendance at Carlton House, to be present at the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Charlotte Augusta to the Prince of Coburg at 8, or between 8 and 9 o'clock P.M.

"Accordingly, at half-past eight o'clock I reached Carlton House. Pall Mall was pretty full of people; guard of honor in the courtyard, &c.

"I was conducted through the great hall to a room in which were the foreigners, great officers, &c., and in a few minutes Princess Charlotte's old and new establishment were ordered into the room, where the Queen's attendants were. Loud cheering announced the arrival of Prince Leopold, and in about a quarter of an hour we all moved forward to be present at the ceremony.

"The Queen and the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia of Gloucester were led out into the room appropriated for the ceremony, and there was, of course, considerable crowding after them.

"When I got into the ballroom I went round behind the Queen and Royal Family. The Queen sat on a sofa to the left of the altar, the Princesses in a row on her right, the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Kent opposite.

"The company stood in an elongated semicircle the whole length of the room. The Prince Regent stood in front of the altar, a little to the right. When everybody was settled in their place, the Lord Chamberlain returned to the closet and brought forward Prince Leopold dressed as a full general. He walked up to the altar, bowed to the Prince, Queen, and Royal Family, and looked a little distressed. The

Lord Chamberlain then returned for Princess Charlotte, and every eye was fixed on the door in silence. She came forward, neither looking to the right nor to the left, dressed in white tissue, with diamonds round her head, and no feathers. The Prince Regent led her up to the altar and pressed her hand affectionately; she betrayed no other emotion than blushing deeply. The Archbishop of Canterbury commenced the service, which he read distinctly, though somewhat tremulously, and Princess Charlotte was very attentive to the service, repeating the prayers to herself after him.

"When he addressed himself to Prince Leopold, 'Will you take this woman, Charlotte, to be your wedded wife?' the Prince answered in a low voice. When he addressed a similar question to Princess Charlotte, she answered, '*I will*,' very decidedly, and in rather too loud a voice. She looked very handsome, and her manner was resolute and dignified, without being bold.

"Immediately after the service she threw herself upon her knees, and seized the Prince Regent's hand, kissing it with every appearance of affection and gratitude. He, in return, kissed her on the forehead and raised her up. She then kissed the Queen's hand, and then the Princesses on the cheek. She kissed Princess Mary repeatedly, and said to her, 'You are a dear, good creature, and I love you very much!' She shook hands with the ladies who came up to congratulate her, saying to them, 'Did I not behave well? could you hear all my answers?'

"The signatures then took place, by the Queen and the Royal Family, the Officers of State, &c. This was a tedious business, and after it was over the Royalties returned into the closet. The procession of Royalties closed with the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Coburg, who received the congratu-

lations of the company as they passed. Mr. Disbrowe summoned me to the closet, where Princess Charlotte presented me to the Queen, and I kissed hands.

"Princess Charlotte and her husband left the house and drove through the parks to Oatlands Park. I ought to have been there to hand H.R.H. into the carriage, but I did not know that I had to do so, and therefore was absent. After the departure a circle was made, and the Queen went round with the Prince Regent.

"The Queen then played at cards. The Princesses sat in different rooms, and ices, tea, and bridecake were liberally dispensed. About one o'clock the Royal Family returned to Buckingham House, and the Prince kept some of the Ministers and household to supper.

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 "November the 6th was a heavy day in these kingdoms. Princess Charlotte died at 2 A.M., after being delivered of a still-born son at 9 the previous evening, and having got through her labor favorably. The calamity was first announced to Lord Bathurst and the Duke of York, who were nearest to Claremont. The Duke and Lord Bathurst met at York House, and at once proceeded to Carlton House, having first of all sent an express thither to prepare the Prince Regent. When they arrived at Carlton House they found that the Prince, who had been absent, had already arrived, and was lying down, having missed the messenger on the road. Finding no tidings awaiting him at Carlton House, the Prince had sent to the Home Office, and there learned that Princess Charlotte had been delivered of a still-born son, but was going on very favorably. Bloomfield was immediately summoned, and told to communicate the deplorable event to the Prince. This he refused to do, saying that he thought it would

kill him. The Duke of York therefore told him to go into the Prince's room and announce to him his and Lord Bathurst's arrival from Claremont, intending thereby to alarm him and in some manner prepare him for the intelligence. The message, unhappily, had no such effect, and when they entered his room the Prince said, 'It is a sad disappointment to me, and will be so to the country, but, thank God, my daughter is doing very well.'

"A long pause succeeded his words, and then Lord Bathurst said, 'Sir, I am sorry to say our news is bad.'

"'What is it?' asked the Prince. 'I command you to tell me instantly the whole extent of my misfortune.' They then announced the death, and the Prince remained for some minutes aghast and speechless, holding his hands to his head. He then rose and fell into the Duke of York's arms, weeping bitterly.

"Lord Bathurst and the Duke of York afterwards returned to Claremont, where they found Prince Leopold as composed as he could be in his broken-hearted state.

"When Sir Richard Croft announced to Princess Charlotte that her child was still-born, she said, 'I am satisfied. God's will be done!'

"The Prince of Coburg is overwhelmed by his bereavement. He follows the wheeltracks of the carriage in which they last drove together. He was much shocked at her embalment, which was unexpected, and having got into the room unobserved with the coffin, was found on his knees almost senseless.

"I went yesterday (November 18) down to Windsor to be present at the funeral of Princess Charlotte with the Lord-Steward, Lord Cholmondeley, and Sir William Keppel. The whole road from London was covered with carriages, caravans, horsemen, and pedestrians, all hurrying to Windsor. We

reached the Queen's Lodge, ready dressed, at about a quarter before four. There appeared to be no assembling-room prepared, but two or three diners. I went through the garden to the Lower Lodge, where were the Prince of Coburg and his attendants, and also those of the late Princess. In the garden I met the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland, returning from paying Prince Leopold a visit. On reaching the Lodge I received a paper of instructions, ticket, scarf, and hatband of crape. I remained at the Lodge and dined with Baron Hasdenbrock, Colonels Addenbroke and Gardiner, Sir Robert Gardiner, and Dr. Short.

"Before dinner the Prince of Coburg retired into the room where the coffin was. His dinner was sent from our table, so was also that of Lady John Thynne and Mrs. Campbell. During dinner Prince Leopold sent down for some woodcock.

"After dinner I wished to go into the room where the coffin was, but the Prince had again gone to it.

"About a quarter past seven a royal carriage conveyed Baron Hasdenbrock, Sir Robert Gardiner, and myself to the cloister door. We had to wait at least an hour, and there was a good deal of talking, which was the reason, I suppose, why I found the ceremony so little affecting.

"Prince Leopold and the ladies walked, supported by the Dukes of York and Clarence, after the coffin. The Prince was crying, and his lips quivered violently. They sat down on three chairs, covered with black velvet, in front of the altar. The service was very badly performed by the Dean of Windsor, who, when he left his stall, instead of going up to the coffin, read the service over the heads of the chief mourners and supporters. He also read the prayers consigning the body to the dust before it was lowered into the grave. Then followed some sing-

ing, also ill performed. It was like a stage burial, as the coffin seemed to be lowered down through a trap-door, and no dust was cast upon it.

"The ceremony concluded by Sir Isaac Heard, the Garter King-at-Arms, in his full robes, a very old man, rehearsing her style, &c. This he did in a very feeling manner, and was so overcome that he dropped into the arms of the persons behind him at the conclusion. Prince Leopold then retired, giving orders that the vault should be left open in order that he might pay a last farewell to the coffin. The rest of the assembly then dispersed pell-mell, having first crowded round the vault and cast a sorrowing look at the coffin deposited in its final receptacle.

"It is singular that the troops presented instead of grounding their arms. Hasdenbrock, by Prince Leopold's command, wrote to Bloomfield to beg that the Prince Regent would order a vacant place to be left by Princess Charlotte's coffin for his own, which was done.*

No one who did not live in the days of the passing of the Reform Bill can imagine the excitement which it produced in the country.

My uncle Hugh (the Duke of Northumberland) wrote to my father to ask him if he would come with all his family to Alnwick from Scotsbridge, our house in Hertfordshire, saying that the castle could be armed and provisioned if a revolution broke out. My father, however, did not take so alarming a view of the situation. After the bill was passed, Rickmansworth, the little town near us, was illuminated. Only

Scotsbridge and the vicarage were not so. The mob forced their way into the backyard of Scotsbridge, saying that if my father would not illuminate they would break all the windows and enter the house.

My father loaded his revolver, and sent out word that he would shoot the first man dead who crossed the threshold of a door that led into the hall, where we were all assembled.

The message had a salutary effect, and after breaking some windows the mob withdrew to the vicarage and ordered the vicar to illuminate, and to give them the keys of the church in order that they might ring the bells. The poor vicar was so frightened that he ran up to his bedroom, whence he threw the keys out of the window, and soon he heard a merry peal of bells.

Speaking of family anecdotes, my father told me that in his grandfather's time a trunk, evidently made to fit into a carriage, was found in a lumber-room at Alnwick Castle. On being opened, it was discovered to be filled with gold pieces. Nobody alive knew how it came to be so, and it was supposed to have been prepared for some journey which had to be suddenly abandoned, and that it had been totally forgotten. Some robbers broke into Northumberland House, intending to carry off the plate. They had penetrated into the plate-room, and were about to depart with their booty, when one of them happened to touch an old silver doll which had a clock-work mechanism inside it, and it began to walk. The thieves were so terrified that they fled, leaving everything behind them. The doll is at Alnwick, and still, I believe, walks.

Mrs. Charles Bagot.

* As Prince Leopold became King of the Belgians, this, of course, was not ultimately carried into effect.

THE BYE-WAYS OF JOURNALISM.

Readers of "Bleak House" must be familiar with "the two gentlemen not very neat about the cuffs and buttons" who flit across the crowded pages of that story of London life. They are first introduced at the inquest, held at the Sol's Arms, on the body of the mysterious old copying clerk. The beadle is very attentive to them; "for they are," writes Dickens, "the public chroniclers of such inquiries by the line; and he is not superior to the universal human infirmity, but hopes to read in print what 'Mooney, the active and intelligent beadle of the district,' said and did." They appear again when Mr. Krook dies of spontaneous combustion; and they write, the novelist tells us, with "ravenous little pens on tissue paper" the horrifying particulars of that strange event. These humble workers in the bye-ways of journalism are known to-day, as in the days of Dickens, as "penny-a-liners."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary in these newspaper-reading days to explain what "penny-a-lining" means. Most people know that "penny-a-lining" is a system in journalism by which men who are not regularly attached to any newspaper send items of news—odds and ends of all kinds which they may chance to pick up—to several journals, which are paid for, if published, at the rate of a penny a line. But penny-a-lining is not quite an accurate expression nowadays, so far as London, at least, is concerned. Years ago, when the term was invented, the newspapers only paid a penny a line for items of news accepted from persons unattached to their regular staffs; but now three-halfpence and twopence a line are paid for such reports and paragraphs by the big Metropolitan "dailies." Indeed, "penny-a-liner" has become an

epithet of contempt in journalism. To call a journalist a "penny-a-liner" is to insinuate that he belongs to the lowest and rather disreputable circles of the profession. This seems to be recognized outside the ranks of journalism also. It is only a short time ago that one of our most eminent statesmen stigmatized as "a penny-a-liner" a well-known political journalist who was in the habit of attacking him in his newspaper; and, apparently, the eminent statesman conceived that by the application of that epithet he had administered a terrible castigation to his adversary. "Liner" is the name by which a member of this curious and interesting class of journalists is now known.

London is so vast in extent that none of the daily newspapers could possibly keep a regular staff of reporters large enough to cover everything of public interest which occurs within its borders, and sub-editors—or the news editors, as they are sometimes called—are therefore very glad to avail themselves of the services of these vigilant "liners," who are to be found in all parts of the mighty Metropolis, ever on the look-out for material for a paragraph or a report. They are always on the prowl after accidents, fires, burglaries, and murders; they haunt the great hospitals, the central police stations, and the stations of the Fire Brigade. They are a curious body of men, indeed. Most of them, perhaps, are poorly educated and unambitious, but some of them are able men—men even of University education—who have had tragic experience of the ups and downs of a journalist's life; men who have held important positions on the staffs of our best newspapers, and who for some reason have failed; and, indeed, it is not too much to say that among

the "liners" with which Fleet Street—the greatest newspaper thoroughfare in the world—is swarming will be found more sad failures, more ruined reputations, more crushed ambitions than in any other walk of life. Many are reputable, some are disreputable. The majority of them are induced by the nature of their occupation to look upon life as a comedy, a farce, and when a tragedy comes their way their only thought is the number of lines they can spin out of it, and the pounds and shillings it will bring in. An old journalist friend showed me a curious and amusing account which was sent to a newspaper he was connected with by one of these gentlemen. It ran

THE "MORNING MERCURY."

To S. W. Clacton, Dr.	s. d.
For Atrocious Murder in Bigley Street, S. E.	4 2
Burning of Brewster's factory, Mile End	2 3
Sinking of a Thames passenger steamer	3 2
Dreadful Shipping Conflagration at the Docks	6 1
Poisoning of the Macklin family, Drury Lane	2 6

And so on. One would have imagined that this desperate ruffian, S. W. Clacton, had for the small sum of 2s. 6d.—to take only one item of the account—poisoned an unfortunate family in Drury Lane. But, happily, he was not so bad as that. The amounts set forth in the account were the payments due to S. W. Clacton for his paragraphs describing those conflagrations and murders, at the rate of a penny, three-halfpence, or twopence a line. Some poet has thus sung of the "liner":—

A house afire is breakfast, and a storm
Serves for a luncheon; murder is his
dinner—
Welcome to him is crime in every
form.
Woe and misfortune clothe and feed
the sinner.
Thieves, scoundrels, knaves find morsels
for his jaws;

And, as effect fast follows after cause,
He grows the fine original he draws.

The last lines of the verse are, I think, a little too rough on the "liner." I never heard of one of the fraternity in London committing a murder or setting fire to a factory in order to make a paragraph, though some years ago a newspaper correspondent in the West of Ireland was sent to penal servitude for a series of outrages—such as burning hay-ricks and maiming cattle—which he himself committed, and then telegraphed the harrowing details to various journals.

There are stories told of these journalists which aptly illustrate their common habit of regarding every event from the standpoint of their own special work. One of them coming home one night discovered a man insensible at his threshold, and with great presence of mind, without losing a moment, he called out to his wife, "Quick, my dear, bring a light; here's a paragraph lying on the door-steps!" As another "liner" was walking along the quays of Dublin a man rushed past him and jumped over the wall into the Liffey. The journalist immediately looked at his watch. "How provoking!" he exclaimed. "It's six o'clock and I'm too late for the last edition of the Evening Mail," and addressing the suicide struggling in the water, he added, "All right, my boy; I'll give you a good paragraph in the morning papers."

"Lining" is on the whole a precarious employment. Some "liners" manage to make a fairly good income, but most of them only eke out a miserable existence. There are, it is true, cases in which, by a combination of circumstances, large sums were quickly and quite unexpectedly made by certain "liners" who had got hold of information which their fellows had missed. An inquest was held in the East of London in regard to what was supposed to be merely a common suicide,

but after an hour's evidence facts were revealed which showed that a mysterious murder had been committed. Only one "liner" was present, and the inquest lasted ten days, during which time the six daily papers then existing took the whole of his copy, amounting to from two to four columns per diem. At the end of the inquiry he received close upon 100*l.* from the six newspapers. In another instance, in which three "liners" combined to report a railway accident inquest of great importance, each man received 15*l.* from each of the six journals. Again, a good police case in a suburban court worked by a "liner" has been known to produce 30*l.*; and it often happens that a single fire on a dull night—that is, a night on which there is a lack of news—yields to the "liner" from 10*l.* to 20*l.* It may be asked, in relation to these cases, how it is that, after the first day, other "liners" did not enter into competition with those who had been first in the field? The reason is that it is a sort of unwritten law amongst sub-editors that whoever sends in the first part of a report has his contributions accepted to the end, or while there is "copy" in the affair. It must be also understood that by a process called "manifolding" the "liner" can make six or eight copies of his paragraph or report at the one writing, and he is therefore enabled to have his "copy" in the various newspaper offices with the least possible delay. The "liner's" working materials consist of a bundle of sheets of "flimsy," some "black paper," and a "stylus"—a smoothly rounded off ivory, steel, or agate point—with which he writes; and, as the "black" is apt to part with some of its surface, and the flimsy is rather greasy, it is no wonder that during working hours the face of the industrious "liner" is smutty, and that, as Dickens says, he is "not very neat about the cuffs." But though Fortune

occasionally smiles in that way on the "liner," his income is very uncertain. Want of space is his chief enemy. Pressure of political speeches, or war news, or advertisements may, any night, absorb the whole available space of a newspaper; and then the copy of the "liner" is rejected for want of room, or "cut down" to such small dimensions that his day's work may return him not two or three pounds, but only a few shillings. Any one who has ever filled the sub-editor's chair on a daily paper well knows with what a pang of conscience the carefully written flimsy of some well-known and trusted, but humble and needy, "liner" is consigned to the waste-paper basket.

That the "liner" is a man not only of resource and industry, but of verbosity, must be obvious. As his remuneration depends on the amount of his copy which is inserted, he generally writes about five times, or even ten times, as much as is ever printed. His powers of amplification are, indeed, enormous. Whatever may be said of him, he cannot be accused of not dragging in every petty detail of the murder, fire, suicide, or burglary which is the subject of his paragraph or report. With him terseness is a crime, and the maxim that "brevity is the soul of wit" is line-killing and penny-destroying. "He has gone to that bourn from whence no traveller returns," instead of "he died," "terrific conflagration" for "bad fire," or "desperate struggle" for "fight" will often "turn" a line, and therefore bring in an additional penny or twopence. Among the literary curiosities of a daily paper with which I was once connected is a report from an amateur journalist ambitious of being a "liner," with the bill for his services. He thought that payment was made not on the printed line, but on the written line. He therefore wrote his "copy" on narrow slips of paper, and in a hand just a shade smaller than

the name over a shop door; then counted the lines carefully, and demanded payment at a penny a line for his manuscript!

It is to the "liner" we owe such "purple patches" as "the devouring element," "the watery grave," "no motive can be ascribed for the rash act," "the neighboring religious edifices," which were always "brought into prominent relief by the flames," and the "neighborhood" which used to be "thrown into a state of the utmost consternation," "the vital spark," which was always fleeing, and the "lurid flames shot up and licked the doomed edifice with malignant glee." These loud-sounding words and phrases are now ruthlessly suppressed by the blue pencil of the sub-editor. Yet, owing to the bad example of the "liner," the people that "partake of refreshments," instead of eating and drinking, and the young lady of "prepossessing appearance," but—the liner is always great with his "buts"—"fashionably attired"—never "dressed"—still live in the columns of the daily press. Occasionally the "liner" produces a gem of unconscious humor. A report of the murder of a man named Ducan once came under my notice in a sub-editor's room. "The murderer," wrote the "liner," "was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Ducan had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life." Another "liner," describing a street accident, wrote, "The unfortunate victim was taken to Guy's Hospital, where he now lies, progressing favorably, although he is sedulously attended by Dr. J. R. Robertson, the resident surgeon, and some of the leading members of the medical staff." What he meant to convey was that, though the man had been so dreadfully injured as to require the services of several doctors, he was progressing towards recovery. I have also seen this in a report in a Glasgow

newspaper of a shipwreck off the coast of Ayr: "The captain swam ashore, and succeeded in also saving the life of his wife. She was insured in the Northern Marine Insurance Co. for 5,000*l.*, and carried a full cargo of cement."

The "liner," it will be seen, revels in "appalling disasters." He is out of spirits and his pockets are empty in the piping times of peace when even an assault on a policeman is of rare occurrence. But a strange suicide, a mysterious murder, a fatal fire, or a sensational burglary makes a new man of him, and convinces him that really, after all, life is worth living. There is a grisly story of a "liner" who had not had material for a paragraph for weeks. People persisted in not murdering any one; they would not even commit suicide or drop down dead; fires would not burst out; and the burglar and pickpocket had evidently temporarily given up business. He lived in a cheap suburb, and one afternoon was walking dolefully in his scrap of back garden, smoking his pipe and racking his brains to find out where the next week's dinners for his wife and children were to come from, when he suddenly heard screams proceeding from adjoining premises. He dropped his pipe and rushed out, but soon returned. "Mary! Mary!" he cried to his long-suffering partner, "fetch my hat. Thank God! a woman a few doors up has cut her three children's throats, and we shall have a good dinner on Sunday!" A double murder will pay his quarter's rent; and a romantic suicide in high life will give him a pleasant holiday. I know a very successful "liner" who has a most comfortable home in a London suburb. But his house is suggestive of the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, or the Black Museum at Scotland Yard, for almost every piece of furniture in it has associations of a mur-

der, a fire, or a burglary. "Look at this," he will say, pointing to his writing table; "that's a memorial of Dr. Neill Cream, the Lambeth poisoner; and my 'lineage' out of the 'Southend Murder Mystery' brought me the arm-chair in which you are sitting." He is very fond of his piano. He owes it to the historic meetings of the Irish Parliamentary Party in Room 15. A fine landscape in oils is associated with the crash of the Liberator Building Society; and his handsome illustrated edition of the poets has been bought out of his earnings in connection with the burning of a big warehouse in the city. They are to him what his scalps are to an Indian brave—signal proofs of his success as a "liner."

Formerly, in those dreary intervals in which there was nothing stirring in police or coroners' courts, the most needy and the most reckless "liners" succumbed to the temptation of inventing news, or of building it up on the flimsiest foundations. Late at night, shortly before the hour of going to press, a report of a sensational murder, or fire, or accident, would arrive at the office of a newspaper, and, as it was too late to have it authoritatively verified, and as it was too important a piece of news to hold over—especially as the other journals were certain to have it also—it would be published on chance. A few days afterwards—for our grandfathers in journalism moved very slowly—a denial of the bogus report might appear, or it might not; for, again, our grandfathers were in those matters strangely careless and indifferent. In any event the "liner" was certain to have some plausible explanation—such as that he had got the intelligence from a trustworthy police officer—and he would be able to gather in the resultant pennies. There is a story told that a hard-up "liner" once wrote a graphic and sensational account of his own suicide, which was

duly published, and then he coolly went round the next day and collected the "lineage," which amounted to a pretty fair sum.

Some years ago, before the labor question assumed its present importance, a band of Fleet Street "liners" created a bogus political agitation. They worked in the most systematic and ingenious fashion. Assembling in some favorite hostelry in the courts off the great newspaper thoroughfare, and giving themselves a high-sounding name as a political association—such as the "Labor League," the "Republican Association," or the "Tory Working Men's Association"—they made stirring speeches and passed significant resolutions on the burning political topics of the day. Reports of the meetings were sent to the morning papers, which, while the game was new, were invariably inserted, and, what is more, leader writers saw in them "the drift of public opinion." Copies of the resolutions were also forwarded to leading members of the Government and Opposition. Such of the acknowledgments of the resolutions as were not purely formal were also sent round to all the newspapers. Finally, any autograph replies received were disposed of to some dealer in autographs. Thus there was a triple profit on the transaction—first, the report of the meeting; next, the politicians' replies (both of which were paid for by newspapers that published them at the rate of a penny or three-halfpence a line); and lastly the sale of the autographs. This enterprising coterie of "liners," who displayed much ability and resource in the disguises they assumed for the purposes of their political meetings—being Conservative one night, Liberal the next, Republican another night—and the ruses they employed to make their fishing letters effective, repeatedly practised their arts with success on all the newspapers and on almost every

man of light and leading in the political movements of the time, until the dodge was discovered. But nowadays a trick of that kind is very infrequent. If it were attempted on any journal no more "copy" from the offending "liner" would be received; and if it were successful—if the report appeared in print—the "liner" might find himself in the dock on a charge of fraud, or at least he would be denied the "lineage."

There is one amusing phase of "lining" in vogue in London during the Parliamentary recess. It consists in obtaining expressions of opinion, through the post, from eminent politicians or other public men on vexed points of current politics or other matters of widespread interest.

Newspaper readers must often notice in the Press letters from men eminent in politics, science, art, and literature, in reply to anonymous correspondents. Our leading politicians figure in these communications most frequently. We read that Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Balfour, or Lord Rosebery, or the Duke of Argyll, or the Duke of Devonshire, as the case may be, has written a letter, in reply to a "correspondent" who called his attention to a statement made in some speech, or letter, or newspaper, and requested his views on the subject. "A correspondent" is, in almost every instance, a journalist, whose sole object is ascertaining the opinions of our leading politicians on current events in this manner is to turn an honest penny.

A "liner" sits down, and assuming the rôle of an ardent Radical, we will say, for the sake of illustration, writes an epistle, something like the following, to, say, Lord Kimberley, Lord Rosebery, or Sir William Harcourt:—

Honored Sir,—I am an humble working man. I am a Liberal and a Home Ruler. Imagine, then, my surprise and indignation to read in my Sun-

day paper a speech made by Mr. Balfour in which he declares that you, etc., etc.

The reader will guess the nature of what follows. The letter concludes with a request to the great man to whom it is addressed to send the writer a reply, and ease his mind on this important topic, at the earliest moment. He gets an answer to his letter in two cases out of three, and forthwith despatches copies of it, with a few introductory lines of an explanatory nature, to a large number of newspapers. A dozen copies of the letter are, as I have shown, easily made in one writing with the aid of "flimsies" and "black" and a stylus. If the reply of the leading politician is of interest or importance; if it deals with a phase of the political question occupying the public mind at the moment, it is pretty certain to be published by all the newspapers to which it is sent. The general rate of pay for matter of the kind is three-halfpence per line. Some newspapers pay only a penny a line, or 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. for the paragraph; but others pay 2d. a line, or give 5s. or 6s. for the paragraph. Three-halfpence per line is, however, the average rate of pay, and at that rate our friend, the ingenious and enterprising journalist, often obtains 3l. for the copies of the letter. Of course, if there be little or nothing of interest in the letter, no use is made of it in the newspaper offices, and it is consigned to the waste-paper basket. But the production must be very flat and unimportant to receive that fate. The correspondent rarely fails to get his "copy" accepted by some newspapers, especially at the season of the year which is known in Press circles as "the dull season," "the big gooseberry season," or "the sea serpent season," when there is little news, and particularly political news, going.

It may be asked, are the newspapers

acquainted with the way in which this news is obtained? Of course they are. The views of Lord Salisbury, or Lord Rosebery, or Mr. Balfour, or Mr. John Morley are certain to be of public interest on most subjects; and the newspapers are, as a rule, glad to obtain readable matter from any quarter so long as they know it is trustworthy and accurate.

Here is an example of how the game is played, culled from a recent issue of the Westminster Gazette, which it will be noticed, suspects the origin of the inquiry:—

Somebody, described as a "London Unionist"—may be a newspaper man in search of "copy"—has been calling the Marquis of Salisbury's attention to "the charges frequently made" (as the Daily Telegraph has it) "as to alleged collusion between the Conservative party and 'Labor' candidates." Lord Salisbury's correspondent, it seems, asked whether the responsible leaders of the party would countenance such an alliance, from which, he asserted, the rank and file of the party are absolutely averse.

Lord Salisbury replied as follows:—

Hatfield House, Herts.

Dear Sir,—I am desired by the Marquis of Salisbury to acknowledge your letter of the 31st, asking him as to "an alleged compact, or at least a tacit understanding," between the Conservatives (or Unionists) on the one hand, and on the other hand the clique now known as "Independent Labor." In reply I am directed to say that Lord Salisbury has never heard of the existence of any such compact, and believes the allegation to be entirely untrue.

Yours faithfully,
R. T. Gunton.

But are our public men aware that the correspondent who seeks their views through the post is not a "faithful follower" or "an ardent admirer," as he professes to be, but an enterprising journalist desirous of increasing his income? It is hard to say. A few

are undoubtedly aware of the real object of the correspondent. It is a fact well known to politicians and journalists that, during a session of Parliament, a Minister often inspires a follower to ask a question in the House on some particular topic on which the right hon. gentleman desires to make a statement. In this way an opportunity for making a statement, which would not arise in the natural course of events, is created at question time in the House of Commons. In the same way a letter from a Minister often appears in the newspapers, saying his attention had been called to so-and-so by a correspondent, when it is probable he had received no such communication, but is anxious to make it appear he would never have noticed the subject except for the invitation of a third person. It is, therefore, likely that some, at least, of our public men see the journalist behind the correspondent. Indeed, it is probable they would never reply to those communications if they were not well aware the replies would be read in a day or two in the newspapers. A good many of them, however, never suspect the identity of their correspondent; they never see behind "the humble working man" or "the Conservative shopkeeper" a grinning "liner" in a tavern in Fleet Street with a gin or a whiskey before him. They would hardly notice some of the communications if they at all suspected their origin. But they are so touched by the fervent expressions of admiration and confidence, or by the earnestly expressed desire to arrive at the political truth by this working man—for the guise of an honest son of toil is very popular with our enterprising journalist—that they sit down and indite a most interesting letter; and it is only when they open their newspapers, a morning or two after at breakfast, and see the outpourings of their soul in cold print, that the scales fall from

their eyes and they know they have been "drawn."

Sometimes, indeed, our enterprising friend receives curt replies to his communications, but he makes "copy," and "good copy" too, out of them all the same. For instance, the following paragraph was published extensively a few years back:—

Sir Charles Dilke, M. P., speaking at a dinner at Coleford, Forest of Dean, on Thursday last, is reported to have said that the Foreign Office was about to abandon the policy of continuity in its dealings with foreign nations, and embark on a policy of change which would cause disquietude throughout Europe. A correspondent asked the Foreign Secretary whether the right hon. member for the Forest of Dean was not in error in making the statement attributed to him, and received the following letter in reply from Lord Rosebery's private secretary:—

38 Berkeley Square, W.

Sir,—I am desired by Lord Rosebery to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to state in reply that he finds it quite sufficient to answer for his own utterances without making himself responsible for those of others.

I am, yours obediently,
N. Waterfield.

It is not so long ago, again, since "a correspondent" wrote to Mr. Gladstone, enclosing some remarks which Mr. Keir Hardie was alleged to have made in reference to the Liberal party, and he received the following reply, which he at once distributed amongst the newspapers:—

10 Downing Street, Whitehall.

Sir,—I am desired by Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd ult., and, with reference to the remarks of Mr. Keir Hardie to which you refer, Mr. Gladstone wishes me to say that he can hardly suppose those statements really to have been made; but, in any case, he has not time to spend dealing with them.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
H. Shand.

Lord Randolph Churchill was a favorite mark for these communications. He invariably replied; and his replies were always what "the liners" call "spicy." He was once asked by a "liner"—who wrote in the guise of an ardent Gladstonian—for "proof of his recent assertion that Mr. Gladstone has 'often' made statements that are incorrect, and, when challenged to make good his assertions, has publicly and fully apologized," and sent the following reply:—

Sir,—I am directed by Lord Randolph Churchill to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. In reply to your question his Lordship would advise you to study with care Hansard's "Debates" for the last two Parliaments, as well as the speeches which Mr. Gladstone made in Midlothian and elsewhere. As it is perfectly evident that you are a person with little or nothing to do, this interesting study will prevent time from hanging too heavily on your hands, and at the same time cannot fail to improve your political knowledge and judgment.

I am, sir, yours obediently,
Frank D. Thomas.

Then there is the ecclesiastical "liner"—the man who makes a speciality of supplying Church news. Mr. Charles A. Cooper, in his interesting work, "An Editor's Retrospect," relates that a "liner" of this kind was known in the newspaper offices as "the bishop-maker." When a See became vacant the "liner" always sent to the papers, within two or three days, a short paragraph, something like this: "It is stated that the bishopric of so-and-so will be conferred upon the Very Rev. Canon — or the Rev. Dr. —. The name of the Rev. Mr. — is also mentioned in connection with the appointment." The next day another paragraph would be sent, putting the matter a little stronger, as, "There is a decided manifestation of feeling in ecclesiastical circles in favor of the choice of" (a clergyman previously named) "to fill

the vacant See." Lord Palmerston was at that time the great dispenser of ecclesiastical patronage. The popular belief was that he was largely guided in his selections for bishoprics by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the theory arose that the latter was influenced by the paragraphs in the papers. He thought they represented a real body of opinion, and in this belief he recommended one of the clergymen named.

There are also "fire specialists"—that is, journalists who make a speciality of describing the big blazes that occasionally occur in the Metropolis—specialists who devote themselves ex-

Cornhill Magazine.

clusively to the coroners' courts, the police courts, and the law courts; specialists who limit themselves to the collection of legitimate news of marriages, comings of age, balls, and assemblies of the upper ten thousand—a branch of work in which the female "liner" is now elbowing out the male "liner," for editors find a woman can do these festivities much better than a man—specialists in art and literary sales; specialists in sales of landed or house property; and specialists of other classes of work, all of whom, by this system of "lining," and—no, I will not add "lying"—manage to live.

Michael MacDonagh.

OF BIRDS' SONGS.

Common as birds are, their music ever in our ears, there is yet a haziness in the minds of many even musical people on the subject of their songs. No two songs, for example, can be less alike than those of the blackbird and thrush, and they sing all through the spring days (one of them sings through many a winter day, too); they may be heard in towns, they may be heard even in London; but I doubt if nineteen out of twenty of the many who listen to them with pleasure know one song from the other. And even those who have knowledge of out-of-door things, and who write lovingly and intelligently of them, seem to have been bewildered when they touched upon birds' voices. In Charles Kingsley's justly popular "Prose Idylls" is a paper entitled "A Charm of Birds," and I know nothing more happy than most of his descriptions of birds' songs. But one of these is at least misleading—his words, I

mean, upon the willow-wren and garden-warbler, "so alike in voice that it is often difficult to distinguish them unless we attend carefully to the expression." And then follow words which make me think the name of willow wren has been transposed for garden-warbler, and garden-warbler for willow-wren, or that the writer was not sure of his bird. "For the garden-warbler," he says, "beginning with high and loud notes, runs down in cadence, lower and softer, till joy seems conquered by very weariness; while the willow-wren, with a sudden outbreak of cheerfulness, though not quite sure . . . that he is not doing a silly thing, struggles on to the end of his story with a hesitating hilarity in feeble imitation of the blackcap's bacchanalian dactyls." Now, unless we transpose the names, this description is really misleading.

And yet, when we come to consider our English song-birds, their number

is not so bewilderingly large as to make the accurate knowledge of their music any very great task. Of the six hundred and odd birds which are included in Dresser's "List of European Birds," some three hundred and seventy-six species are on the list of British birds, and these are further reduced to two hundred, which are all that can fairly be called common. But many of these are sea-coast birds, and we may say roughly that hardly more than a hundred species are ordinarily to be met with along the roads and in the fields and woods of England, and of these not half are song-birds in the widest sense of the word. It would, then, seem no great task to make ourselves up in these few songs, certainly less than fifty all told.

May is undoubtedly the best month in which to begin this study. The leaves are not so thick as to be an obstacle to observation; the birds are singing as they will not do in the hotter and more busy June days; there are no young birds about in their perplexing suits to bewilder as in July and August. It is not always the best month in the year in point of weather. Often it is as cold as March; often come days when all growth and spring glow seem stopped by cloudy skies and bitter north-east winds, when the frozen palms of spring close over us once more; when the shining leaves of the hardy celandine look drooping; when the more delicate songsters will only sing on the sheltered, sunny edges of the woods, and even then sing hardly joyously; when we, too, begin to think that the charms of May are overrated, that the poets have sung of it in vain. But, take it for all in all, we find that the thirty-one days of May have done more to enlighten us in bird lore than have the days of any other month in the calendar.

But, on the other hand, some few

birds are singing in winter or in very early spring, and in that almost silence it is easy to become familiar with their songs, and thus have more time to spare for the spring arrivals. The bird which comes first on the list of English, and indeed of European birds, is one of those who dares to sing amidst the bare, ruined choirs of the leafless trees. This is the missel-thrush—a most persistent singer, singing until late in the May twilight, and singing, too, in the wild winds and drenching showers of less pleasant February and March. If not a dweller in communities like the rook, yet as many as half a dozen pairs seem to frequent one shrubbery, building in the tall trees and shrubs within sight and sound of each other. To the song-thrushes it appears to have a curious antipathy, and to this I attribute the fact that those birds do not venture to lift up their voices in the shrubbery of which I am now thinking, and where the missel-thrushes choose to dwell. The song of the missel-thrush is a very powerful one, "rich and mellow" Seebohm calls it. To my mind there is a "scritch" in it, a harshness which recalls Milton's "scrannel pipes of wretched straw." The length of the strain and the phrasing is very similar to that of a blackbird's song, but the whole performance is a wild parody of the blackbird's music. An observant bird lover described it as that of "a blackbird gone crazy," in a frenzy, and a blackbird without any of the sweetness of a blackbird's silvery, flute-like voice, or the thoughtful deliberation of its utterance. And I do not think the missel-thrush is a bird which has impressed its voice on the English mind as its wild, harsh joyousness perhaps deserves. None of the poets have sung of it, while the song-thrush, Shakespeare's throstle, and the throstle, too, of Tennyson after him, is loved with a love very

little short of that which we bestow on the nightingale. Even Newman could turn aside from more transcendent things to sing the charms of the "Winter Thrush;" and I think it must have been Wordsworth's favorite songster, and that it awakened more feeling in his mind than did the nightingale, which he dismisses, rather unceremoniously, indeed, in favor of the stock-dove. There are at least few lines in the poetry inspired by bird music which are more tenderly beautiful than those which he addresses to a thrush:

Thou thrush that singest loud, and
loud and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose
another tree.

"Loud and free" exactly expresses that jubilant lyric with no note of sadness in it and very little of tenderness, and which could only bring discord and an added grief to the sad heart of the listener.

And to turn to another poet. If any one who was unfamiliar with the thrush's song were to ask me how to distinguish it, I would say, "Read Tennyson's 'Throstle,'" and it will be unfamiliar no more. "The wild little" bird "poet's" song is enshrined in those few lines—their spirit, their rhythm, are there, and if we go out with that poetry in our minds we shall find no difficulty in recognizing at once and for ever that wild psalm of the spring, that song of exultation, of triumph, poured forth by the glad songster from some tall tree, and which seems to flood gladness around. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" asks Shelley; and though the thrush's song may be heard in November it brings all spring to our hearts.

The song of the blackbird is often classed with that of the thrush, but

unless contrast is a kind of relation, there is little reason for so bracketing them together. Indeed the blackbird's song is unique, as Drayton knew three hundred years before our day:

The woosel near at hand, that hath a
golden bill;
As nature had him mark'd 'of purpose
t'let us see
That from all other birds his tunes
should different be.
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing
to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth
only play.

The sound is indeed more instrumental than vocal, and if we want to recognize it we must dismiss from our minds the wild ode of the thrush, and listen, some early spring day, for a lay of which musing thoughtfulness is the chief characteristic. There is no hurry here, no careless rapture; it is a meditation, a soliloquy. The bird runs out its strains as if for its own amusement, its own fancy, careless of who hears it, full of tenderness too, and the sound liquid and soft as that of a silver flute. The *timbre* alters wonderfully towards the end of the summer, and becomes harsh, almost unmusical; and we recognize then the likeness between its voice and that of its wilder cousin, the missel-thrush, although the linked sweetness of phrase is never lost.

The two thrushes and the black ouzel have detained us long, but their voices are a prevailing item in spring music, the blackbird beginning its song almost before daylight (and it sounds sweeter in the silent dewy dawn than at any other time), the missel and song thrushes singing until late in the dusk of twilight. Of the ring-ouzel, which follows the thrushes in scientific lists, I might say much, for in the wild wastes on the mountain-sides of West Herefordshire which I am recollecting as I write these notes) it is common, and its

pleasant song, compounded of the songs of many other birds, is heard there all through the May days. But it cannot be classed among birds which are common throughout England, and therefore I pass it by and go on to the water-ouzel—though here, too, I might say we have a local bird to deal with. For "I am sixty-two," wrote Ruskin, "and I have passed as much time out of these years by torrent sides as most people, but I have never seen a water-ouzel alive." *Me felicissime!* for by the side of the babbling streams of that mountainous district which is to me Arcadia, I have spent much time in the glad company of what he calls the mysterious little water-ouzel. But in many places it is rare. A keeper fresh from Sussex had never seen it, and did not know its name, and it must be catalogued among those treasures which England holds only in its wilder nooks. In May it has almost ceased to sing, but every reach of our little river has its pair of birds, and their young ones, with speckled plumage and already white bibs, are being initiated into the art of getting a livelihood. On every boulder we may see them curtsying in their automatic fashion with a drooping movement of one wing, and opening and shutting their white eyelids perpetually—a habit which I have not seen noticed by any writer. The sweet wren-like song of winter and early spring perhaps owes some of its charm to the music of the brook which accompanies it; that louder music frequently drowns the bird's voice, and makes it difficult to catch each note, but to those who haunt brook-sides, and know the bird by its characteristic plumage, the song, too, soon becomes familiar. In May a monotonous *chack, chack*, is all we hear of its voice; but if I were to stay to chronicle the call notes and the notes of alarm or pleasure which May

meetings with the birds reveal to us, this little monograph would quickly become a volume.

The brook reminds me (though now I am leaving scientific classification and making a great leap onward) that no kingfishers add their flash of blue and green glories to the beauties of these little streams; and to hear a sedge-warbler we must descend to the valley five hundred feet below this table-land, where there are those reed and willow beds which are necessary to its happiness. There any May afternoon we may hear the hurried grotesque chatter, and see the little brown bird with that unmistakable warbler stripe over its eye, flitting or climbing restlessly among the willow herb and bushes which follow the course of the stream. The creature is not shy, and we shall have time to notice that although it keeps among lowly things, reeds and rushes and underwood, there is yet a curious similarity of manner between it and the willow and wood warblers and the chiffchaff, birds which love the height and spaciousness of great trees. But no one can ever mistake its voice for that of any other bird; none so hurries and precipitates, or blends so strangely and deftly the notes of other birds with its own.

Before I leave the brookside I must say a word about my friends the sandpipers. They are a migratory race, and may be seen on many little streams in early and late spring, but it is only in the wilder districts that they make their nests as they do in this Arcadia. They are noticeable birds, and their flight is a remarkable one, a contrast to the straight, heavy flight of the water-ouzel, whose neighbors they are. It is sinuous as the course of the stream they frequent, and at first sight one might take them for swallows grown to an abnormal size. But their coloring corresponds

to that of the waterbrooks—it is gray as the boulders on which they stand, white as the foam around those boulders. Their song, uttered on the wing, consists of hardly more than three notes; and of them, too, as of the water-ouzel, we may say that to recognize that song we must get to know the birds and then go on to the song, because, unlike thrushes and black-birds, and many another bird, their music is not their characteristic; it does not force itself upon our ears; eyes will be first attracted by the pleasant fitting creature, or by its nest, shapely and neat, and hardly larger than the nest of a pipit, which nest it much resembles.

The wheatear, winchat, and stonechat in scientific lists follow the water-ouzel, but are hardly to be called songsters. They all have an unexpected way of finishing their short and rather sweet little warbling songs; but being birds of striking appearance we shall probably recognize them by sight first and then trace their songs home. The wheatear is a bird of the wild, uncultivated downs and wastes; the winchat loves gorse fields; the stonechat, too, likes something of wildness in its surroundings, but haunts desolate roadsides rather than wastes of open ground. Unlike the wheatear and the winchat, it remains with us throughout the year.

The redstart is a bird of gardens and orchards, and is known rather by its remarkable white, black, and chestnut plumage, and its bright blue eggs, than by its low song. That song bears, says Seebohm, "a striking resemblance to the loud and varied notes of the wren, and yet it wants their vigor and sprightliness, and is somewhat monotonous. It may be well described as a low, weak wren's song without any of that dashing vivacity which seems to be character-

istic of the music of that active little creature."

I suppose the robin's dreamy and very plaintive warble is familiar to every one. Perhaps most of us connect birds' songs with poetry, and if the thrush's song is a wild Pindaric ode, the robin's will rather recall the quiet English poetry of the seventeenth century. In that poetry a stanza with a short line at the close is very usual; and the robin, too, closes its sad little strains with a shortened cadence which is musical and plaintive.

And, leaving the robin, we find ourselves in the presence of the first of bird artists. Here comes a singer indeed, who has neither equal nor second. If its song is unknown to any who read this, I would say, wait until you hear music solemn and yet jubilant as ever came from bird; a voice of transcendent sweetness, variety, and with a supreme power of impressing itself on the very inmost fibre of our minds, and bringing us into some mysterious sympathy with things beyond our understanding; and when you hear it you may know you are listening to the nightingale. That song has been described over and over again; poets have loved to sing of it, and Milton, in his "O nightingale that on yon blooming spray," has, with his curious and accurate felicity, found just the word that expresses one of its chief charms — its "liquid notes." Wordsworth's

Those notes of thine, they thrill and pierce,
Tumultuous harmony and fierce,

express other of its beauties. Keats' famous ode has in it less of the nightingale than of his own feeling on hearing the nightingale, but yet his epithet "full-throated ease," hits that carelessness of utterance, that unpremeditatedness joined with a supreme finish,

which places it above and beyond all bird artists. But if I were asked what is its best, its most wonderful achievement, I should say it was the marvellous crescendo on one note, almost human in its artistic perfection. This is "the one low piping sound more sweet than all" of Coleridge—Coleridge, who has so defended the bird against the charge of melancholy that all other defences can be but a plagiarism of his—

'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast, thick warbles his delicious notes.

Indeed, I do not know how the fable of the melancholy nightingale has crept into the minds of men; not only is the song exultant, but every movement of the bird is full of *verve* and joyousness.

The whitethroat, another of our spring arrivals, will make itself known to us, as we walk along the hedgerows, by flitting upwards and singing its very joyful, but a trifle monotonous, song as it flies, and then diving into the hedge and singing from that covert. It is a song which is difficult to diagnose, but here again we first recognize the bird, and the song soon becomes familiar to us. The lesser whitethroat is a bird of another habit, skulking among underwood, whence is heard its trill or shake, running on into a strain which resembles the song of a blackcap sung in an undertone. Seebohm, however, likens it to the twittering of a swallow, but it is more hurried and vehement.

The blackcap ranks next to the nightingale without a doubt. Its extraordinary power, its jubilant quickness of utterance, its marvellous execution as well as the quality of the voice, must strike us at once; and it was a surprise to me that Mr. Bur-

roughs, in his beautiful idyl of English song-birds, calls it "a rare and much over-praised bird." With regard to the first of these adjectives, we must remember it is a relative one. In some districts the bird is really common—in some districts and in some seasons; but it seems to me that the song can hardly be over-praised. But when we say it comes next to the nightingale as an artist, we do not mean to say that its song bears any resemblance to that of the nightingale. Its strain is a more continuous warble, without those "flashes of silence" which make the nightingale's song so unique; it is a warble, and not an impassioned declamation.

Another of the *Sylvianæ* with a hurried, cheerful song is the garden-warbler, which we may hear from the underwood of some shrubbery or wilder wood. Unlike the more interesting *Phylloscopi*, who come next in scientific classification, it sings from one spot, from which it rarely strays, and to which it returns season after season. All birds migrate to a certain extent; but our summer migrants, those little, joyous incarnations of spirit who set forth on feeble wings, not knowing whither, at the bidding of an hereditary instinct to which they dare not be disobedient, are of all our birds surrounded with most of mystery and romance. But almost more wonderful to me is the fact that individual birds return to individual spots. To that tangle of wild rose-bushes at the edge of the wood, which the garden-warbler loved last year, it will return this year; there we shall listen for its joyous voice, and not in vain.

In March and April we may, perhaps, hear the tiny song of the tiny, golden-crested wren as it flits among the evergreens of the shrubbery or the many yew trees of our western hedgerows. But that song is little more than a sharp *tee-tee* ending in a

soft trill, inaudible unless we are close to it, and apt to be entirely passed over in May and June amid so many louder voices. The golden-crested wren is nearly related to the three *Phylloscopi*, birds with a curious individuality of their own; widely distinct as to their songs, but alike in color and in habit. The wood wren's voice is the most noisy and far-reaching of the three. It has two quite distinct songs, the first a monotonous yet musical whistle repeated rapidly five or six times, and sometimes running on into its other song, which begins with a *tu-ee-tu-ee-tu-ee*, and ends in a very joyous trill. These loud, ringing notes are repeated again and yet again through a whole May morning, the tiny body of the singer absolutely quivering with the exertion which it repeats so untiringly. It is a most persistent singer, singing as it searches leaf after leaf of the tall trees, singing as it flits to another tree, singing if you approach its nest, singing as you depart from it. The strangely resonant and metallic notes of the chiffchaff are known to us all, for they bear no resemblance to the music of any other bird, except, perhaps, that of the great titmouse. As a rule, two notes only are the limit of its song, but sometimes I seem to hear a third added. One swallow may not make a summer, but one chiffchaff's ringing voice does make spring, and, moreover, it keeps up the spring feeling in our hearts long after spring has ceased to be, for the bird sings until late in the autumn. The willow wren's song has of late been much extolled by bird lovers, Mr. Fowler and Mr. Burroughs both praising it very highly. To me it is disappointing, thin in quality and little varied; but the "dying fall" at the end is really beautiful. It is almost an echo of the first notes—ethereal music hardly to be heard by mortal ears. And as with the three

other *Phylloscopi*, the form and color of the bird is very attractive, and wonderfully suited to the trees which it inhabits. Not that it is of their color, but it is a hue which takes their color, as a more exact match would not do—reflects the green, is flecked over with the shadows of the leaves; and the birds themselves are almost leaf-like in their motions as they flutter among the foliage or flit hither and thither as lightly as leaves dance in the wind. If these warblers are the birds designated as *Kakochrooi* and *Kakobioi* by Aristotle, we must resent both terms on their behalf, for they are singularly attractive little creatures both in color and in habits.

The sedge-warbler we have already considered, and our list of summer migrants closes with an exceedingly interesting, and in some districts, a rare, bird, the little grasshopper-warbler. Its song is so unusual, so unique, so monotonous, so unlike any other English bird's voice, that if once heard it is never forgotten. It consists only of a prolonged sound as of the reel of a fishing-rod quickly wound up, with alternations of loud and soft, as if a door were being opened and shut between the listener and the singer. To see the shy little creature will require more patience and perseverance than can be expected of any but a professional ornithologist, who is trained in habits of waiting long hours for one audience with one bird.

And next we come to a very homely bird—the hedge sparrow—singing among the low hedges, and in winter approaching human habitations and singing around them as it picks up crumbs with the house sparrows. It is a bird which is often passed over from its unassuming, quiet ways, but its sweet song and its gentle, trustful heart give it an interest and an individuality of its own quite apart from that interest which all these winged

darlings, who are free of that element into which we cannot rise, must inspire in us, even if they are only clothed in the dull brown, and only sing the homely little song of our hedge sparrow.

Whether the three titmice can be called songsters in any sense of the word, I feel doubtful. The sawing note of the great titmouse has been already noticed, and is quite unmistakable; the blue titmouse makes himself familiar by his pretty livery and his flitting antics, and his few rather unmelodious but very joyful notes soon become familiar too. The long-tailed titmouse, who consorts much with the golden-crested wrens in winter, is an exceedingly loquacious bird, and makes its presence quickly known by its *dicacit  *, its pert, chirping prattle, but it has even less claim to the title of a song-bird than have its two larger cousins.

The wren's bright little poem, a mighty song for such a little creature, has a wonderful amount of animation and dash, and heard in the low winter sunlight is very welcome to us all. But it has little sweetness or modulation, and is one of those birds which are valued because they sing when days are dark "and ways are foul."

The wagtails do little more than utter a swallow-like twittering, and they are a family of birds which are difficult to distinguish owing to their changing winter and summer suits, and to their unfortunately misleading English names. We must therefore pass them over and turn to the pipits. The tree-pipit's song is unmistakable, loud, perhaps a little metallic, and reminding us now of a caged canary, now of a wild soaring lark. Lark-like, too, it loves to sing and soar, but rises, not from the ground, but from its perch on a tree near its nest. The meadow-pipit is a more engaging bird than the tree-pipit. Through the win-

ter, flocks of them abound in the waster pastures, and as early as February their wild, sweet, jubilant song is uttered flying or perching. At times, when hungry, I suppose, they let you come quite near enough to see their spotted, thrush-like plumage and their quaint crested heads, and at others a movement causes the whole flock to wing their way far from you.

Passing by the shrikes and the flycatchers, we come to the swallow twittering from its straw-built shed or from the telegraph wires, where it loves to sun itself and dress its blue feathers. Its song is too well known to need comment, and from its familiarity is often used as a sort of standard of other and less familiar songs. The notes of the martin bear some resemblance to those of the swallow, but it sings very seldom. Its "Dominican severity of dress, dark gray blue and white only," says Ruskin, "distinguish it from the swallow with its red cap and light brown bodice and much longer tail."

Turning to the finches, the goldfinch has little more than a musical twitter for a song, and its cousin, the linnet, warbles somewhat as does the swallow, but its voice is of a finer quality than that of the swallow. The chaffinch's pleasant little *chanson* is quite the most pervading of all spring songs, and is loved because it means warmth and sunshine and green trees. The greenfinch's song is quite unique—a long trill softly uttered, and a few warbled notes, are all its music, but they are unlike those of any other bird. They belong essentially to summer, as the chaffinch seems to belong to spring, and the charm of the performance, as Mr. Hudson says, is its "airy, subdued character, as of wind-touched leaves that flutter musically." It is a bird of shrubberies and orchards, and revels in warmth and sunshine. All our recollections of it are

connected with June and greenness; "a brother of the dancing leaves" the bird seemed to Wordsworth as he watched its careless happiness among his orchard trees. The bullfinch is better known by its sad, sweet call-note than by its feeble song, which is difficult to hear, and indeed can only be heard when we are near enough to the bird to distinguish it by its handsome plumage as well as by its soft, sweet song.

The buntings may also be dismissed with few words. The corn-bunting's queer song of few notes, uttered, as Mr. Seebohm says, as if with closed beak, is quite unmistakable, and so is the "depressed lumpy" form of the singer sitting on a telegraph wire or a hedgerow bush that overtops the lower hedge, and uttering its monotonous few notes hour after hour. More varied is the yellowhammer's song, and this, like the greenfinch's, is redolent of hot summer noons. It consists of six or eight descending notes, uttered rather hurriedly, and ending on a long note, or sometimes two long notes, which are generally lower in pitch than the preceding ones. It is a song which varies in different districts, and sometimes the last notes ascend instead of descending; and at times one or both of the long notes are omitted. It, like the brown bunting and whitethroat, is a roadside bird which seems to travel with us as we traverse our most frequented roads, and because its song is so familiar it is easy to note the variations. And it is one of the few songs which are easy to imitate by whistling, and which remain in our recollections as does some familiar air in music.

Need I say a word about the skylark and its wholly joyous song? It inspired one of Jeremy Taylor's most beautiful and best known passages—the lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards singing as he

rises, and hoping to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; singing "as if it had learnt music from an angel as he passes sometimes through the air about his ministering here below." And it inspired too one of the finest odes in the English language, Shelley's finest work, his "supreme ode." But, as may be said of another ode, it is "not in tune with the bird's song, and the feeling it does and ought to awaken. The rapture with which the strain springs up at first, dies down before the close into Shelley's ever haunting melancholy." Like Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale," it is no key to the bird's song; it does not teach us anything of the thought and feeling which inspire that quivering, ascending embodiment of joyousness, that pilgrim of the sky, hiding itself in the glorious light of the summer heavens. The skylark may be heard as early as January—I heard it this year in November; as may also the rarer woodlark, whose song, uttered from trees or when flying, we recognize from its likeness to that of the skylark, though it lacks much of its rush and spirit and haste.

Can I call the starling a song-bird? It certainly seems as if it tried to achieve something of a song, and is of all our birds the most grotesque and original. It frequents human habitations and even towns, and there, sitting on a chimney or roof or bough, it utters queer chirps and whistles, imitations of a hundred sounds which it has heard as it listened to the *comédie humaine* of the yard or street in its vicinity. These notes are accompanied by contortions of its burnished iridescent throat and flappings of its wings, and are continued for half an hour or an hour at a time. It may be heard in winter as well as spring; for although in winter, as Dante knew, starlings gather into flocks and range wide over the country, one or two remain

in their old haunts, where they are sufficient for their own happiness. But these winter flocks are a great feature in the bare brown winter landscapes, and I suppose no reader of the "Divina Commedia" ever looks on them without recollecting,

Come gli stornelli ne portan l'all
Nel freddo tempo, a schiera larga e
piena;
Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali . . .

The cuckoo's song, musical in the distance, hollow and metallic when heard near at hand, is too well known to need description, and with it our list of English song-birds ends. But as we leave them, we remember "a thousand blended notes," not songs, but as musical as songs, because they bring with them recollections of green fields and solemn wild wastes, of brooksides, or hedgerows—those tall hedgerows of Western Herefordshire which are so "succourful" to the cattle, as an old man remarked, and so attractive to the birds. The notes of the *Columbidæ* can hardly be passed over in these remembrances. The wood pigeon's swift, easy flight must be familiar to us all, and so must its song of five notes of unequal length 0---00 repeated again and again, and ending suddenly with one additional note thus 0---00-. "Take two-o cows, taffy," are the words that children of the Welsh border give it, and some of its notes are indeed very human. The stockdove's song is only a monotonous low cooing sound—dear to us for Wordsworth's poem; but the turtle-dove, a by no means uncommon bird in Herefordshire, has a very sweet, sad, cooing note of more delicate quality than that of the stockdove. And another bird with a very musical note, but no song, is the brown owl, which may be heard

incessantly in the dusk of the March evenings, but which, as far as my experience goes, ceases to be heard in May. This merry note, as Shakespeare calls it, is a long-drawn-out *hoo-hoo*, and can be imitated very successfully on a sweet-toned ocherina. The cry of the white or barn owl, though wild and therefore pleasant, is by no means of a musical quality. And while recollecting the birds of this unique district, I must not forget the strange note of the little quail, which may be heard from the grass fields of the valley below our more hilly land throughout the long nights of June. It resembles the syllables *put-put-put*, or the sound of water dropping slowly into a bucket; and musical as the sound is, it has to us the added charm of being but rarely heard in Western England.

Much more remains to be said indeed of those bird-notes which, although not of the nature of songs, are yet so pleasant to the ear: the crow of the pheasant, the startled whirr-r of the partridge, the curlew's wild whistle, "the tufted plover" piping "along the fallow lea," the fern owl's marvelous jarring note, the liquid bubbling cry of the wryneck, "sudden scritchings of the jay," dear to us still in spite of the keeper—these and many other sounds are as musical to some of us as are the songs of more highly gifted birds.

"Little brothers and sisters" said St. Francis lovingly to the winged chattering who thronged around him; and as we wander through fields and lanes we too may well wish that we could learn the secret of that attractiveness which drew to him those joyous little spirits of the air, whose music makes this earth "an unsubstantial faery place."

C. Trollope.

A FRENCH COURTSHIP.*

I.

The 11th of February, says the little blue calendar on my mantelpiece!

I add, "Paris, eleven o'clock in the evening, at my home in the Rue de Courcelles."

Ah, well! at this very moment in which I am writing I have been betrothed just fifty minutes to M. Jean Lefresne! Consequently M. Jean Lefresne will be my husband. But before that, beginning with to-morrow, he will pay his court to me.

Just now I find myself in my room, unable to go to bed. It is impossible to think of sleeping. It is absolutely necessary that I should speak to some one, and as I cannot carry on a dialogue alone, I am going to try to write down what I think and feel. Some day in the future I may put my hand on this little record hidden away in a drawer, and it will recall everything.

But first I must state some facts. My mother and I have for our spiritual adviser the Abbé Maximin, first vicar of our parish, St. Philippe-du-Roux. He is an excellent man; old, as I love a priest to be. It has never been at all painful for me to confess to him, even when it bored me. He has the effect of being a relative, like an uncle. He is very liberal, and when he knows the parents of his young penitents well, he does not forbid a few balls, or the circus, or a serious play at the theatre once in a while.

Since my eighteenth birthday my mother has had long consultations with him about me. I am her only daughter, and my brother Gaston is her only son. It has been understood that whenever M. l'Abbé should make the

acquaintance of a young man who was suitable, altogether good and true, he should quickly communicate with my mother. It took him two years to find this rare specimen, for it is only last month that he wrote, recommending particularly M. Jean Lefresne. He is thirty years old, the son of an aged general of artillery. His mother is dead. They have a country place near Blois. The letter eulogized this young man extremely. He is a lawyer, a man of culture. He speaks both English and German; but what is far better, he is good, intelligent and gentle. He is worth a million francs. He can therefore aspire to the hand of Mlle. Degrand, the daughter of one of the richest and most honorable of the members of the Chamber of Advocates. These are the expressions the dear abbé uses whenever he speaks of papa.

Dear papa! He does not occupy himself much about proposals of marriage for me. He made some inquiries about M. Jean Lefresne and was satisfied. Next, by a singular chance, I met the young gentleman himself at a ball in a house where I had never been invited till that day.

When M. Lefresne was introduced to me, I found him presentable—nothing more. He did not affect me any more than several others to whom I had been introduced before him. I saw a tall blonde, with regular features, a frank expression and gray-blue eyes. The glance that rested on me seemed clear and penetrating. I danced several times with him. He was a tolerable waltzer. Between dances we talked. He spoke very little, but the silences were not stupid. I took notice that they were thoughtful silences, and they suited my taste

*Translated for The Eclectic by Helen W. Pierson.

better than when one overwhelms me with useless words. We met several times after that at various functions. We were perfectly aware of the intentions of our respective families, although we had the air of being ignorant.

I must say he made no blunders. I trembled every moment, for *him* of course, lest he might be guilty of one of those thousand little nothings that decides destiny. A certain glance, an inflection of the voice, an unfortunate word, and the marriage would never be. "If he makes an awkward gesture, if he sneezes too loud, if his cravat gets up in his neck," I thought, "we shall never be man and wife! He will marry another girl, I another man, and two lives will be radically changed! How strange!"

And I could not help feeling a little melancholy as I considered the fragile trifles on which one's fate hung. But there was nothing the least out of the way with him, and I think on my side all was *comme il faut*. But I am sure if I had made any mistakes he would certainly have pardoned them, for he seemed to take a great fancy to me at once. I told my family exactly how I regarded him, and I did not pretend to any warmth of feeling. All of them, parents and friends, persons of experience, assured me that this sort of sympathetic indifference was not only the best condition for a young girl contemplating marriage, but also a real guarantee of happiness. I did not make any foolish objections, so after eight days of consultations, when they asked me yesterday, "Well, now, have you decided to allow M. Jean Lefresne to come and pay his court to you?" I answered, "I am quite willing."

They let him know, therefore, today, that he might present himself this evening. At seven o'clock he had

not appeared, and I was a little annoyed; I wished to see more eagerness. We sat down to supper, but I had no appetite. Papa likes to tease a little, and he said, "She has lost her appetite already!"

We had just finished, when the bell rang. Every one said at once, "It's he!" and then they all looked at me. Mama raised her handkerchief to her face, and I pretended not to see that she wiped away a tear.

I admit that all this for an instant caused me an unexpected emotion, but I recovered very soon. "Come! don't make my brother-in-law wait," said Gaston, rising.

We went out into the salon, where a great fire was burning in a brisk joyous sort of way that I shall never forget. M. Lefresne's father was with him, and the old gentleman's manner was so paternal that I felt as if I were already one of his family. He bowed with that stiffness which military men gain from living so long in uniform, and he took my hand and held it. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I think Jean is too much excited at this moment to tell you how happy he is, though I am perhaps not much more composed. But I must assure you that you will have a good husband who will adore you, and the most indulgent of fathers-in-law."

I wished to answer, but I could not. I remained mute, with a poor little constrained smile on my lips.

The young man was very pale, while his father continued to hold my hand. I felt that his eyes sounded me, judged me. This situation, so embarrassing for me because I was conscious of my awkwardness, might have been prolonged if M. Jean had not spoken.

"Pardon me," he said, "for not having hurried here at once to thank you, but I did not wish to come without bringing—"

He hesitated.

"It's true. It's not his fault," cried the father. "It's the fault of the ring!"

At this last word every one seemed to begin talking at once, and I found myself, I hardly knew how, with a little jewel case in my hand, a case that bore two initials, only one of which was mine, "T. L."

"Therese Lefresne." At once the thought that I should very soon no longer be called by my own name that I liked so much struck me with painful force.

I sat motionless, looking very much depressed, till papa called out cheerily, "But open it, my pet; open it!"

I obeyed, pressed the little spring, and there was the prettiest, the most charming engagement ring I had ever seen. It was a pearl, surrounded with lustrous white old mine diamonds.

Papa cried, "It's superb!" Gaston gazed at it through his monocle and mama was silent. M. Jean looked like a culprit. His lips trembled as he stammered, "Then, truly, it pleases you—"

He had the air of having stolen it.

The protestations were unanimous. "Pleases? Well, Therese would be difficult—"

The troubled voice of the young man explained. "Because it could be changed; there was one with a sapphire, if you prefer a sapphire!"

But I answered, "No, I find this very beautiful. I will keep it."

In pronouncing these words, and astonished at my own audacity, I held out the ring to M. Jean in such a manner that he took it gently, and clasping my hand, saying, "If you will permit me," he slipped the splendid ring on my finger.

Then papa pointed to a couple of seats, and said with a laugh, "Now, my children, go and talk politics."

Then he went away, the others following to the extreme end of the room, leaving us in a sort of solitude.

We did not talk very long, though, M. Jean and I,—not that we were embarrassed. On the contrary, all embarrassment had vanished, and it seemed as if this betrothal ring had put us at our ease. Our relatives were talking and laughing together as if they had been friends for years, and we looked into each other's eyes for the first time with a new-born sympathy, still perhaps a little on the *qui vive*. We each felt a great desire to please, and we did not resist it.

I found it difficult to talk, and it is hard to say what we talked about. It was a very wise conversation, in which we did not express our real thoughts. But we read between the lines, and what gave us the most pleasure were the things we understood without saying. Then our relations came back, and we rose. I heard a confused murmur of words.

"They forget the time!"

"You can meet again to-morrow."

Then the voice of papa: "My dear M. Jean, you can come any time, and don't forget there will be a cover laid for you at the table!" Then we found ourselves alone together in the hall. I held out my hand to him, to *him* who is no longer like other people to me. And nevertheless I do not love him, I am very sure; at least not as love seems to me. But then if I loved him, at once from this evening, *à propos* of nothing, it would not be proper.

He took my hand, and I was seized with a terrible fright, lest he should feel obliged to press it in some loving fashion. Then I would have felt absolutely mortified. It is much too soon! Happily, he did nothing of the kind. He only held it a second, just as he ought to have done.

When he was gone, though no one said a word in reference to the matter, everything seemed changed. A sort of melancholy silence fell upon us all. Papa and mama embraced me gravely,

in the way they used to do when I was going away for a journey.

"Good night, my darling!" they said.

Only Gaston was gay. "I have an idea," he said; "give me that ring. I am in need of money to go to the races. Ah! you won't? What selfishness. You make a great mistake."

Well, now, I think that is all. I can't stop admiring my ring. How it sparkles! I shall keep it to-night on my finger. I am not used to it, and perhaps it will keep me awake. Ah! it is a quarter of twelve already and I have only a little bit of candle left. I must hurry to bed, and as I am not sleepy, I feel that I shall think of him.

Engaged! *My betrothed!* "Mademoiselle, will you take this man to be your wedded husband?" "We have the honor to ask the pleasure of your company at the marriage of our daughter Therese with M. Jean Lefresne!"

It is then true—all this!

II.

It is only a week since the grand event of my betrothal, but it seems as if years had passed. I have lived double and triple in a few days. I feel strangely altered. My thoughts take a new turn even in my sleep. The strange impression that I have is like making a frenzied journey, of travelling by express through a very interesting country. I find that the train goes too fast, and I wish it would stop. In fact, though my life appears the same, it is nevertheless completely upset. It only required a young man, of whose very existence I was ignorant a little while ago, to appear, and behold, I am absorbed. My heart, my thoughts, all that is I, Therese Degrand, escapes from me and ceases to belong to me—to go to M. Jean Lefresne. It is all very curious and sometimes a little annoying.

Still I find a great charm in this new situation. I feel that there is upon

the earth another being who thinks of me, not in the same manner as my relations do. I say to myself, with a sort of grave astonishment, that I am no longer alone, thanks to this being who was a stranger yesterday, but whose wife I shall one day be. Ah, yes! to feel that there is some one who thinks of you always, at home or abroad, without ceasing; who pronounces your name to himself, who has this name written in his heart. I imagine this must be one of the most precious joys in the world, especially to a woman!

Since he has been courting me,—ah, the horrid expression,—M. Jean has sent me flowers every day. They are always the flowers I like best—white lilies and tea roses. They are brought to me as soon as I wake by Henriette, our old nurse. She has been with us for sixteen years and she adores me, but her temper is such that my parents have renounced on her account all hopes of keeping any other servant more than six months at a time. She is not very large, yet she represents nine coachmen, twenty-five *valets de chambre*, and eighteen cooks, who all gave up their places on account of her.

She comes in holding the flowers by the white *moire* ribbon that ties them, and her phrase is always the same, "'Moielle, there's the bouquet." She has never been known to say "Mademoiselle." Then she throws the flowers on my bed and goes out with a furious air.

Once alone, I seize the bouquet, almost trembling as the fresh perfume penetrates my senses. I gaze at it a long time, with a questioning look, as if it knew some secret and could tell me. Now and then I touch it with my lips, as if I would plunge among the sweet blossoms and embrace them. I always had an ardent sentiment for my favorite flowers, so that, as a child, I loved to talk to them as if they were living beings. I could never picture

Paradise to myself as anything but an eternal garden.

And all these sweet lilies, these delicate roses with their wintry pallor, please me perhaps better in their lace frill than the lilies of the springtime or the roses of June. I can hardly tear myself away from them. I imagine them growing under their glass cases with the snow falling all around. I see the *demoiselles* at the florists arranging them with the best effect, and smiling at M. Jean as he enters every morning with the same order. Perhaps they say one to another, "That young man is betrothed to Mlle. Degrand, the daughter of M. Degrand who lives at the corner."

And now, here they are, the beautiful flowers, come to tell me that he thinks of me. What a pity one can't keep them more than a day or two—that they fade so quickly even with those that love them.

M. Jean comes every evening at nine o'clock, and he has dined with us three times the past week. A certain corner of the *salon* is given up to us, and by a happy arrangement of the furniture it seems like a little *boudoir*. There is the great palm, and a folding screen with three parts, and several seats so that we can change at will. I sit on my little *fautueil*, he takes one of the gilded chairs, and then we talk. We try to know each other. No doubt we are far off and we may never reach this knowledge, since philosophers say we are ignorant even of our own selves. Nevertheless, we have already made a grand step toward it, and this I affirm because we guess at each other's meaning and comprehend things only half expressed. We talk of our childhood, and he has told me about the death of his mother when he was so young that it seems to him now as if she had never existed. To have lost a mother, ah! what a sorrow! If I had lost mine I think I should have died too. M. Jean

had a sorrowful childhood. He had no home holidays, for his father was always in the garrison. He pictured for me the great Lycée, as mournful as a hospital, and I imagined him there, a lonely little fellow of eight years, blonde and with the same frank blue eyes, only with a chubby face and curly hair. At that moment I loved him, not with romantic love, oh, no! but with the affection of an elder sister. I think, though the feeling was fugitive, he saw it in my eyes, and he pressed me to tell him of my childhood in return. Why do we always want to go into the past of those who are dear to us? Is it because life is so short that we desire to possess the whole lives of those we love from the moment of their birth till the time they depart from us? It seems as if we ought to spend all our years together with our loved ones, but we have only a morsel of the lives of our parents, and they have but a morsel of ours. And just now, when I begin to comprehend all they have done for me, they will lose me. It is very sad!

Perhaps these are childish thoughts, and with all my fancies I am still far from Jean. Not so far though! See! that is the first time I have happened to call him by his first name with no prefix whatever!

III.

He, Jean, kissed my hand this morning, and what I felt was extraordinary. It is the first time since I was born that a *man* has kissed my hand. Of course papa and Gaston have done so, but they don't count; they are relations. M. Jean, in spite of his being my betrothed, is always *Monsieur* to me. A *Monsieur* that I distinguish from others, no doubt, because he has distinguished me by choosing me from all other young girls. I imagine him always in a high hat, with visiting cards in his hand,

and I can hardly picture him remaining with me in our own house, bareheaded, after the marriage ceremony is over. This kiss was so sudden and unexpected that I am still a little excited. My heart beats with quick throbs as when one is in danger. We had just left the table and we found ourselves as usual in our special corner. In this corner we made plans for the future and various beautiful projects which we felt inwardly could never be realized. We were in the midst of one of these beautiful romances. He asked me if I was fond of travelling, and I said I knew I should enjoy it immensely, especially to very distant places. "Very well," he said with the greatest animation, "we will go to Spain, to Italy, to Greece, to America, to Turkey."

At each name he grew more excited, warmed by an ardor that was very charming and touching.

But I was composed and sensible. "That would not be possible," I said frankly. "With the life one leads in Paris, we should never have time for all that."

"No time!" he cried. "Nonsense! There are the months of vacation. We should have the time, Therese, and if we don't have it, we will take it."

"But it is not one journey you propose," I said. "It is ten, twenty voyages; it is the whole world."

"Certainly! the world for us two," he cried.

"But where would you begin?"

He hesitated a moment and then said, "With the home of lovers, Italy!"

Italy! At the word a magic wand opened the portals of a tranquil and beautiful land, where the skies are bluer and the flowers sweeter than elsewhere. I was lost in a day dream and hardly heard what Jean was saying. I knew he took my right hand, but that did not disturb me. Only when he pressed his lips on it, did I think of drawing it away. It was rather too

late then! He had raised his head then with a radiant countenance, and I heard him murmur, "The first."

I said nothing. I thought "The first—there are then others."

For some seconds I remained speechless, not knowing if I should scold Jean. On the other hand, if I appeared contented, would I not diminish his respect for me? The silence grew too agitating, and I began to question him about Italy. He started to talk of it with the greatest enthusiasm, so that I felt myself vibrating as my piano does after my fingers have quitted it.

Italy, it seems, is a country blue and white, rose and green, warm and perfumed, profane and pious. One finds there the most beautiful flowers, the most exquisite marbles, the most enchanting lakes, the loveliest skies. There, history and romance and poetry have combined in praise, and art and nature unite to form miracles of beauty. If there was any part of the world expressly created for the young, the happy, and the loving, it was Italy. "When could we go?"

I imagined myself already starting with him for this enchanted land, and yet there was an unreality about it all. It is so with everything in my life now. Certainty and uncertainty. To be married! When I question myself at night with my head on the pillow, "See, now, Therese, what effect do these words produce on you—'to be married?'" I am unable to find any clear answer. What I feel has nothing in common with fear or joy. It is a vague feeling that this new state of things is not only impossible but rather unreasonable. My brother Gaston, who uses slang now and then, has a very significant expression when he wants to accentuate the foolishness of a proposition, "I don't see myself." Well, I don't see myself married; I can't imagine myself as "Madame," wearing a bonnet, giving orders, arranging the

dinner, buying what I choose. It seems to me that I was created to be a young girl and nothing else. I imagine if I never married and lived ever so long I should still be the same. Even if I lived to be an old maid of eighty, a horrible old maid all bent and wrinkled, I should still like to sing, to invent little bits of fancy work, to cut paper flowers, to read amusing books, and to visit the poor, just as I do now. But I am very sure that with three weeks of marriage I should be something different.

And now here alone in my room the memory of that first kiss haunts me.

I seem to feel it all the time on my hand. Will he repeat it to-morrow? What if he should one of these days kiss me on the brow, on the cheek, on the hair? Oh, no! I think I should be ill! I should faint! But he would not dare! Certainly such things should not take place till two or three months after marriage. Oh! I wish I were a year older and had passed through it all!

IV.

I am not contented with myself. I have had to-day wandering thoughts in church. At St. Philip's on Sunday there are two masses after breakfast. One is at half-past twelve, the other at one. We generally go to the one at half-past twelve. My mother and myself always take the same places, toward the middle of the nave near the pulpit. My brother Gaston, although he accompanies us to the church door, never comes near us. He sits before us, or behind us, as if he were ashamed to be pious with his family. I have noticed that the other young men, brothers of my friends, do the same way. They prefer to pray off by themselves, without the aid of any one, and especially without prayer books. They seem to think it childish to follow the

prayer in a book. No, it would not be "*chic*," as they call it, so they sit there upright, in their handsome overcoats, their arms folded in the style of Napoleon I. I don't feel as they do. I always follow the service in my prayer book from beginning to end. I love it; it was given to me by mama at my first communion, and I have read the prayers so often I know them by heart. I can turn at once to any prayer I want. I know there is a stain on page thirty-two, where I pressed a violet that I plucked in Brittany near one of the stations of the cross. There is a spot of ink on the "*Kyrie Eleison*" and the corner of the "*Offertoire*" is torn. In short it is full of souvenirs of the past. Among these pictures that memory brings are some framed in black. They are of little companions whom I loved, gay little creatures with whom I played and danced. They died while they were children. They never lived to grow up and marry. Ah, the dear book! This half-hour of the mass is one of the sweetest times in the whole week. I adore churches. When I was only six years old I preferred them to the Parc Monceaux or the Champs Elysées. I feel the impression of calm, of reflection and repose more intensely each time. I enjoy the delightful silence, and the mysterious sound, the solemn and ancient music that resounds through the arches. I think elevated thoughts, which even in passing through my poor little head give me joy. All the time I am there this mortal life seems brightened, illuminated as if I looked at it through a church window. My every-day life seems arrested for a little, while God speaks to me. All this I know is not true piety. When mama is kneeling and I see her lips moving in prayer, I feel that she is a real Christian, and her faith is far superior to my dreams and reveries. Still I am happy that I feel even as much as I do, for surely

that is better than nothing. I am certain I could never marry a man who would forbid me to go to church, and I would be glad to have my husband accompany me as often as possible.

On this morning I suddenly saw Jean sitting at a short distance from us. I was delighted to see him there. I knew St. Philip's was not his parish church, and I thought he had come intentionally at the same hour with us, to reassure me on the subject of his religious sentiments. From that moment my thoughts began to wander. I found it impossible to continue to read. My thoughts would stray to Jean. He looked very dignified, his head erect, his hands crossed on the top of his cane and his eyes fixed on the altar. He rose and sat down as the others. Suddenly a vexing question tormented me: "Of what was Jean thinking with that correct and impenetrable countenance? Of what was my brother thinking a few steps from him?" Evidently they were not praying; they were far away in thought. And a real melancholy came upon me. I had never till this moment comprehended the hypocrisy that distinguishes the majority of young men. They perform the formalities of religion without having any real religious feeling. They come to the mass, a flower in their button-hole, sit decorously, bow to their friends right and left at the church door, and that is all. Some of the young men bring their lorgnettes with them and discreetly use them when it is safe to do so. Why are men so indifferent to their duty? I am sure my brother rises and retires without even making the sign of the cross. Papa, my dear papa, seldom comes to the mass. I know he is very busy, but if he wished to come he could find the time, especially Sundays, when he does not go to the office. Still papa must have some faith, or my mama would never have married him. He has brought us up in a Christian way

and he never allows any one to attack Christianity in his presence. He gives a great deal of money to charity, and I believe he is as good and true as any priest. So can one then act as a Christian without being one? I must stop, for if I go on I shall be sitting in judgment on my my relatives, and I have no right to do that.

All this is rather terrifying. It is too much for me; and after all am I not tormenting myself uselessly on Jean's account? I remember the Abbé Maximin wrote, "The young man is a believer."

So the worst that could happen would be that he might be like papa about religious matters. Another reason why I have been inattentive to-day is because I have been constantly saying to myself: "This is the church where you will be married. There is the place where you will stand before the altar in your white gown, and Jean will be at your side in black. There will be a greater crowd than there is at this mass." I closed my eyes, but I could still see the whole scene, the flowers, the friends, the two Swiss guards in their fine costumes. Ah! that will be the most important and wonderful day of my life. I shiver only to think of it. I envy those who can get married in some little chapel with no spectators—just the priest and themselves. Ah! that would be charming, with just a little clandestine and mysterious air about it, as if one were marrying in an epoch of danger, in the time of a revolution. To-day one cannot take a husband without all Paris being invited.

I was lost in these reflections, when a voice startled me: "For the poor of the parish, if you please." I opened my eyes. It was Edmond, the tall, thin Swiss, with the alms basin. I dropped ten sous in it. Then came another voice, soft and low: "For the support of the church, if you please." When they approached Jean I saw he gave

to both, just as I did, and that is very meritorious in a young man!

V.

Have I the strength to write what has happened to-day? Oh! I must, for it suffocates me! But I must write very fast, without choosing my words. I feel that if I stopped one moment I should begin to weep, and then I could not go on.

Yesterday, on leaving me, Jean said: "Mlle. Therese, I am very sorry and annoyed, but it will be impossible for me to come to-morrow."

Without giving me time to speak, he went on: "One of my intimate friends, a college mate, lives at Versailles. He writes that he is in trouble and begs me to do him a service. He wants me to spend to-morrow with him, when he will disclose his embarrassment. Don't you think I should go?"

"Most certainly," I said at once; and he thanked me. He expressed great regret at being deprived of the great pleasure of my company for the next twenty-four hours. He pressed my hand in parting with greater warmth than ever. That was yesterday.

This morning after breakfast some one happened to mention the Garde Meubl . I do not know how it came up. I said I had never visited them, but they must be a fine sight.

"Magnificent," said papa. "Why don't you go to-day with your mother? That would make a fine excursion."

"Oh, I'm too fatigued," said mama. "She can go with Henriette."

So it was arranged. Henriette grumbled, as usual, when she was told, but she was delighted at heart, and we started forth.

It was a clear day, with a high wind, just like a sea breeze. We crossed the Champs Elys es and went over the bridge to the Quay D'Orsay. I had never been there, and it seemed like

going into the country. There was a long promenade with enormous trees on either side, great houses that looked deserted and not a soul to be seen. I could not have imagined such a lovely spot near Paris.

And now I have to write something which costs me dear. In reading what I have written I see that I have lingered, evaded, done all that was possible to retard telling what I would give a great deal never to have seen. We were walking through the vast deserted *all e*, and Henriette was telling me some story of that quarter, where she said she would not live "*for an empire*," when I noticed about sixty feet from us, leaning against the parapet, a man and a woman. They were both young and she leaned on his arm.

I could not see their faces at first. The woman was tall, slender and blonde; the man of medium height.

In spite of myself I thought, "It's curious, but his figure is like Jean's."

At that moment he moved, he turned around. *It was Jean!*

Ah! without doubt they believed themselves entirely alone. They talked with as much tranquillity as if they had been in a *boudoir*. They walked on slowly. It seemed to me I must be dreaming that they were phantoms. All at once the woman took her hand from Jean's arm, and burying her face in her handkerchief, began to weep. She walked on still weeping. The wind, more furious than ever, tossed about the branches of the great trees, and seemed to wall around us.

I do not know how I managed not to utter any word or exclamation. Somehow, though I was so astounded and overcome, I still felt that this was something that required great calmness and presence of mind. Whenever I have had terrifying thoughts, such as that papa and mama must die some day, I have felt the same icy chill freeze my blood.

Henriette is fortunately near-sighted, and she saw nothing.

I made her turn suddenly, saying I was cold. She grumbled, "That's the way. I wanted you to bring a warm wrap. Now you'll have a chill." I did not speak, but hurried her on as fast possible. I did not dare to look back once. I would have been glad to have run, and I wished the distance twice as long. I was in such a state of excitement that I would have been glad to have walked many miles before going home. But, whatever the distance, I saw them always, those two! They were clearly pictured before me: she weeping, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes; and he, my betrothed, talking to her, shaking his head as one who reprimands or gives moral advice. Now what did all this mean? Why had he lied to me? Who was this woman? I have been asking myself these questions ever since, and I do not find any answer, or at least I do not find any that satisfies me. Certainly he has done something wrong, since he lied about it and concealed it. Still it seems too monstrous to think that Jean is guilty. I cannot help excusing him and defending him, even against my own suspicions.

But I ought to understand the truth. It seems to me this is my right. Who was this woman? Not a relative, probably a friend, a person he knows. But what kind of a friend? Is it some one he loves, or whom he has loved? Oh, no, no! But he seemed to try and console her, and one only consoles the people one loves. And why did she weep? What was her sorrow? And why did they have a *rendezvous* in that deserted place?

One thing is certain: the woman who was so agitated was not indifferent to Jean. Although I saw them but a moment it seemed to me that their attitude was at the same time intimate and embarrassed. There was some af-

fection between them, there is no doubt of that. Then I thought, he does not love me alone. He has said to this other woman the same tender words he has said to me. He has looked at her with the same loving glances; perhaps he has even given her a ring like mine!

Oh, what nonsense, what abominable nonsense I write! For such a trifle, for something that may be explained quite naturally, should I suspect a man who has chosen me, whom I have accepted and who will be my husband in fifteen days? Still I am troubled, miserable, but I have said nothing at home. I have been careful not to speak, lest something irreparable should come of it.

It seems to me that silence is best. It must be that I love Jean a little, since I tremble at the thought of my parents knowing anything compromising about him, which might possibly hinder our wedding. What a terrible thing if such a catastrophe should occur when I have gone through so much and all is arranged. Oh! I have done well to be silent, although if I must absolutely speak to some one, there is my brother. Gaston is not very serious and he is two years younger, but he seems older in many respects. He has more knowledge of the world, and of young men especially. Decidedly, I think I will confide in him, and he will tell me his ideas. But I wish I had seen the face of that woman. She is capable of being pretty—the wretch!

VI.

This morning I told everything to Gaston! When I went into his room at nine o'clock he was just ready to take his daily ride on horseback. He was sitting with his law books around him on the table, for he is working hard for his first examination.

"Good morning," he said; "you see I'm pegging away at the law. I'd rather be on horseback."

I leaned over to kiss him and I upset one of the great books. Under it was a novel of Guy de Maupassant wide open. This author is not forbidden to Gaston.

"Well," he said, laughing, "I have to glance at that once in a while or I should be snoring. But don't speak of it to papa. And what brings you here?"

"I wanted to speak to you alone, only you must promise to keep it a secret!"

"I swear it; what's the matter?"

He left the table quickly and seated himself on the edge of the bed. He fixed his eyes on me with an eager and curious gaze, and I felt that he was not a discreet person to confide in. I grew all at once frightened, paralyzed; I regretted my coming and saying so much. I tried to reassure myself, to think of other things as I gazed distractedly about the room.

I must confess right here that my brother's room has often given me a vague uneasiness which I can hardly explain, but which I have felt. I never feel at ease there as I do in my own room. I seem to be in some forbidden place, where the furniture, and the cupboards, which are always locked, conceal a little mystery. There is a penetrating odor of tobacco in the room. The whips, the books and papers, the cards of the races, all speak to me of a life different from mine; and when Gaston opens and shuts a drawer quickly there are glimpses of photographs of which he never says a word. Even on ordinary days this makes me a little nervous, but this morning it was much worse, and I truly passed some very disagreeable moments before commencing my story.

At last I took courage and told him all. I pictured to him my seeing the young woman and Jean in that deserted place, and my astonishment, sorrow and anguish. I told it rapidly, in a low voice, pell-mell, not daring to stop. While Gaston listened I could read his

impressions without great difficulty, and he did not seem in the least indignant. He seemed in reality to follow my story with an eager relish, with shining eyes, and a sort of secret glee. I interested him; I might almost say I amused him. At least it is certain that he did not look distressed, and he forgot to say the least word of pity or sympathy.

When I finished with an "Ah, well," accompanied by a great sigh, he jumped up, exclaiming, "And is this all? Ah! my poor little sister, you are not in the least *fin-de-siècle*!" He strode through the room with long steps, his head erect, and his arms raised as if taking the very ceiling to witness my poor little childish nature, so foolish and timid.

"What! torment yourself about *that*?"

I was dumbfounded at his attitude.

"You don't expect me to be joyful, do you?" I faltered. "Jean lied to me! He told me he was going to Versailles to see a friend—"

"And I think he would have done jolly well to have gone there," interrupted my brother. "Ah! he was not adroit!"

"Why do you say he was not adroit?"

"Because, my dear, it was not adroit to say one thing and do another, and then get pinched."

"Pinched! From your employing such a word you show that you believe him guilty, you too! Tell me candidly what you think. It will be a secret between us two. It was something wrong, was it not? Tell me the worst! I shall suffer, but it is better to know the worst!"

"You are crazy, Therese! There is nothing to alarm you! Why do you think he is a criminal because he takes a promenade on the banks of a river with some one else?"

"With some one who weeps!"

"All the better! That proves that

Jean did not go there for his own pleasure."

"Oh! you can offer excuses, but that does not make it more natural. When you remember we are to be married in eight days, don't you think this alarming?"

"Not the least in the world!"

"Listen, Gaston," I said very seriously, taking his hand, "you will confess that I am not a fool?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ah, well, do not laugh! I know I am a young girl, ignorant of many things that others know and which you comprehend, but I have a little instinct that tells me from time to time 'Here! this is not clear, open your eyes, Therese. There, that appears false; pay attention!'"

Gaston was visibly annoyed at the turn our interview had taken. He tried to joke. "Bravo for your little instinct! I make it my compliments. You must lend it to me. It will be handy in the evening when I play cards!"

But he could not change the course of my thoughts.

"I feel—do you hear?—I feel with a very strong conviction that this woman is one of those persons—"

"Well, go on."

"One of those persons who are not proper. One alludes to them in a guarded way sometimes, and they are seen abroad in the most beautiful carriages elegantly dressed. It is impressed upon me that this was one of those persons."

"But, no, my dear." Gaston drew me to him and seated me on his knee as I asked, "Then, candidly, what do you think? That the woman was like me—a young girl?"

"No! evidently."

"I thought that as soon as I saw her; if her relations let her go out alone that seems to stamp her. What do you think of her, Gaston?"

"Eh, well," he said, hesitating; "she's a person emancipated, a comrade."

"What kind of a comrade?"

"I'll try and make you understand. Have you never been struck with the way young people are brought up, the sexes separate, in our circle? The young girls do not know the young men, and *vice versa*. They never see each other in their daily occupations. Till the girls are eighteen they turn their back on the young men, so to speak. They notice them at intervals, no more."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, there are the visits, and the vacations in the country, and the seashore! Have not young people hundreds of opportunities of meeting and studying each other?"

"No; these are only occasional, not sufficient."

"Then there are balls!"

"Oh, balls!" he burst out in a derisive laugh. "Balls, do you say? In the first place they come too late, much too late in life. Besides, a ball is the one place where a person loses all individuality. All the young men in the place are dressed physically and mentally after the same pattern, and the young girls also. They resemble each other, they play the same *rôle*, they use the same expressions. One might imagine that each person, in putting on full dress, had renounced for the time all individuality. They have become merely puppets in a show, all worked by the same strings. What is the result? They despise each other mentally. What is needed is that young people should be brought up together, that they should meet often informally, not merely at receptions and festivals gotten up expressly for them. They should mingle in their homes with their parents, like good comrades, like regular chums."

I interrupted him at this point. "You are wandering from the subject," I said; "you were going to explain—"

"I am not wandering," he replied; "I am arriving at the point that will inter-

est you. The young men, then, do not see enough of the young girls. The society of women, of young and gay women, is necessary to them; you can imagine that? Then it happens, sometimes, when they are bored with this state of things, that they meet other women, who have more freedom, with whom they can talk and walk, and make parties of pleasure."

"I understand," I could not help saying, "a kind of French-Americans."

"Not precisely," he said, "but they are unconventional comrades, good fellows, as you might say."

I wished to profit by my opportunity to instruct myself, so I asked my brother many questions.

"But these women, to be mistress of their time and clothes, so independent, they can have no father or mother?"

"Often times not," he answered, "but that makes no difference."

"Are there many of this sort of women in Paris?"

"Oh,—some."

"Do you know any?"

"No; but I have friends who know them."

"Are they pretty?"

"Very often."

"And intelligent?"

"When they are homely."

"Ah, well, it must be for one of these women that I hear from time to time that some young man has ruined himself."

"Yes, that happens sometimes."

"I think I understand. These are the women that no young girl or young married woman could receive at her home."

"Exactly, my dear! For this reason it is customary for a young man who is about to be married to break off all relations with them."

"Is that true? Can you assure me that this is the custom?"

"Upon my sacred honor; and you can

readily understand that when one bids *adieu* for the last time it is not exactly—cheerful."

I did not let him finish. "Oh! I can understand that they do not enjoy it; but then if they are so fond of amusement, they ought to be good natured, and they can readily forget."

He did not answer.

And while we both remained silent I thought of many things. I could no longer feel very angry at Jean for having known this woman. His life till now had not been very gay alone with his father.

Just then the servant came in to say Gaston's horse was saddled, and I watched him mount and ride away.

VII.

Since the incident on the Quay D'Orsay Jean is not the same. I feel that he has a secret trouble. As our interviews become more frequent and intimate on account of our approaching marriage, he has a very worried and disturbed appearance. Sometimes he stops in the middle of a sentence, and his glance often seems to evade mine. More than once I have wished to question him, and the foolish desire makes my heart beat. I never would dare! What could I say? Only this evening, when we were in mama's room looking at the wedding presents which have begun to come, he seized me by the hands and drew me down in a seat beside him.

"Therese!" he cried in an agitated voice, "you are no longer the same with me. Something troubles you; you seem restless and distressed."

"Oh, no!"

"Don't deny it! When you speak to me you often stop in the middle of a sentence without finishing it, and when I look you in the eyes you turn away."

Imagine hearing him reproach me with exactly the same peculiarities I

have observed in him! I was so astounded I could not answer.

He insisted. "You have some secret trouble! You must tell me! Have I hurt your feelings in any way? Have I offended you? Is there anything about me that displeases you? Speak, I implore you!"

At each of his questions I shook my head, not wishing to say "yes" or "no," and feeling very much embarrassed.

He leaned so near that his face nearly touched mine, and I could see his clear eyes, as tranquil as eyes that have nothing to conceal, fixed upon me.

I gazed into those eyes as if I would read the heart of Jean and discover whether I was his only love. I felt with terror, "He is going to explain! It is inevitable! Grant, O God, that he may be candid! Oh, let me not discover in him another falsehood!"

In fact I was so terrified that I rose nervously and tried to speak gayly. "You are dreaming. Come, let us go back. They will think we have eloped with the presents."

Then—how did it happen? I do not exactly know. I wished to speak and not to speak. I had on one hand an ardent desire that Jean should know all that troubled me, and on the other that he should never know it. I was so frightened and nervous that I burst into laughter when I had a real desire to weep. And I heard with stupor a voice that did not seem mine at all, speaking these words, "Ah, well, accused, answer! What were you doing, one afternoon about ten days ago, on the banks of the Seine, with a blonde young woman?"

I had no sooner pronounced these words than I burst into tears. I was so dizzy and shaken that I would have fallen if Jean had not caught me in his arms.

He held me awkwardly, poor fellow, for he was trembling and agitated, while he stammered:

"The Seine?—a woman—Oh, that—"

I raised my head and said, "Yes, Jean, I was there and saw you!"

He did not ask any details. He simply said "Ah."

And we remained silent for a moment, I weeping upon his breast, he speechless and distressed; while my brother in the next room was playing the Marseillaise with one finger, "The Day of Glory Has Arrived." I shall never forget that moment.

I wiped my eyes at last and demanded, "Have you nothing to say to me now?"

He made a discouraged gesture. Oh! he looked very sorrowful, and gazed at me with the utmost tenderness.

"No! What can I say, because it is true. Besides, I am not free to justify myself. You are a young girl—my betrothed."

He hesitated, "You are *still* my betrothed, Therese."

"Certainly, *mon ami*!"

At this answer he could not repress a cry of surprise and joy. He seemed transfigured by happiness.

"You are mine still, mine forever, in spite of—in spite of *that*."

"Why, yes!"

"You have not spoken of it to your parents?"

"No; why should I tell your secrets?"

"Oh, Therese, I will never have any secrets from you."

"But you have a secret already, and we are not yet married."

"Shall I explain everything to you?"

I stopped him.

"No, explain nothing, if you can swear to me that you love me alone, that in being betrothed to me, in marrying me, you have no one else in your heart. I love you enough, Jean, not to ask anything more!"

I sat down and Jean dropped on his knees at my feet.

"I swear to you that I love you," he cried; "I adore you. I love and adore

only you. I will tell you everything in five days, when we are starting on our dear wedding journey."

As I was still silent, he went on in a lower voice. Ah! how he spoke! What touching, tender, noble, delicate and charming things he said. I felt a sensation of pleasure so intense that I seemed to breathe his words in like a perfume, instead of hearing them. If one of the novelists I like best, an Octave Feuillet, should have found himself behind the door, and taken note of all, he would have had a love scene for a romance better than he had ever used before.

To this hour I still hear those precious words. They sound in my ears always. They echo in my room, and I feel sure they will sing themselves in my dreams. I know that he loves me with all his heart. All that I ever dreamed and hoped my lover would say, he has said. I felt when he knelt at my feet that I loved him so much I was rather glad to have something to pardon.

He has promised me that he will do all I desire. We will be constantly together, at home and abroad, on horseback, in long rides through the country. We will make all sorts of excursions together. And his voice trembled when he said he hoped he should die first, that he might not have the anguish of surviving me. He has promised to give up cards and to go to church with me every Sunday. He has promised all that I asked, and all that I did not ask, and much that it seems impossible for him to do. But he was very good and I love him!

When he had finished he drew me to him gently and leaning down impressed a kiss upon my forehead.

At that moment there was a sound of steps. Mama and papa entered. "Ah, well, I hope you have had enough time to examine the presents." Papa glanced at the table as he spoke.

"*Misericorde!* The packages were not opened!"

VIII.

I am to be married to-morrow!

I try to be calm, to be at ease, but I cannot! In spite of myself, I am far from being the same as on other days. I say constantly, "Can you believe it, Therese, it is to-morrow, to-morrow!" I cannot control my thoughts. This is the last night I shall spend in my pretty room as a careless young girl. They say that in moments of danger a panorama of one's whole life passes before the mind's eye. Well! I am in full health and youth, yet I seem to see to-night all my life. I see myself a mere baby on papa's knee, listening to the tick of his watch. I see the convent and my school friends and my first communion. Oh, how happy and tranquil I was that year! I was better than I am to-day; without vanity I think I was nearly perfect. Then I remember my *début*, and how my first ball made my heart beat and filled my head with dreams. Then I saw Jean, and loved him. This morning before the justice I promised to be his wife, and to-morrow morning in the church I shall take him for the second time with all my heart. He will be my husband! It will be finished, and it will be irrevocable!

It is late, and every one is asleep in this house except myself. But I know Jean is not sleeping. He is awake and thinking of me. Oh, Jean, I think I am not deluding myself. I feel I have depths of tenderness in my nature. I trust, ah, I hope, I shall fill your ideal of a wife!

Five minutes ago I went on tiptoe into the *salon*, where all my bridal attire is arranged for to-morrow. In that place where Jean courted me, that little favorite corner by the screen, which heard all, my wedding gown was

spread out on two chairs in the shadow of the great palm. I gazed at it a long time, till it seemed more real than my self, till

"This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Seemed touched and turned to finest air."

It seemed to me as if that were the real Therese, who was going away, who was leaving her childhood's home, and was sleeping her last night in that beautiful snowy robe! And I bade adieu to this Therese!

Henri Lavedan.

ONE OF THE GRAND ARMY.

The plague has claimed another English victim in Surgeon-Major Evans, Professor of Pathology in the Calcutta Medical College. He is thought to have contracted the disease while engaged in a *post-mortem* examination, and so died at his post in quite as true a sense as the members of the Wilson Patrol or those of the 21st Lancers who fell at Omdurman.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 14th.

A life for saving of life!
Courage, compassion, skill—
A cool and resolute will,
Warring with Death, to the knife,
Death, and worse ill—
Loathsome horrors that fill
A mawkish soul with dismay,
Though to a *man*—a man
Such as God makes to-day
Of His best—
Who gives of his life away
To guard the lives of the rest,
To heal, not to slay—
The hideous things of disease
Are as if they were not! He sees,
The fighter who grapples with Death,
Only, with bated breath,
The dawning of hope and of light
On the awful dark. He will fight,
He will grip, hand to hand,
To withstand,
For his fellows, the weak and the poor,
All the foul, fell things at the door—
Poison, corruption, and pest!
Many there are who will give
Their strength away daily, just
To lift a life out of dust
Or help the dying to live.
Doctors? *Warriors* unresting,
Men God makes of His best,
Who serve and make no protesting,
And, living or dying, are blest!

A SUMMER TRIP TO CHINESE THIBET.

There are many summer trips that are a joy in the remembering, but a trip to Chinese Thibet had never fallen to the lot of any European woman before. And it was the more delightful, perhaps, because we never thought of anything of the kind when we started. It was very hot in Chung King, the beautiful business centre of China's westernmost province, Szechuan, too hot, we thought. So, while we yet could, we secured four bearer chairs, with blue cotton awnings six yards long over each, after the manner of this windless province, and with bath-towels to bind round our heads and sun-hats, and dark glasses and all that following that is necessary, whenever one travels in China, of between twenty and thirty men, we were carried for a fortnight through the rich agricultural districts and salt wells and petroleum springs, on through the white wax country to the sacred mountains of the West. To these pilgrimages were made long before Buddha was, and pilgrims go in crowds still every day, all the year round, the Chinese in the summer time and the Thibetans and the wild tribes in the winter. Mount Omi is over ten thousand feet high, with a precipice said to be a mile sheer from its summit, from which you look down upon the overflowing rivers of China, and then turning north see, as if set upon a table for you to admire, the snowy giants of Thibet. We saw the glory of Buddha from the edge of the precipice, a circular rainbow on the clouds below, and our shadow in the midst, which the pious pilgrim, kneeling on the edge with outstretched arms, takes to be Puhlsen riding upon his elephant as he came up from India. We saw the bright lights—

will o' the wisps, we supposed—sparkling out from all the mountain side at night, and said to be the lamps of Klating coming up to be lighted. We also saw sunrises and sunsets, springing out of bed before daybreak to catch glimpses of those glorious snowy mountains of Thibet, with the great glaciers glittering on their sides. But we also saw, too, many wonderful cloud effects. Night after night the mountain resounded with thunder, generally below us, while lightning played continuously. And the worst of living on a mountain summit is that it is such a climb to come back again when you go out. Our quarters were not too uncomfortable, but one small room for living and sleeping in, without a window to open, like a back room in a Canadian log-hut, makes one restless after a time.

We thought we would gently wander on to another sacred mountain, whose flat top was a very striking feature in the landscape. So we went down into what is called the Wilderness, where there are wild cattle and wild men, and wandered on, passing along by the boundary of the unconquered Lolos and up the most magnificent ravine I have seen or can imagine, down which a torrent had swept but a week before from the Sai King or Dry Prayerbooks Mountain, to which we were bound, drowning twenty-six people in one hamlet alone. We saw the sole survivor selling cakes, and she struck us as possibly wearing on her own person all the jewelry of the village, so bedizened was she. Climbing the Sai King was rather a formidable affair. But for the guidance of a young priest who lived on the top, and who, we found afterwards, had lately bought it all with funds col-

lected on begging expeditions, from one of which he was returning, we never should have reached the top before darkness set in; and in the dark no man would dare to move upon the Sai King. For not only are there all manner of wild beasts, but the path up leads along the narrow edge of a col, and then up staircases till at last you arrive at three ladders, one of twenty-seven rungs, before you find yourself at the top of the awful precipices that girdle it all around, in a sort of park with firs and rhododendrons, the latter at least twenty feet high, with moss hanging from them in garlands, as well as a foot deep upon the ground. It is a veritable boys' paradise, with squirrels and deer and birds innumerable, large very sweet white strawberries in the greatest profusion, raspberries ditto, currants plentiful, mushrooms in bushels. And there are glorious views from the brink of precipices, when you can break your way through the rhododendrons and look over, hearing the rivers murmuring some five or six thousand feet below, and seeing the Thibetan summits like a sea of mountains. But I have mentioned nearly all there was to eat on the Sai King Shan, and our room was almost more cracks than room, so that we shivered inside it even when almost blinded by wood smoke. And when the wind howled and the rain poured in like a waterspout, it did occur to us to wonder what we should do if one of the ladders were carried away; besides, by dint of thinking about it, that going down those ladders became increasingly terrible. I had paused in the middle coming up, and through a rift in the clouds caught a sight of the great precipice to the north, greater even than that on Oml, and we found ourselves wondering whether it would be wise to look down and see it all, if clear,

when descending. When we had got as far as that, it seemed more prudent to go down at once. And it was then we saw from the bottom the great north precipice, that is, the most glorious east end of a world's cathedral. Looked at from where one will, one could not but feel in comparison how poor was a temple made with hands. Yet there in the valley six thousand feet below are the chapel and priests' house, built by their own hands with their own money by the people of the wholly Christian village of Ta Tien Tze. And there, close to the summit of the mountain, where a cord used to hang over the precipice to get down by, is the cave where two Buddhist sisters, till last year, lived for seven years "to purify their souls." There is a little platform in front of the cave where they could stand and look out upon the glories of the Creator's handiwork, if so minded. Did they stand there, those two sisters? Did they worship there? Did they in the end purify their souls? Or did they find it was a mistake, thus retiring from their kind? Their father used to send them rice, which was let down to them by the cord, and a stream poured over the precipice in a sort of waterfall hard by. And they only went away last year because the tidings came of their mother's death.

Again we wandered on, or rather walked hard, for one day across the mountains till we came to a village full of conquered Lolos, women fearless and frank as American girls, riding or walking with a grace I have never seen equalled; men with elaborate ceremonial of politeness, but, alas! too much given to the delights of drink. We would gladly have learned more about them. But now we heard six days more would bring us to Ta Chien Lu, in Chinese Thibet, and all our following were wild to get there, for fur coats are to be had

cheap in Chinese Thibet, and fur coats are the Chinaman's ambition. We wondered if it was worth while to go. We were in no hurry yet to get back to Chung King. Our last news was that it was 100° in the shade there, and cholera worse than ever. Thirty thousand people, we learnt afterwards, died of it in the course of the summer, and it was worse still at Chen Tu, the capital of the province, by which we had purposed returning.

Not at all particularly anxious for fur coats, not at all distinctly remembering what we had read of Ta Chien Lu, we decided to go on if we could get ponies, and see for ourselves if it were worth while. But now came the difficulty. With ponies grazing all round we never could succeed in hiring one. Certainly they were very small, and we very big by comparison. But every one told us we must get ponies at Fulin. So to Fulin we pushed on. But it was thirty-six miles over any number of passes, one seven thousand feet high, so we were obliged to stop a little short of it that night; next day, however, we got there for breakfast. We had formed high expectations with regard to Fulin. For six days we had seen men staggering along under crushing weights of salt, two hundred pounds to each man, too much exhausted by their burdens even to look up. And they had all been bound for Fulin. People may not want to be missionaries in China, but I do not think any European could travel there and not wish "to undo the heavy burdens." I have seen no beasts of burden whose sufferings have so moved my heart to pity as these salt carriers. Salt seems such a hard, uncompromising load, and it was so pitiful to notice how they had to protect it from being melted by the sweat that streamed down their poor backs. Then the

passes were so high, and the paths so narrow and so wild, and the heat so great. It seemed as if any human heart must break if it contemplated beforehand all it would have to undergo to carry one load of salt from Klating to Fulin. Then, however often we calculated it, what they were paid, how many days they spent upon the journey, how many days going empty-handed back, we never could make out that the poor carriers were any the better off at the end of all their exertions. Of course they must be, or they would not make them, but it must be by a miserable pittance indeed. It appeared now, too, that Fulin, though well-to-do enough, was but the distributing centre for two very rich, prosperous valleys and the country beyond, and there were no ponies to be had there. Later on in the day, however, when we really did succeed in hiring capital ponies, we no longer wondered that it was difficult to get any for such a journey as we were undertaking. For what road there had ever been had been carried away in several places, and so had the bridges. The mountains looked exactly as if, according to the Chinese saying, a dragon had really turned round at the top, and clawed and scored and gashed the mountain sides. All the people were going to market, as they always are in Szechuan, and here was a crowd busy remaking a bridge in order to get over, while further on three of the strongest men of the company had stripped, and holding hands, were cautiously trying fording. Then the others followed their example, and for a moment or two were carried off their legs by the furious stream. The hills were terrible, and clambering up one, a mule in our company fell, and turning over and over, reached the bottom dead. I had wondered the moment before whether my tiny pony

could make the final effort necessary to reach the top of that hill.

After Nitou, which proclaims on a stone tablet that it is the western boundary of the black-haired (or Chinese) race, Thibet seems to begin. We climbed a pass nine thousand feet high, then descended again for five miles, always in uninhabited country full of flowers. Especially lovely in that September weather was the small but very luxuriant deep purple convolvulus twining round the acacia mimosas. Just as we passed out of the mist—it was unfortunately always misty at the tops of the passes—we met a Lama quite resplendent in crimson and old gold, and then passed troops of men carrying brick tea. One man carried seventeen bars, each weighing twenty pounds, others fifteen, thirteen, or eleven. A boy of fourteen, or ten, even one of seven, was carrying, the latter four half bars, poor wee child! Just as we were sorrowing over the children, trees glorious with coral flowers flashed upon our sight. And on the second day after leaving Nitou we once more came upon the great Tung river, by the side of which we had travelled for one whole afternoon, separated by it from the Lolo country. Never a boat or raft upon the Tung, except one to take people back into Lolo land from a great theatrical performance, at which all the countryside had mustered. And once we saw a boat by the side of it, but hauled up high and dry. It was a round skin boat, for all the world just like the coracles the ancient Britons are said to have used. We came also upon a terrible gully, descending by a severe slant directly into the river. A shower of stones was almost continually rattling down, mixed with a little water; every now and then the shower slackened somewhat, and then first one and then another large stone

would come down, wildly bounding from side to side; after that, the shower would be stronger than ever. When the erratic blocks came bounding down, no one put his feet in the footprints left by some one else across the shifting torrent of stones that here constituted the whole of the great brick-tea road, the great main road between Pekin and Lassa. At other times, they paused behind a projecting rock to watch for a good opportunity, and then ran for it. And the usual thing seemed to be to laugh. Our little dog had its misgivings in the middle and paused, to be half kicked, half thrown across. For it was an anxious moment for our carrying coolies and the heavily laden brick-tea men. Meanwhile, our cook amused himself by pitching stones into the air, and it was eerie to observe that wherever thrown, and however often they bounded, they all ended by falling into the deep, swift waters of the unnavigable Tung.

The next wonder was the celebrated bridge three hundred feet long, and with hardly any drop in the nine iron chains of which it is composed. Planks were laid loosely upon the chains, starting up at each of the ponies' steps, and the whole bridge swayed like a ship at sea. Two guardians of the bridge at once rushed forward and placed their arms under mine to support me across, taking it for granted that I should be frightened. But looked upon as a yacht pitching and tossing the bridge really did not make bad weather of it, so I preferred to walk alone, and to notice how sea-sick our coolies looked getting over. Just at that point the Tung vividly recalled the Rhine at Basle, but with probably a greater volume of water. That afternoon the scenery began to be as wild and gloomy as we had anticipated, granite mountains increasing in size

and narrowing in upon us, the road taking sudden drops down precipitous gorges of four or five hundred feet, and then at once up again. There were prickly pears all about, and pomegranate trees in hedges, the air full of thyme and peppermint and aromatic scents. Thibetan villages, just like the pictures, were visible on the other left bank of the Tung; two-storied houses with tiny holes for windows, and door uncomfortably high up, roofs set so as apparently to let in a free current of air, not a tree visible, not a man moving—there never is in the pictures. Impossible, however, to get across the Tung to look at them, and when isolated houses were visible on our side it was always in inaccessible eyries.

The little pony I rode, not one of those excellent ponies we hired the first day for a few hours only, had come down twice on both knees with me on its back. It was evident its little legs might have been stronger. And as I rode along these granite precipices my hands were hot with terror, until at last I could bear no more. For some time beforehand I had been looking at the road in front, curving round two headlands—granite precipice above, granite precipice below—the road overarched by the rock, and had wondered how all our party would get by. "We met one hundred and fifty people coming from that direction before our luncheon," I said to myself. "I know it because I counted them. And if anything, I left out some when the road was too alarming. They must all have got by alive! And all these brick-tea men now coming along with us, of course they are all intending to get by alive. It can't be so bad!" But it was of no use; I could not ride along that road with the pony slipping and stumbling among the stones, or sliding down the little descents at the corners with

both its hind feet together. Yet the road was good for those parts, being all of granite and painfully chiselled out, so the pony boy, a most lively youth of fifteen, was greatly shocked at my dismounting.

We slept that night where the Lu joins the Tung, cutting a granite mountain in half to do so, the half that is left standing towering some three or four thousand feet above our heads. The Lu is the fullest glacier stream I have ever seen. It has a great deal more water to carry along than the Thames at Richmond, and sometimes it is compressed into a width of six yards with a tremendous fall, coming straight, we are told, from a lake at the foot of the great glacier we saw first with such delight from the summit of sacred Omi, about a hundred miles away as the crow flies. All day we rode or walked up the defile, that would be too solemn but for this rollicking glacier stream tumbling head over heels all the way down it, with side cataracts leaping down equally overfull of foaming water, equally in hot haste to reach the Tung. The road was all the way so bad that at last my only surprise was to find that there were places the ponies could not manage, and that on one occasion they had, twice in five minutes, to ford a stream with the water well up to my feet, as they stumbled among the big boulders in order to avoid a bit of road that all the heavily-laden brick-tea men had managed. It seemed too absurd that those ponies could not. But at last the pony-boy waved his arm, as if to say, "There's Ta Chien Lu! I've got you there at last! You can't get into trouble now, I think, along what we call that smooth bit of road in front. And I wash my hands of you!"

We rode on, past our last Thibetan bridge. How often they had haunted

my childhood's dreams! And now I saw a woman seat herself astride the stick hanging from the cord drawn taut across the stream, and resting one arm upon a very smooth piece of bamboo that runs along the cord, hold with the other hand a series of loops of cords hanging from it, and allow herself to be pulled across. I longed to do likewise, and went the length of seating myself on the stick, but the foaming torrent below meant certain death if one could not hold on, nor did I know at all what reception the Thibetan men on the other side might give me, so I got off again. People say it is easy enough to go as far as the slope of the cord is downwards, but very hard to pull oneself up the other side, and that just at the centre the impulse to let go is almost overmastering. We passed flagstaves with lettered pieces of cloth hanging from them inscribed with prayers, passed rocks with prayers chiselled on their smooth surfaces, into the little frontier town at the junction of three valleys with granite mountains hemming it in all round; one terminating in a sharp little granite pyramid quite a feature in the view, and in what looked exactly like a fortress with three big cannon pointed in different directions.

We had already met one most exciting party of Thibetans, the men fine-looking, one even more than that, the women rosy and pleasant-faced and very short-skirted, but evidently all thinking it an excellent joke not to let me see them, and such fleet mountaineers that though I ran, I could not keep up with them, and they were all out of sight, merrily laughing, before we had half seen them. But now at Ta Chien Lu far more wonderful people became visible. It was as if every wild tribe on the borders of China were represented, with a piece of the garment of

each patched into the garment of every other. And in and out among them strode the Lamas, one arm and shoulder bared, like Roman senators in dull red togas, their arms folded and their attitude defiant. A beggar passed singing, with a face like Irving's, only glorified. He had bare feet, but his face was sublime. Then strode by what looked like a tall Highlander, with a striped garment of many colors draped round him, boots of soft woollen coming to the knee, and edged with a coarse stuff of brilliant red and yellow. Next, two wild-looking men, with blue hats that were hats and hoods all in one, slouched upon their heads, a red disc in the centre of each, their most luxuriant hair in innumerable very fine plaits, twisted round and round, and fastened at one side with large red and yellow rings. Thibetan women with fine rather Irish features, black eyes and hair, and rosy cheeks, were smiling on us from the doorsteps, their hair plaited with a red cord and twisted in a most becoming coronet round their heads. They had large silver ear-rings with red coral drops, red cloth collars fastened by large silver clasps, always a lump of coral in the middle, and two large turquoises, one on either side. They had silver châtelaines hanging at their sides, though often only a needlebook on the châtelaine, large silver bracelets and strings of coral beads on their arms, and their fingers covered with enormous rings.

Every one looked at us and smiled. Could anything be more different from the reception we are accustomed to in a Chinese city? Every one looked at us as if to say, "Are you not glad to have got here?" We felt more and more glad every minute, but a little bewildered, too. It was all so strange, the streets were so full of corners and of strange-looking people,

all looking and smiling at us. And they seemed to go on for ever. When were we going to arrive really?

But when we reached the Kung Kwan, where Baber stayed and Mr. Rockhill and all the foreigners, where Prince Henry of Orleans and Mr. Pratt were shut up as it were, the place looked so forbidding we hesitated to enter, till reassured by hearing the strident tones of our Chinese boy inside. The rooms actually *upstairs*—after we had gone up the staircase, embedded in filth and hair—were a most agreeable surprise, almost as good as an attic in a London East End lodging-house at first sight. Buttered tea was served at once, and before many minutes were over the lady of the inn, a very handsome Thibetan, had invited me to a little repast in her private room. Tea buttered, of course—and really very good—Thibetan cheese like very fresh cream-cheese, and tsamba, which is excellent when kneaded into a ball with buttered tea. Lamas strode in and out of the courtyard and stared, swinging praying-wheels. All manner of men and women looked in. It was quite enough to sit at the window and look down at the kaleidoscope below, for every one seemed to come in and give us a glance. And that was just what we wanted to do to them. But they would not sell their praying-wheels, and the Lamas would not let me look at their amulets which they carry on their breasts in square cases sometimes becrusted with turquoises. Surely never was there a people more bejewelled. The dirtiest man we saw would have a jewel or two stuck in his hair, and as likely as not a huge ring on his finger.

There were five flagstuffs hung with prayers on our inn, besides a long cord hung with them, stretched across the roof. People were muttering "*Om mani padmi hum,*" as they

passed along the street, and as the last sound at night was the Lamas' trumpet calling to prayers, so we were aroused before dawn by the men in the room below us reciting continuously, "*Om mani padmi hum,*" over and over again for two hours at least. One began to say to oneself: "The jewel is in the lotus"—a pretty saying enough, which might mean anything. But alas! we could see no more of the Thibetans at their devotions. At the first Lamaseral we visited the temple doors were closed, and the Lamas signified by gestures that no key could be found to open them. They were not uncivil there, although peremptorily forbidding me to use my eye-glass till they had themselves examined it to see what effect it might have on the brilliantly colored pictures in the temple and porch. They also forbade me to photograph, yet allowed me to do it in the end, and acquiesced in my going upstairs to get a better place for the camera. There I saw that the door of each Lama's room, giving on the colonnade running round the courtyard, was locked and padlocked with a padlock of such portentous size as to suggest many thoughts. Only one door downstairs had been open, where a very small Lama was repeating his lessons out of what looked like a most beautifully written and illuminated book; for, the paper in the window being torn out, we could see all over the room, which looked like a particularly dirty dilapidated stable. But when I asked the small boy's leave to go in, wishing to examine his book, he sprang to the doorway, and the attitude into which he threw himself, forbidding me to enter, was superb. It said "*Avaunt, Satan!*" and indicated that all the lightnings of heaven would fall if I took but one step forward. And, though amused, I could not but admire the little boy for so pluckily

standing his ground. But when another little Lama, on our coolies somewhat roughly ordering him to keep clear of the camera, threw himself into an attitude of boxing, it seemed so ridiculous that, just to test him, I laughed, then clenched my fist and made as if I would fight too; on which he laughed heartily, showing he could quite understand a joke.

Most of the buildings at Ta Chien Lu appeared in the last stage of decay, especially the temples. One was so full of birds' droppings that we imagined they could never have been cleared away since the day it was built. Two fierce dogs were chained across the threshold, and though I found I could just squeeze myself in out of reach of either, I noticed none of our Chinese coolies cared to follow. Thibetan dogs are noted for their fierceness, and are one of the great difficulties of travel in Thibet. There were boys burning something that had a horrible smell in the great incense-burner in front, while a priest, attended by a boy, was beating a gong and chanting within. This was the only sign of worship we came across. But the passageway between the back and front temple was all hung with oblong bits of paper, on which prayers were written. One day we met two very wild-looking Thibetans, each bent under a load of three huge pieces of slate inscribed with prayers; and presently we met a string of Thibetan women, bent more than double under loads of five, six, or even as many as seven bars of brick tea, each weighing twenty pounds. The world often seems rather topsyturvy to a traveller.

A dark door, like a house door, a dark passage merely partitioned off from a shop, then an alley-way that seemed to be used as a slaughter-house, led up to Kwanyin's temple, a very conspicuous and rather coquet-

tish building on a hill overlooking the town. When we got there, followed by a crowd of the usual tiresome little Chinese boys, and also by two most beautiful Thibetans, on pushing open the door we found numbers of neglected prayers hanging from the rafters, old broken beams lying in a heap, a staircase so rickety that no one liked to go up it, and, at the top of it, a barred door, sufficiently saying, "Not at home." One of the Thibetans had such a quantity of hair and such ringlets that one of our coolies, with Chinese insolence, touched it to see if it was real. The Thibetan was elderly, and evidently well seasoned to the world, and only laughed at the liberty. But his companion, a beautiful youth, with a face of that feminine type that one only sees now in old books of beauty, arched eyebrows, delicately pencilled, aquiline nose, features all too delicate for this work-a-day world, blushed vividly, and looked so unutterably pained that I longed to apologize, only we lacked a mutual language. He had himself a yet more inordinate quantity of hair, some of which must have been horse-hair, frizzed and raised so as to simulate the high Pompadour style; but I think the ringlets that shadowed his translucent complexion must have been his own.

Then we went on to the great Lamaserai, some distance from the town upon the Lassa road. We walked between walls of prayer-slates on either hand, with prayers streaming to the wind on all the hill-tops and on every point of vantage. And having crossed the Chinese parade-ground, with a very beautiful weeping-willow and an avenue of specially fine alders of a local variety, we saw a temple all golden points and golden balls outside, and attached to it a long, melancholy building rather like a work-

house, but for tall, narrow baskets in all the windows ablaze with Thibetan Glory—a brilliant orange marigold. Several little boy Lamas sat on the doorstep playing with a dead rat, which they were pulling about by a string, one little crimson-clad boy screaming with delight at the dead creature's antics. We had just been warned to take up our little dog because of the fierce dogs inside, and the little Lamas now laughed and cried out at the sight of a dog being carried.

There were many colored cylinders on each side of the entrance gate—prayer-wheels—and it was curious to note the expression of one of these children, when, thinking I was imitating him, I turned one of the cylinders the wrong way. He shrieked, and the expression of concentrated rage in his knotted eyebrows was a revelation to me. I hastened to turn the cylinder the right way, with a smile, and the little fellow was pacified, while all the children set off running—as it appeared afterwards—to announce our coming, and have their own fierce dogs shut up.

We found ourselves in a very large courtyard—a long parallelogram—handsomely, indeed gorgeously, painted. Opposite to the entrance-gate were the closed doors of the temple, with no way of opening them visible, brilliantly colored pictures on either side of them. The summits of the temple were so heavily gilded as to look like solid gold, as also were two deer about the size of collie dogs, sitting one on each side of a large golden disc, curiously worked, placed on the temple front above the door. On the top of the temple were several of those curious Thibetan ornaments of which I know neither the name nor the purpose. Two looked like very tall, narrow golden flower-pots, handsomely ornamented; two like sticks with ropes hanging down all round

them, girt transversely with white paper bands. Could they possibly be meant for state umbrellas? The cords were black and looked as if made of hair. The front of the temple was of stone, painted red, but the top of it looked as if it consisted of billets of wood all laid close together, of a dull red-brown. There was a brilliantly painted colonnade, with outside staircase leading at intervals to an upper verandah, all round the courtyard excepting just where stood the temple; and to its left a specially gaudy house. In front of this latter was again a collection of black hanging ropes, and on the top of this a *human skull!*

While I was noticing all these details, Lamas all in crimson, each with his right arm bare, continued to troop into the courtyard and in the verandah above, from which at first they looked down, making eyes, and smiling the Lama's smile upon a woman. But suddenly, as a loud voice with the tone of authority in the distance became more distinctly audible, the smiles vanished, and the Lamas stood round quite expressionless, with folded arms. I had just stepped forward to examine more carefully that human skull, attracted by the horror of it amid all the gorgeous coloring around, when the blood rushed to my heart, as there came a sound, and close upon the sound two large Thibetan dogs sprang out through an inner gateway and were evidently making straight for me.

It all passed through my mind at once that it was useless to try to quell Thibetan dogs, as one so often quells Chinese dogs. I remembered that they are said never to let go, and I knew that voice in authority had been ordering the dogs to be loosed. Sick and terrified I yet thrust the iron point of my alpenstock into the jaws of the foremost dog, but the fierce

creature, although with such tremendous leverage against it, tore it from my grasp, and shook the long stick in its teeth as if it had been a straw. My husband sprang forward to the rescue, though still holding our own little dog in his arms. One of our coolies, a really brave, strong ex-soldier, followed him, and together the two beat off the dogs, and we came away. My recollection is that to the last not a Lama—and there must have been at least forty of them standing round, all draped in crimson—moved a muscle even of his countenance. We had bowed politely on entering, and asked leave; but we did not bow as we came away, somewhat hurriedly, to the sound of more and more dogs baying in the distance.

There were shrines full of little clay pyramids covered with images of Buddha; there were more and finer prayer-slates by the principal entrance, by which we came out. But whether the Lamas ever pray, God knows, I don't!

As we passed back into the town again, from the shop from which a handsome woman, beautifully bejewelled, had gone out that morning with her handmaid to do her own washing in the pure glacier stream, we heard a jolly laugh ring out from the same jovial Lama we had left there talking to my handsome friend as we passed out.

The Roman Catholic priests here say that the people believe in nothing except their Lamas, and we feel a little inclined to think if they believe in them it is no wonder that they believe in nothing else. Whatever any one may think of missions in China, every one must wish well to them here, for the priesthood must have an extraordinarily paralyzing effect, when this physically gifted people, still with princes of their own, have sunk so completely under Chinese control in

spite of the impregnable natural fastnesses of their mountains, and the defence established by the climate. While we were there, in September, the thermometer varied from 56° to 60°, but the winds blew so keenly off the glaciers that many people were wearing heavy furs, and the price of them had already gone up.

Buying, indeed, we found most exhausting work at Ta Chien Lu. At home, when one feels like buying, one goes to the shops, but the people who have anything to sell drop in at Ta Chien Lu from early morning till late, late at night, merry, rosy little maidens with a keen eye to business, or wonderfully withered old crones. They ask any price at first, then just as they are going away say quietly, "What would you like to give?" after which they stand out by the hour for an additional half-rupee, to give which a rupee has to be carefully cut in two. An aged chieftain with a most beautiful prayer-wheel and rosary, both of which, he says, are heirlooms and cannot be sold, brings a beautifully embroidered red leather saddle-cloth for sale, while a Thibetan from the interior brings first a Lama's bell, then cymbals, then woolen cloths of soft, rich colors, and little serving-maids appear with cast-off clothes, expecting us to buy them. But it is interesting to notice how very fashionable is Thibetan ladies' dress—a sleeveless gown, that opens down the front like a tea-gown, with box plaits so tiny and so near together as to be almost on the top of one another, carefully fastened down so as to lie quite flat, and lined at the bottom with a broad, false hem of coarse linen, so as to avoid unnecessary weight. Yet even as it is, the weight of this silk skirt is prodigious. Over this is worn a jacket, and over this an apron girt round rather below the waist with a variety of girdles.

But it is hard to say what a Thibetan girl really does wear, for the seventeen-year-old daughter of the inn, finding herself rather coming to pieces, began rectifying her toilette in my presence, and I lost count of the garment below garment that appeared in the process, all girdled rather below the waist. The finish of the toilette, even in ordinary life, seems to be an unlimited supply of jewelry and dirt, the finger-nails, besides being deeply grimed, being also tinged with red. The men wear turquoises in their hair, and often one gigantic ear-ring, besides rosaries and big amulet cases. And the general effect is so brilliant one rather loses sight of the dirt. But, indeed, after travelling through China it would be difficult to be struck by dirt anywhere.

It is very trying that they have such a very quick perception of a camera, I have spent hours with a detective, half hidden behind a pile of woollens at our window, and tried every expedient. But they are said to think the photographer gets their life from them, and then has two to enjoy, while they themselves must die. At last, however, after a great deal of coaxing, six Thibetan women stood up in a row, encouraged to do so by the elder daughter of the inn, who is married—though probably after the Thibetan fashion—to a rich Yunnan merchant, who occupies one wing of the courtyard, filling it with beautiful wild men, but himself absorbed in his opium pipe. I was afraid to place them, or do anything beyond asking the aged chieftain just to leave off turning his prayer-wheel for the one second while I took them, although I longed to arrange them a little, and was disappointed that the daughter of the inn had not put on any of the grand clothes and jewelry she had exhibited to me.

The last day or two the yaks were coming into town in droves to fetch the brick tea away. All those we saw were black, although the yaks' tails for sale were white. They were rather like Highland cattle for size, and seem very quiet, although looking so fierce, with long, bushy manes and tails, and long, shaggy hair down their front legs. The last day we were at Ta Chien Lu we got a perfectly clear view of the snowy mountains and glacier to the south, as we stood outside the north gate beyond the magnificent alders there. All that day we rode down the narrow granite defile that leads up from the Tung, and then we heard it really would be possible to cross the river and see the Thibetan villages on its left bank, if we could walk for two miles higher up to where there was a boat.

A— was suffering from neuralgia, but he very heroically consented to my going without him, a proceeding which our Chinese boy so highly condemned that he became almost violent before I started early next day with all four of the Yamen runners, sent by the Chinese Government to protect us, and one of our soldier coolies to protect me from the Yamen runners. As the Tung would not be passable again till we reached the city of the great chain bridge, I had thus a long day to look forward to through an unknown country, and knowing how the Thibetans feel about photography, there was a certain amount of anxiety about the proceeding. But what a disappointment awaited me! We walked the longest two miles ever human being walked, till we came to the place where the boat was on the *other* side of the river. The coolie had run on ahead to hail it. But in spite of his shouting, no one moved in the village opposite. We had been warned that nothing would induce the people to come

across with the boat till they had breakfasted, so we sat down and waited.

We saw a man and boy come out to till the ground. The boy lay on his back and looked at us and sang to himself. All the Yamen runners shouted, and waved strings of cash. A shepherd came out with a herd of goats, another with cows and goats. We judged by the smoke that breakfasts were preparing. We even saw one man come out upon his flat roof with what we decided to be an after-breakfast pipe. We thought he must come now. Yes. Surely there was some one coming to the boat! No, it was a man with a basket on his back, evidently wanting to cross to our side. He sat down and waited. Presently another man came out and sat down beside him. They were quite happy, those two, engaged in what probably is a never-ending occupation for them, hunting their rags for vermin! Two other moving bundles of rags came slowly down and joined them, one apparently a man, the other looked rather like a woman. They also hunted. At last the boy moved; he went to the village, we thought, to call some one. Our hopes rose. All the men shouted together. A man came to the water's edge. Another. They looked at us. They looked at the boat. They felt the boat, but they did not push it into the water, and they went away. We were in despair. We made feints of going, and came back again. At last there was nothing for it but to go really. The beggars in their rags on the other side got uneasy then. They even shouted to us begging us to stop, but it was of no use. Hours afterwards as we coasted a granite headland, we saw that boat still high and dry. I would so gladly have risked my life in it.

But now, besides retracing our long two miles—now under a burning sun

—we had twenty-two miles to get over in order to join the rest of our party for the night. It was a comfort to find some more coolies with lanterns sent to meet us before we had to cross the chain bridge, for there are often planks missing in it and others with great holes in them. We went across in a phalanx. I held on to the coolie on my left, he reached an arm out to secure the man with the light, and the coolie on my other side supported my elbow. It seemed we got on best when we all went in step together, although I should not have thought so. On arriving we found that when our carrying coolies had crossed, some Yamen runners had attacked them, and in the scuffle that ensued the fur coat of the coolie who had gone with me had been stolen out of a basket. So A— was just starting for the Yamen to tell the tale. "I know all about it," said the magistrate, "and it is quite true they were Yamen runners, who acted very wrongly. You want them punished? Behold!" And the curtain behind him was drawn back, and there were two men with their heads in cangues. But the coolie from whom the coat had been stolen stoutly stood up before the magistrate, and said those were not the men. "How could you know in the confusion?" asked the magistrate; "can you identify the men? If so, and these are not the right ones, I will punish the others also."

So there we were, but not the fur coat! What a comfort it was though, to rest after that long, hot day! And how luxurious to be carried next day in a sedan-chair along the beautiful banks of the swift flowing Tung! Then six days' travelling, against time now, along the great brick-tea road through scenes of varying beauty. A day and a half on a bamboo raft down the turbulent Ya, with

the waves washing up to our knees at all the bad rapids. After which five days down the conjoined rivers, Ya, Tung, and Yangtze, and then home in Cornhill Magazine.

Chung King again, after the most adventurous and by far the most varied and interesting summer outing that it ever fell to my lot to make.

Alicia Bewicke Little.

MOTHS AND TULIPS:

MODULATIONS UPON A VERY ANCIENT THEME.

We had been looking at the Chrysalis: it was May. "The Pupa," the Naturalist called it; "for, you see," he said, "Mousie, there's no gilding about this little gingerbread-colored mummy."

But for Mousie it had been The Chrysalis all the winter, ever since the enormous green caterpillar from the privet arbor had burrowed in the mould of his box. He had stripes on him of lilac and white, like very slender petals of the Tulip now blowing in Mousie's garden—pale rosy-lilac petals edged with white, over smooth clean leaves of delicate waxy green.

"That is his flag," she explained. "I planted it when he burrowed and I wondered which would come out first."

But the Chrysalis had been dug up out of his earth (and not planted again like the Tulip). He had been wintered in moss in a matchbox, and pinched now and then to make him wag his tail. How often this visible sign of life had been sought for as an aid to Mousie's faith, she alone knew. It thrilled her strangely. The doubt that he might possibly be dead would overpower the fear of killing him: the slow remonstrant wriggle under pressure sent a shudder of exultation through all her nerves; an ecstasy of assurance uplifted her: it was for her as the miracle of the Liquefaction.

Just lately the Chrysalis had been losing his glossy brown brightness.

His complexion had grown dry and dull and blackish. The miracle was withheld. Was he dead? Mousie's uncle, the Naturalist, had been invited to inspect him and advise: he knew everything about all living creatures. Miss Bryant (B.Sc.), Mousie's governess, and I were admitted as sympathetic onlookers. We sat in the gallery window. The tenant of the matchbox was disclosed. The Naturalist examined him with grave consideration.

"No, Mousie, he's not dead: I think he's just preparing to be born: he's a moth now, and this old skin of his isn't his skin any longer: it doesn't grow on him as it did when he first appeared in it; it's died and dried away from him, and you can touch it without his much feeling it. He'll come out of it in a day or two altogether."

"He looks something like a moth now, doesn't he, Uncle Ted? You can see his wings and legs and eyes and horns, and his trunk in a pocket outside. But his wings look so very, very small. Does he have them folded up somewhere inside there?"

"The wings and the feathers and all their colors are there, but he'll have to make them grow when he comes out. They'll spread out in an hour or two, like a leaf or a flower in spring when the sap is rising. He forces the sap of his body to fill and expand them: they must hang straight down and dry

in their proper shape, and then the veins grow stiff and horny and hard, like the quills of a bird or the wooden frame of a kite. You must give him plenty of room to hang his wings in, and leave him very quiet indeed until that's done, for if you disturb his attention or fidget his wings just now, he won't be able to get them nicely spread, and they'll be crumpled or deformed when they dry."

"He's looked just the same as this, like a mummy of a moth, you know, all the winter, ever since I dug him up out of his burrow. Was he really a moth when he left off being a caterpillar?"

"Well, Mousie, that's just a question that no one can answer for you. If any one could, he would be the wisest man in the world."

I looked up then at the Naturalist. I like a man of science who acknowledges definition and classification to be impossible. I was conscious of increasing interest in him, and I studied his face for a few moments. He struck me as a somewhat uncommon-looking person, and yet very real and familiar; any age, by his appearance, between thirty-five and fifty; but I remembered that he had taken his degree just before I had matriculated in our common University. His thick arched eyebrows were drawn up into his forehead, the left rather higher than the other, under lines almost painfully expressive of a weariness and mental tension of which his general manner gave no sign. When the eyebrows relaxed, the little radiant web of wrinkles that spread outwards from the corners of his eyes explained his acceptance with children: the wide-set, clear, dark eyes, the short high-bridged nose and low forehead were hawk-like. The chin was broad and straight and the jaw square; and these, with the thick flat moustache above, suggested curiously the aspect of a tortoise. This

fancy of resemblance was reinforced by the patience of the liquid wide-set eyes, and their shining assertion of vitality amid the wrinkles of his sun-baked skin, by the lean dried neck with its ridges of vein and sinew, the broad bowed shoulders and strong sluggish frame. He must have been a very powerful man, but he seemed, I thought, to have neglected or overdriven his body, and now to inhabit it as a kind of carapace, hardly more a part of himself than his clothes. My fancy was overdriven a little here, perhaps, for his handgrip was very living and sympathetic; and I have noticed reason to think that to women the suggestion would seem unmeaning.

"But what do you *think*, Uncle Ted?"

Mousie's eyes were wide—big, round black eyes like her uncle's—and their brows had a harmonic reminiscence of his in their arch of half-remonstrant inquiringness. (They ran up into a little tiny downy tuft where their curves intersected above the nose.)

"I think you may pretend he was a moth even before he left off being a caterpillar, Mousie. But that would be a difficult thing to prove, or even to make sound like good sense. Anyhow, he's not done very much, you see, all the winter, except make himself a new skin and some feathers under this old one."

"He made himself a new skin once before, when he was a caterpillar, when he was much smaller. He got very sick and ugly before he did that, and afterwards he grew tremendously, just like his wings will now, I suppose. I should think he must hate this old shell of his just now, shouldn't you? I think I'd rather be a caterpillar than a chrysalis, wouldn't you, Uncle Ted?"

"I sometimes think so, Mousie. It must feel splendid to have such a lot of appetite, and plenty to serve for food to all of it. But even the cater-

pillar couldn't help getting sickly at times, when he was growing to be too big for his skins; and at last, you see, he may have begun to find out that he wasn't really only a caterpillar after all, and that must have made him more uncomfortable than ever. You see, he must have found that fine appetite going away from him and felt that he could never take pleasure in privet-leaves any more, and he could not imagine what there could be left then to make life worth living, but knew only that he was changing willy-nilly into something else: something else that still was somehow more really himself than his great jaws and his fine lilac stripes, and his ten imitation legs along his belly, and that silly swaggering horn on his tail. He must have felt that all his prestige would be gone if ever he should lose that horn, mustn't he?"

"I suspect it was that," I suggested, "that used to trouble his mind at times before, when he used to have those fits of saying his prayers: he used to say his prayers, didn't he?"

Mouseie looked at me for a moment at a loss, and perhaps a little dubious of my humor. Then, quickening:

"Oh, yes! so he did! I remember! How did you know? He used to lie out on a twig and stay quite quiet just as if he were kneeling, with his front end up in the air and his face bent down over his little black fore-claws. He folded them all together under his chin, just like one's fingers. My Drinker moth cattles that I had last summer never used to do like that."

"No; the Drinkers have, no doubt, got less conscience."

"Do you know," went on her uncle, "that this catty that was, and all his relations, are nicknamed the family of Sphinxes, because they have all this habit of lying with heads upraised like the Sphinx in the sand in Egypt? And

you see they have a secret, too, like that Sphinx: they don't know themselves what it is, and they sit thinking, thinking, thinking to find it out; and no doubt, as Mr. Olivier says, they pray."

"What do they pray for, uncle?"

"Well, Mouseie, perhaps they pray for their daily bread; but I think most likely not, as it has not been made needful for them to work for it. I think they must pray that a kingdom they dream of may come: a wonderful kingdom under the Evening Star; and perhaps they have just understanding enough to pray that they may some day be moths in it, not knowing how much they are really moths already. And doubtless it is after those times of prayer and fasting that the Sphinx does know best what he is."

"But, uncle, he *isn't* a moth, then, yet—not really?"

"I don't know, Mouseie, that he is not, when you say *really*. I know he *isn't* one that you can see. It makes one light-headed to be always trying to find out exactly what things are, and perhaps I'm a little light-headed about this pupa. But you could have seen even with your eyes, if you'd known how to, that he was much more of a moth than he seemed to be whilst you were still calling him a caterpillar; if you looked at him closely, for instance, when he was throwing off his caterpillar skin."

"But he'd burrowed then, Uncle Ted; I couldn't see him."

"Ah! when I was a boy I used to dig my Sphinxes up—I kept scores of all sorts of these creatures—or leave them to make their change without any earth to burrow in, poor beasties; and, indeed, I was even more unkind to them than that: I used to kill a good many of them and pull them to pieces to see how they were made and how they grew."

"Oh, Uncle Ted! but didn't it hurt them dreadfully?"

"I think it may have hurt them sometimes, Mousie; but at that time I didn't care much; I really did not consider their feelings at all, any more than one considers the feelings of mutton. The knowledge I got that way was mutton and beef to me then. It did happen that the best way to kill them for my purpose was also very quick, and probably painless; though sometimes I didn't kill them at all when I wanted to find out just how far or in what sense they, or any particular part of them, were alive."

"And did you?"

"Well, I did find out some things that no one else seemed to have noticed before, or, at any rate, to have put into books; and so I put them into a book, which I am sure even Miss Bryant has never read, although it was a very good book of its kind in its own day."

"I have read it," said Miss Bryant. "I don't think there's been anything since to supersede it."

"Ah? I'm glad to hear that," he replied. "There must be books of that sort, if only to prevent others from being written, and the work being gone through again, for a few years at least. It seems probably expedient that one man should die that sort of death for the people. In any other sense they appear to have been a waste of time. It's a good thing to get such work done thoroughly and comprehensively up to the limit of the resources within one's reach, so as to stand until some new method becomes available which shows that one's observations were defective and one's inferences ingeniously perverse. Of course, that does not matter in the least; it in no degree diminishes the value of one's work at the time it was done, nor if it did not happen would the work have seemed at all more valuable. I don't think I found out anything of what I really know about living creatures by the studies I embodied in that book. I believe

I'd have found out more about them, and earlier, if I'd never—and yet I don't know—I, being I, couldn't learn things, I suppose, any other way—any more than I could grow without beef and mutton."

Miss Bryant seemed rather impatient at this strain. It was evident that she looked up to the Naturalist as a high scientific authority, and desired that he should take himself seriously. She protested that the scientific world would have lost a great deal if he had acted all his life on such sceptical and nebulous principles (epithets mine).

"I think very likely it would have," he answered, his left eyebrow lifting slowly into his forehead as he contemplated the Chrysalls in its matchbox between his fingers, "the scientific world and I being what we are. And perhaps it is only fair, too, to bear in mind that if the caterpillar had not killed and mangled privet, a very innocent and gracious form of life, full of delicacy and quiet refreshing distinction, had not littered the arbor table with ugly droppings, and done generally after the manner of his kind as a vulgar cankerworm, the world would have been the poorer by a hawk-moth—a romantic, dashing creature with crimson eyes, in soft gray fur and satiny pink and black, with a most poetic passion for twilight and dawn, and no appetite except for dew and nectar, and having no business in life except to make love and be mated."

Mousie caught at the discourse as it swooped once more within the range of her understanding.

"Did you used to kill your moths for your collection when they came out? I didn't kill my Drinkers; I didn't like to. Some people kill their moths with laurel-leaves, and some in a vaseline-pot with a kind of poison. It's no use to pinch their chests like butterflies.

Does that hurt them, do you think, Uncle Ted?"

"Well, of course, it's better not to want to kill them, no matter whether it really hurts them or not. You, see, it would have hurt you to kill your Drinkers, and I quite think with you that it's more enjoyable to be able to let them go, and to prefer that they should have their little flutter in the evenings, and touch, if only for a moment, some illusion of that heaven of which they dreamed, than to wish to possess their dead bodies stretched out and pinned and labelled in dusty boxes. But it is not everybody that feels like that, and no doubt there are good reasons why they should not. Very few little boys do, to begin with, a great many grown-up people only come to understand it partly, and some never understand it at all, all their lives."

The Naturalist's eyes were dwelling reflectively on the cases of stuffed rare birds and the series of antelope-heads on the gallery walls, early trophies of his own sporting exploits and those of Mousie's father, the Squire. He went on a little quickly:

"But if you were to watch one of these fellows when he is making his change to a pupa, you would see that these horns of his, and that trunk, and those six long legs that are packed away so neatly between his wings, and the funny little stumpy wings themselves, had all been already prepared under the skin of the caterpillar, out of which you will see him work them very carefully. And at that time you can detect already that they are separate limbs and organs, distinct in miniature shapes, but moulded out of uniform pale green substance, half-transparent—just such limbs and organs as you might make out of wax if you were clever enough at modelling—quite pulpy and almost powerless. What happens during his winter rest is this: The pulpy, almost structureless green

stuff of these limbs rearranges itself into muscles and joints and shells and claws and plumes, and eyes that can see and glow and a proboscis that can probe into verbena-blossoms and suck up honey, and antennæ that can tell him wonderful things through senses that you and I know nothing about: just as alum or sugar-candy dissolved or melted will build themselves up again in beautiful crystal forms. But the green stuff of the chrysalis' limbs seem very much more clever and highly trained than the molecules of the alum or sugar, which can only go through a few little common tricks, and seem to have only geometrical notions of art. Well, the caterpillar, if you leave him undisturbed, will draw out all these soft organs side by side, neatly folded together, so as to leave one smooth surface over all, and the clammy, moist outsides of them cling together and harden into this case of horny skin; so that just before that happens, and before this hard, smooth shell has disguised what is forming within it, he really looks more like a moth than he does at this moment—just as little children," he added, musingly, "seem sometimes more like real angels than grown-up people: which I hope, as a rule, they are not.

"Your tulip," he went on, "has a quicker and more magical-seeming way. The green stuff of the long, pale bud looks very much like what the caterpillar was made of when he changed. But it only needs a few hours' sun like this for the tulip to call up the fire out of its heart and to glorify all its fibres till they shine like transparent pearl and living rubies. I love the crimson tulips best myself; they are so proud of the splendid, free passion that transfigures them and fills them up for an hour to be their perfect selves. I think if ever I were to fall so ill as to be unhappy, and to forget altogether, just one of those red tulips in the sunlight

would remind me and set me right again."

The Naturalist was talking to himself. He stopped, smiling, his eyes on Mousie's face.

"What would it remind you of, Uncle Ted?"

"The Sphinx's kingdom, Mousie," he answered, "and what I saw there."

This ended our colloquy over the Chrysalis, for whom the consultation prescribed undisturbed repose in a good-sized deal-chip toybox, on the sides of which the emerging hawk-moth would be able to climb clear and hang his wings at ease.

And I hope he escaped the cats; but I do not know.

The Contemporary Review.

Sidney Olivier.

KHARTOUM.

By the old Egyptian river, on the shore
Is a white-walled city built by men of yore:

There, amid the desert sands, like a monument it stands,
With a bloodstain on its memory evermore.

There's a palace roof in Khartoum, where at bay
Chafed a hero, as he gnawed his heart away:

Whence he heard the jackal cry, and saw armies in the
sky:

"Come they then, at last, the rescuers? Is it they?"

Oh, that morning as the light began to grow,
When the cruel East all crimson was aglow;

When with shout and shot and flame like a hurricane they
came,

The innumerable spearmen of the foe!

Oh, that evening shout of triumph ten years on,
When the bloody field a deeper crimson shone?

When, amid the Dervish dead, 'twas an English soldier said,
"Such our vengeance for the hero that is gone."

And yet nobler shout of triumph and more sweet,
When, the peaceful river rolling at our feet,

The last fetter of the slave shall lie broken at his grave,
And the day of Gordon's vengeance be complete!

So we move on, now in gladness, now in gloom,
And a hero oft is greatest in his doom;

And to Englishmen for ever shall that old Egyptian river,
Be the glory still of Gordon, and his tomb.

The Spectator.

A. G. B.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.*

When Dean Colet was providing for the future of the school which he was about to found, he thought it best to entrust its government and the stewardship of its revenues not to the Cathedral Chapter, but to the Mercers' Company. St. Paul's has had no reason to regret this decision. If the principles of government have not always been abreast of the foremost thought of the time—and where is the school of which such a boast could be made?—the duty of the stewardship has been wisely and honorably discharged. Westminster was for more than three centuries under the kind of rule which the Dean, with the best opportunities for judging, distrusted. Mr. Sargeant thinks that the arrangement has turned out fairly well. He says that the school had "little cause to regret and much cause to like its dependence on the Chapter." Of course there is the great difference between the two schools that Westminster never had a founder of its own, or separate revenues which might be ill or well administered. It was a part of the general foundation, entitled to a place where its work might be carried on and to a share in the revenue, but with neither buildings nor income that it could definitely call its own. The fatal defect in the arrangement was that it had no representative in the ruling body. The usual, we might say the universal, result followed. Dean, Prebendary, Head-Master, Second Master, King's Scholar had each his statutory allowance. But the Dean and Prebendaries held the purse, and that part of the rule which prescribed their allowances was found to be elastic, while that which concerned the

other beneficiaries was inflexible. Mr. Sargeant, who in this matter does not seem quite consistent with himself, says:—

Of the whole revenue it would seem that about one-tenth was appropriated to the use of the School. Unfortunately it was not foreseen that while the value of money fell there would be a large increase in the revenues. The control of the revenues remained with the Chapter. It will be seen how in course of time the Dean and Prebendaries came to treat the surplus as their own. For more than three centuries they left the Head Master's salary at £20, even when each Prebendary was receiving sixty times his statutory salary. Nor was there in this point any change until the Public Schools Act took the control out of the Chapter's hands.

This does not seem to harmonize with the "little cause to regret." It is true that we are told in the earlier passage that there was "a brief period in which the Chapter forgot its duties." What is meant by "brief"? It seems to us that this forgetfulness began as soon as the increase of revenue was appropriated to the Chapter. But enough of this unpleasing subject.

The statutes that prescribed the teaching and manner of daily life are full of interest. The curriculum of lessons was creditably wide. It differs, in fact, very little from that of the "classical side" in a public school of to-day, what difference there is being that the older rule is the wider. (Of course, it must be remembered that nothing but classics was taught, music, to which two weekly hours were allotted, being the one exception.) The junior forms read Corderius, Erasmus, with other less known examples of "modern Latin." We are not sure that

* *Annals of Westminster School.* By John Sargeant. London: Methuen and Co.

the snippets of Augustan writers which have taken the place of these authors are an improvement. However this may be, it is certainly astonishing to find Terence prescribed to the Second and Third Forms, and Catullus and Martial to the Fourth. In the Fourth, Greek was begun. Greek, indeed, was a feature of the Westminster curriculum. Lucian, Homer, the Attic orators, and Plutarch (whose value we are beginning to rediscover) were read, and Thucydides and Euripides were afterwards added. Another noticeable difference is that Cæsar was read in the highest forms; he is very much thrown away on the juniors to whom he is now given. Silius Italicus was another prescribed author, a now wholly unfamiliar name. Has any one in the United Kingdom read him in the sixty odd years that have passed since Macaulay wrote, "Finished Silius Italicus; for which heaven be praised?" The rule of life was not a little hard. The scholars rose a little after five. Breakfast was not provided for, and, indeed, we find the Head-Master setting at eight o'clock a task for Forms VII.—IV., and Second Master doing the same for III.—I. But to rise at 5.15 and begin fresh work at eight, *ἐπεστειλε τὴν ἀναγραφὴν φέσιν*, and accordingly we find that "in practice the hour from eight to nine was not spent in school." We do not find an account of the hours between nine and noon; but we read that "on the boys returning to school the monitors took charge till the Second Master returned at one o'clock. One hour later the Head-Master returned, and lessons went on till six o'clock." These gentlemen were allowed half-an-hour and an hour respectively; the boys were permitted, with leave asked and given, to drop their heads on the desk and sleep. The authors of the statutes foresaw the need and prescribed the relief. But before long the period was found intolerably

long, and "an hour's respite was allowed in the middle of it," besides the two hours given to music. At six came supper; at seven work began again, but only for a short time, for at eight these hard-worked creatures went to bed. With what emphasis must the Fourth-Formers have sympathized with the aspiration of Catullus, *desiderato acquiescere lecto!* A half-holiday was allowed once a week, if the Dean or Sub-Dean thought fit. Saints' Days also were holidays, but, alas! there are only twenty-one in the year. Why did no early Ritualist insist on the observance of the Black-Letter Saints? And a Saint's Day barred any other holiday in the same week. Of continuous holidays there was at first no provision. Afterwards four weeks were allowed in summer, but a considerable proportion of the boys never went home from year's end to year's end.

There is much that is worthy of notice in the early history of the school. Its chronicler puts together, among other things, some interesting facts about the social standing of the *alumni*. The aristocracy did not frequent it; but the gentry, the professional classes, and with them the trading class, which indeed was often recruited from families of gentle birth, sent their sons. Hence its distinctions lay chiefly in the dignities of the Church, which is always democratic, sometimes, it might be said, in spite of itself. Among the Head-Masters of Westminster are several noted names, but all are obscured by the figure of Busby, of whom we may say, whether we consider the length of his reign, or the conspicuous success which he achieved in spite of all difficulties, that he was the prince of schoolmasters. Busby was born about 1617, and died, after a reign of fifty-seven years, in 1695, still at work till within a few weeks of his death. The fall and restoration of the Monarchy left him undisturbed in the chair

which he held to be a little lower than the throne; from the Revolution, of course, he had nothing to fear. Busby, though he survived so many changes, was no time-server. Thomas Hearne, indeed, reproached him with complaisance; but Hearne was ill-disposed to any one who was not an irreconcilable. As the Duke of Wellington said, "The King's Government must be carried on;" so Busby felt that boys must be taught sound learning, and that he was the man to do it. There were limits to his complaisance; he still prayed for the King till the fatal axe had fallen, and when the Covenant was imposed he had friends in power who were opportunely blind. It was one of the many proofs of the greatness of Cromwell's nature that this was possible. Does any one suppose for a moment that if Busby had been appointed in Commonwealth days he would have survived the restoration?

It is curious to read that thirty, or even twenty-five pounds, *per annum* was thought "an exorbitant and rare rate for boarding." That it was complained that whatever the parents paid, the children had not their bellies full, is only to be expected. If it was, as Mr. Sargeant thinks, groundless, the latter half of the seventeenth century was a golden age of school boarding houses.

Of minor figures, not the least attractive is Vincent Bourne. A more inefficient master has seldom been seen, but he was the prince of Latin verse-writers. That one of his scholars should set fire to his master's hair, and extinguish the flame by boxing his ears, sounds almost incredible, but it is true. And he was as indifferent as he was helpless. As Cowper sarcastically

The Spectator.

puts it, he was determined that as he was the best, so he should be the last, of Westminster verse writers. But much must be forgiven to a scholar so elegant. Latin verse suggests one of the chief glories of Westminster, the Latin play. In early days such performances were very common. They were to be seen not only in the more important schools, but in the Universities and the Inns of Court. Westminster must have the credit of preserving the tradition almost unbroken. The *mis-en-scène* has varied, and so has the list of the dramas performed. In early days the "Eunuchus" was a favorite: modern manners have now banished it (it appeared for the last time in 1854). Plautus made an occasional appearance; he has now, it would seem, got a permanent foothold with the "Trinummus," which since 1860 has made up with the "Andria," "Adelphi," and "Phormio" a four years cycle. The epilogue in its present form dates from the early part of the last century, though the tradition is not continuous. It has given occasion for some very brilliantly humorous verses. They are to be found in the "Ludi Westmonasterienses." We may recall to the recollections of our readers one out of its many felicities. A lady in Bloomer costume, this being one of the current topics of the day, suggests to her old lover that he should go with her across the Atlantic. He replies:—

Ah! me mare terret
Ipsaque tu terres, horrida imago
maris.

Mr. Sargeant's "Annals" have a vivacity and a literary finish which the modes and title do not suggest.

WOMAN AS AN ATHLETE.

"It is wonderful what athletics do for women," a friend observed. "A year ago Clara could not walk more than two miles without tiring; now she can play tennis or hockey, or can bicycle all day without feeling it."

The observation fired a train of evidences and examples which had been accumulating in my mind over a period of years of medical practice.

In what manner have the changes which have recently taken place in the physique and energies of women been effected?

Have reserves of force, impoverished and abeyant under an older-fashioned up-bringing, been called into activity and use by new *régimes* of thought and training? Were women what they were from lack of opportunity and stress of circumstance? Are women what they are by virtue of circumstance and gift of opportunity? Did man's iron heel indeed and grandmotherly tradition result in the dwarfing and defacement of a sex's powers? Is it faculty heretofore starved and dwindled, but now reclaimed and added to the complement of human energy—this flood of new activity which fills our illustrated papers with portraits of feminine prize-winners, and our sporting journals with female "records?" Is the female Senior Wrangler a bright jewel rescued from the morass of down-trampled wasted capability which has hitherto but littered the path of progress?

These, and other considerations with which I will not weary the reader, I revolved.

Revolving them I came upon an "if" which seemed to be the crux of the situation. If it could be demonstrated that modern woman possesses all her new capabilities plus those of her old-

er-fashioned sister, then there could be but one answer to the question.

If Clara, from tiring at a two-mile walk, had suddenly and simply developed energies which should enable her to bicycle or row or run all day without fatigue, then Clara and the world had plainly benefited—more especially if it should occur to Clara to devote these freshly acquired forces to her fellows' use.

But—and here I stumbled over my crux—if Clara had only acquired these powers at the expense of others, then the case was not at all so clear. If to reclaim abeyant faculties should involve the abeyance of faculties which had previously operated, the question of advantage must rest entirely upon the relative values of the inter-changing faculties.

My knowledge of physiology and medicine forbade me to entertain the belief common to the laity that a regimen of habit or diet could result in a material increase of force-production. Change of air, a judicious liver treatment, an efficient blood and nerve tonic will sometimes effect apparent marvels by improving the powers of assimilation and nutrition. But such apparent marvels have their origin in a mere relief of temporary disability, and have nothing to do with so radical a constitutional change as has taken place in Clara and her fellows.

The healthy human body, like a machine, has its fixed standard of force-production, varying according to the individual; and, with trifling variations consequent on temperament and circumstance, every person possesses and finds earlier or later his limitations of energy. According to the powers, and the sensitiveness, any expenditure of force beyond that manufactured by the

economy as its daily output, is followed by fatigue, irritability or depression, and a general sense of not being up to the mark. Further undue demands upon the resources may result in incapacitation, prostration, or actual illness. These results are modified of course by individual recuperative power and the rate whereat force lost to the system is made up.

Speaking generally, it may be said that an individual generates a certain daily fund of energy, which if he exceed one day he must suffer for the next in impoverished vitality, or meet—but this is a larger question and one which does not belong to the subject—by drawing upon and deteriorating his constitutional capital. Personality varies in the degree of force manufactured, but more especially in the manner in which the force is distributed. Infinite variety is obtained by the combination and association of similar qualities in dissimilar quantity. One of muscle, two of mind, three of emotion: three of muscle, one of mind, two of emotion: one-sixteenth of mind, twelve-sixteenths of muscle, three-sixteenths of emotion. And so on, *ad infinitum*, with the *infinitum* made more endless by still further and more intricate subdivisions of muscular, mental, and emotional attributes.

(And let me not be misunderstood to be setting forth a doctrine of materialism. My remarks apply solely to the body as a human instrument. That such an instrument subtends the education and development of a factor still higher I am confident, and for this reason attribute to the well-being and perfection of the instrument a value which it would not otherwise possess.)

We come now upon the suggestion that Clara's apparent increase of energy has been an effect merely of altering the relation of her forces in such a manner as to increase the muscle-power at the expense of other quali-

ties—in a word to destroy a complex, well-planned balance of faculties which had been Nature's scheme when Nature fashioned Clara.

With regard to the value of the newly acquired power I could not but recognize that muscular force, even in its finest developments of skill and endurance, is the most crude and least highly differentiated of all the human powers. It is one which man shares in common with and possesses in a notably less degree than do the lower animals. For strength, mobility, and sinuous grace he cannot aspire to rival the snake—which indeed is lower than the lower animals. For speed and endurance the horse will far outstrip him. For grip and invincible tenacity he is no match for the bull-dog or the ape.

As a matter of fact, it is not mere muscle-power, but the subordination and application of muscle-power to express idea, emotional, intellectual, or moral, which is man's especial forte. In this he is higher than the highest animals. But this has little or no relation with the muscular vigor which makes "strong men" and navvies. Indeed the athlete is conspicuously lacking in it. He pleases by agility, by the play and achievement of highly trained members. But it may be said that he portrays muscle rather than man.

To tell the truth, we are somewhat in danger to-day of deifying muscle; muscle being properly a mere means to an end, a system of levers whose chief value lies in the purpose they subtend. The levers must be kept in order by due exercise and use for the means for which they are required. But modern feeling is in the direction of amassing muscles which shall enable their possessor to fell oxen or to beat pedestrian and cycling records.

We waste force surely by keeping in condition muscular systems out of all proportion to the needs; the occasions

for felling oxen or for supplanting locomotives being virtually non-existent in civilized communities. One of the advantages, indeed, of civilization, and one of the means whereby higher faculties are left free to develop, is the ability to dispense with such muscular obligations as are indispensable to primitive life—which lives by physical achievement.

It is not wished in any way to discredit the exercise essential to the building up of healthy bodies, and of maintaining the balance, mental, emotional, and physical. Only the forced athletics which destroy this balance are condemned. To speak physiologically the athlete is not a person of fine muscular physique; he is a person whose muscles are hypertrophied, a fact of but little moment were it not a *sine quâ non* that they are hypertrophied at the expense of higher and more valuable factors.

To return, however, to Clara. What are the qualities which Clara and modern woman, of whom she is the prototype, are discarding? And here we come upon a complex question. For the more subtle and fine the essence of human capacity, the more difficult its demonstration. Clara's talents for winning golf matches or for mountain climbing are a power demonstrable and calculable. But Clara's sympathies and Clara's emotionalism, and Clara's delicacy and tact, which one can but conclude are the qualities which have gone to feed her augmented sinews, are factors more conspicuous in the breach than in the observance.

Can it be shown then that modern woman is lacking in those which were wont to be considered womanly faculties? Can it be denied? And since the power of a healthy adult can be increased only at the expense of some other power, and since modern woman has inordinately added to her muscle-power, and since muscle-power is the

least of human qualities, what is to be deduced but that human capability has lost rather than gained in the exchange?

With Clara at the head of my train of feminine examples, I now set out to determine more exactly what were those qualities she had bartered for a mess of muscle.

That a change indeed had taken place was evident. Clara the athlete was no longer the Clara I remembered two years earlier. She was almost as dissimilar as though she had been another personality. She was as different from herself as their grandmothers were different from the girls of the present day. I drew her portrait as I had first known her. She was then—I had almost written a charming girl—but let me not be betrayed into partisan adjectives, let me portray her as impartially as may be. And to begin with her physical qualifications. She was then—she is now—something more than comely, but her comeliness has altogether changed in character. Where before her beauty was suggestive and elusive, now it is defined. One might have said of her two years since: Her eyes are fine, her features are well modelled, her complexion is sensitive and variable; but, over and beyond these facts, there is a mysterious and nameless something which for the lack of a more definite term I can only describe as "charm;" and it is in this something, which is to her as atmosphere is to landscape, that her chiefest beauty lies.

One would say of her now: Her eyes are fine, her features are well modelled, her complexion is possibly too strong in its contrasting tones, her glance is unwavering and direct; she is a good-looking girl. But the haze, the elusiveness, the subtle suggestion of the face are gone; it is the landscape without atmosphere. Now one could paint her portrait with ease. Formerly only the most ingenious and sympathetic art

could have reproduced her subtle and mysterious charm.

There are an added poise and strength about her actions, she inclines to be, and in another year will be, distinctly spare, the mechanism of movement is no longer veiled by a certain mystery of motion which gave her formerly an air of gliding rather than of striding from one place to another. In her evening gown she shows evidence of joints which had been adroitly hidden beneath tissues of soft flesh, and already her modiste has been put to the necessity of puffings and pleatings where Nature had planned the tenderest and most dainty of devices. Her movements are muscular and less womanly. Where they had been quiet and graceful, now they are abrupt and direct. Her voice is louder, her tones are assertive. She says everything—leaves nothing to the imagination.

Exteriorly Clara has distinctly changed. One would suppose that appreciable mental and emotional differences must accompany these marked physical developments. And these, though they cannot so readily be specified, can still be demonstrated.

Curious to relate, Clara's muscle-power has not at all conduced to Clara's usefulness. One might have expected that her new impetus of energy would inspire her to spend it, as had been her wont, in the service of her associates. Strange to tell, the energy but urges her to greater muscular efforts in the pursuit of pleasure, or to her own repute.

In the old days she was one of those invaluable girls who, without being able to point to any very definite achievement at the end of the day, have yet accomplished much. Was there one sick or in trouble, then Clara was the nurse and Clara was the comforter. Had father's ruffled temper to be soothed, or did he need a bright and sympathetic comrade for an expedition;

had mother some gift or commission for the great distressed; did brother Tom require assistance in his lessons or a sympathizer with his woes or joys; did Rosy need a ribbon in her hat—Clara's resources had been always at disposal.

Now, however, Clara finds no time for any of these ministrations. Clara is off bicycling upon her own account. "I used to be the idlest person," she will tell you, "finicking all day about the house and getting tired. Now I am splendidly fit. If I feel moped I go for a six-mile spin and come back a new creature!"

When Clara tired with a walk beyond two miles, Clara took flowers and books to her sick or less fortunate friends. Now that she can "manage twenty miles easily," her sick and less fortunate friends miss her. "An outdoor life is the only life worth living," Clara announces. "I can't stand knocking about the house—fussing here and fussing there. It's such a shocking waste of time."

And Clara's mother, though she rejoices in her young Amazon's augmented thews and sinews, cannot but sigh for the loss to the home which has resulted from such added vigor as keeps her for ever from it. Still, like her fellows, she misconstrues Clara's muscle capability as evidence of improved health, and, while she sighs for its results, regards it as her maternal duty to be glad.

Now, it is a physiological fact that muscle vigor is no test even of masculine health. A man in training, a man that is at the height of his muscular capacity, is the worst of all subjects for illness. He has little or no resistant power; his recuperative quality is small. Athletes die proverbially young. Lunatics and other diseased persons frequently exhibit muscular strength which seems almost superhuman.

Proofs innumerable might be cited,

were it necessary, that muscular vigor, though inseparable from health, is in itself no warranty whatsoever of constitutional integrity. And this, which is true of the sex whose province it is to be muscular, is essentially more true of the sex whose province it is not. So much is this the case indeed that my experience leads me to regard any extreme of muscle-power in a woman as in itself evidence of disease—measuring human and womanly health by another standard than that of mere *motor* capability. As to its place in the world of human beings, there cannot be two opinions but that it is merely subsidiary. *They also work who do but stand and wait.* The power to stand and wait entails as much expenditure of force as does the power to stir and stride.

Clara sitting sewing flowers in Rosy's hat may be using treble the activities she might be employing on a bicycle. She will be exercising in the first place possibly unselfishness, a quality which requires at least as much nerve output as do the movements of mere muscles. She will be exercising the faculties of skill and taste, she will be educating the obedience of hand to eye and mind; and, still further, she will be exerting the delicate muscular force essential to the movements of placing and sewing.

It is true that were she playing golf or bicycling she would be developing such faculties as calculation, self-control, and fortitude, in addition to developing her muscles. And, inasmuch as these are qualities which are less demanded in the trimming of a hat, lether play golf and bicycle. But let her not do these things to the detriment of other valuable faculties. Do not let her fly off at a tangent with the notion that human activity is a thing merely of muscle. As has been said, the employment of muscle in the achievement of some mental or moral idea is the highest possible expression of muscle. The

subordination of muscle to mere muscular achievement holds a very inferior place in the scale of doing. The subordination of muscle to womanhood should ever be kept in mind as being an infinitely higher ideal that can ever be the subordination of womanhood to muscle.

The noblest physical potentiality is by no means the power of swift and agile motion, any more than the qualities of assertiveness and expression are the highest mental potentiality. As the greatest charm of Clara's face—the charm she has lost in the suspicion of a "bicycle face" (the face of muscular tension) — was incommunicable, a dainty elusive quality which could not be put into words nor reproduced on canvas, so the highest of all attributes are silent, as for example sympathy, that sweetest quality which, without necessity for speech, lays the balm distilled in the crucible of one person's emotions for another's need—lays this balm gently to the wound in that other's nature.

But the power of sympathy is in the inverse ratio of the habit of assertiveness. The further one cultivates assertiveness (that blemish of modern woman), the harder the breastplate wherewith the ego is armored—the less is retained of the power to merge the nature into another's for that other's help and comfort. The more we harden and roughen the hands, made tender by nature to touch the world's wounds, the less do they hold of gentleness and smoothness for those wounds. Use them that they be strong and capable beneath their gentleness. But do not subordinate their higher qualities to mere muscular grip. I have known hands which were healing in their touch—the muscles which moved these moved them to some purpose indeed! All human action, indeed, has a higher end than merely action.

It may be objected that these quali-

ties, the lack whereof I deprecate in Clara, have been well relegated to that morass of submergence whence woman has laboriously emerged—that scorned and scoffed at “sphere” of “influence,” of unrecognized and unrewarded labor, that rocking of cradles, that teaching of children prayers, that weaving of laurel wreaths for masculine victors, that embroidering their deeds in tapestry and distilling of unguents for their hurts which occupied woman ere the tide of emancipation set in.

For the reformer has taught her to despise that which, scorn the term as she will and does, must by the nature of things remain her “sphere,” instead of teaching her to enlarge and develop and bring to that sphere intelligences which should lift it forever and before all men from a position of contempt. The whole question of evolution turns indeed on the function of child-bearing. There is no subject occupying the minds of our most eminent politicians, philosophers, or poets, which possesses a tithe of the value belonging to the problem as to the best methods of rearing babies. The philosopher’s wisdom is written in sand for every tide to wash away. The Baby is eternal. On his proper nurture devolves the whole question of the race—To be or not to be? Speaking broadly the tide which made for higher education and more liberty—an undeniable and invaluable impulse when it shall be but rightly directed—was a mere impulse on the part of Nature that the motherhood of her babies should be an intelligent motherhood. It was time instinct should be superseded by intelligence. It was time woman, the mother of men, should be accorded the liberty which belongs to the mothering of freedmen. Nature had no vainglorious ambitions as to a race of female wranglers or golfers; she is not concerned with Amazons, physical or intellectual. She is a one-idea’d, uncompromising old person,

and her one idea is the race as embodied in the Baby.

Her scheme comprises Shakespeares and Charlotte Brontës to educate, amuse and lift the standard of her babies; it comprises Beethovens and Michael Angelos to dignify their senses; it comprises Stevensons and Bessemers to build them bridges and steam-engines; but she would not give a fig for all the wranglers and philosophers in the world further than that they subserve the interests of her Babies.

And Nature is groaning for the misinterpretation modern woman is placing upon the slackening of her rein. For Nature knows what are the faculties whence this new muscle-energy is born. She knows it is the birthright of the babies Clara and her sister athletes are squandering. She knows it is the laboriously evolved potentiality of the race they are expending on their muscles.

Nature can but be disgusted with our modern rendering of baby. So sorry a poor creature the baby of this nineteenth century is indeed, that he cannot assimilate milk. All the resources of the dietist and chemist are taxed to appease the abnormal requirements of his capricious, incompetent stomach. His mother cannot feed him. Those artificial puffings and pads of the modiste are but pitiful insult to his natural needs. And the forces which should have gone to fashion him a stomach capable of digesting the milk of his good wet-nurse Vacca, have instead been spent in making his mother a muscular system which shall enable her to pay calls or bicycle all day without fatigue.

It is a terrible pity that public opinion sets its face against the discussing of physiological questions in any but medical journals. For physiological questions are of incalculable importance to all persons, seeing that physiology is the science of life. As it is, I dare but

hint at a group of important functions, by the physical deterioration and decadence of which the abnormal activities of modern woman are alone possible. Of what consequence, it may be asked, is this to a race which views motherhood with ever-increasing contempt? Of vital consequence, I answer, seeing that, apart absolutely from the incident of motherhood, all the functions of the body—and some in immense degree—influence and modify the mind and character. A woman may be neither wife nor mother, yet is it of immense importance to herself and to the community at large that she retain her womanhood. For womanhood is a beautiful achievement of evolution which it is a crime to deface. With sex are bound up the noblest and fairest aspirations of humanity, and it is at the expense of sex that these abnormal muscle-energies are attained. It is only by approximation to the type masculine—which must be read as a degeneration from the especial excellences Nature planned for the type feminine—that woman is equipping herself with these abnormal sinews.

And it must be understood that such decadence and deterioration show mainly in the loss of the very highest qualities of sex. We do not expect such fine attributes as those of delicacy, tenderness, and virtue from the muscular woman of the brickfields. She can trudge and make bricks all day (as Clara now can bicycle) without undue fatigue, but as such capacity has been attained by the coarsening of body, so the higher evolvments of sex have given place to callousness and lack of modesty. Immodesty is as actual a human degeneration as is indigestion, modesty being, as indigestion is, a human function. A brain deteriorated by the rough manual labor of the body to which it belongs, loses its more subtle and fine qualities. So an emotional system, dwarfed by undue mus-

cular effort, loses in its most highly and delicately evolved attributes.

The unsexed female brick-maker may do more than her numerical share in supplying citizens to the State. But of what type are these? It is an unfortunate circumstance that a race may deteriorate pitifully in quality long ere any diminution in quantity occurs.

If Clara were compelled by circumstance to earn her living in a brickfield nobody could question the advantage of such a redistribution of her forces as should enable her to convert higher and more complex—but unremunerative—forces into muscular capability. Belonging to a class, however, which does not live by muscular effort, but, being leisured, is at liberty to develop faculties more complex, such a re-distribution is mere wanton degradation of evolved faculty and a grievous loss to humanity. We might with equal perspicuity uproot the rose bushes and lilies from our gardens and employ them in manuring swede and turnip fields!

The old system for girls, of air and exercise inadequate to development and health, was wrong, but for my part I am inclined to doubt if it really was so pernicious in its physiological results or so subversive of domestic happiness and the welfare of the race as is the present system which sets our mothers bicycling all day and dancing all night and our grandmothers playing golf.

In her highest development woman is subtle, elusive in that that she suggests is something beyond formulation and fact; a moral and refining influence; as sister, wife, or friend, an inspiration, a comrade and a comforter; as mother, a guardian and guide; as citizen or worker a smoothen of life's way, a humanizer, nurse, and teacher.

But none of these her highest attributes are attributes of muscle! And human capability is limited. One cannot possess all the delicately evolved

qualities of woman together with the muscular and mental energies of man. And for my part to be a female acrobat or brick-maker appears but a sorry ideal. Modern woman (I speak now of women in the van of the so-called forward movement, and I do not speak of "higher" educated women nor of professional women nor of women trained in any special way, for the wave of "newness" has touched all alike: fashionable woman, fireside woman, all have been splashed by this same wave which, intended to lift them forward in the tide of progress, bids fair to carry them off their feet)—this modern woman, who, instead of serving for a terrible warning, is in danger of proving her sex's example, is restless, is clamorous, is only satisfied when in evidence, is assertive and withal is eminently discontented. She can never get enough, for the reason that the thing she asks is not the thing to satisfy her nature.

One takes from life mainly that which one brings to it, and if one bring not sympathy to understand, affection to be fond, imagination to idealize—in a word, the haze and color of the emotions to give value to the least of her surroundings—life proves to a woman but a dismal conflict or a drab monotony. And it is exactly this haze and color which are being absorbed into mere violence of movement physical and mental, leaving dull prose where there might be pictured pages. In debasing her womanhood, in becoming a neuter, she descends from the standpoint whereat life was interesting. And more and more every year, discarding the duties Nature planned for her employment and delight, she cries out that life is dull and empty.

The Nineteenth Century.

She no longer preserves and brews. She no longer weaves and fashions. Her children are nursed, fed, clothed, taught, and trained by hirelings; her sick are tended by the professional nurse, her guests are entertained by paid performers. What truly remain which may be called her duties? What is left to her indeed but boredom? Let me not be regarded as merely bringing a grave indictment against the sex with which I have every sympathy by virtue of belonging to it, and least of all let me be understood to deprecate the right of every woman to be educated and self-supporting. All that I urge is that what she does she shall do in a womanly way, striving against all disability to preserve her womanhood as being the best of her possessions. All that I would warn her against is the error into which she has been temporarily led, the error of supposing there is any nobler sphere than that of home, that there is any greater work than that of bearing and training fine types of humanity, seeing that this is the sole business wherewith the mightiest forces of the universe and evolution are concerned. But these things to be wholly worthy must be intelligently done. The reign of mere instinctive motherhood is waning. The era of Intelligent Motherhood approaches. And the first care of Intelligent Motherhood will be to see that none of those powers which belong to her highest development, and through her to the highest development of the race, shall be impoverished, debased, or misapplied. And in that day she will have ceased from regarding muscle as her worthiest possession.

Arabella Kencaul, L.R.C.P.

A YEAR'S DIPLOMACY IN PEKING.

The new China Blue-book is a handsome offering of the fruits meet for repentance. The Government has answered to the spur, and overcome its indisposition to take action regarding our interests in the Far East. Slowly indeed, and not without great reluctance, it has learned the lesson which the pressure of events has been for some years forcing on it, and apparently made up its mind to deal henceforth with facts and not with phantoms. We need not dwell on the deplorable consequences of previous neglect. We have indeed given away the vantage-ground which we held fifteen months ago; but all has not been lost, and though we have now to fight an uphill battle, it is something to have the nerve to fight it.

We think the record now submitted to the public will be received with satisfaction. It is a great point gained that at last the policy of the Government is pointing in the right direction: what remains is for the country to apply the impetus from below and from behind, to make sure of continuous progress on the course which is now being set. We are pleased also to be able to congratulate the Government on the achievements of their Minister in Peking. It was a hazardous experiment sending a man of his official record to such a critical post, and the first half of his time of office in China did not afford much evidence of the fitness of the choice. We now understand that in those days he had the dead-weight of his Government paralyzing all his efforts. The events of last year, however, the sharp experiences, and the humiliating rebuffs which this country had to put up with in the earlier part of 1898, have happily changed all that; and now we have the cheering specta-

cle of an active and energetic Minister backed by a Government that is beginning to know its own mind and intends to have its own way.

In its selection of correspondence for publication Government has implicitly, if not explicitly, acknowledged its indebtedness to the press, and we have rarely known an instance of the leading organs of public opinion rendering such persistent services to the country as they have done in connection with the Chinese crisis. But for their diligence in supplying the best information and the best reasoned comments thereon, our interests in the Far East would indeed have been in a parlous state. Where all have done their duty it may seem invidious to make distinctions; but the Times newspaper may well be excused a little self-congratulation on the part it has played in the enlightenment of the public. Its correspondent in Peking has no doubt been favored by circumstances and opportunities; but his industry in collecting and "salting down" his information from diverse sources, and in a few terse words giving the gist of the most important negotiations, prove him to be a man of capacity who has risen to the occasion. Whatever value we may attach to the services of our accredited Minister, those of the Times correspondent will always claim at least an equal share of appreciation, and we have little doubt that the things which have not been given to the public would be found quite as interesting as those that have been printed. But for further enlightenment from that source on the maze of Eastern diplomacy and the by-ways of intrigue, we shall probably have to wait a little while.

It is no new lesson which the Government and their Minister have

learned; it is but the old lesson frequently learned, and as often forgotten, the one lesson which stands out in bold relief throughout our whole intercourse with China. It is the same which Lord Elgin had to learn by his own experience forty years ago, and which he put so tersely into the epigram that "China yields nothing to reason but everything to fear." This sentence might be put as a motto at the head of every despatch of Sir Claude Macdonald's; but while this has always been the leading characteristic of Chinese diplomacy, the proposition has in these latter days to be considerably extended in its application. While China was an entity, with a will and a purpose and a certain power to give effect to them, it was true that fear and not reason guided her deliberations; but we are now learning the further lesson which was impressed on close observers four years ago, that "there is no longer a China to negotiate with." This takes some time to realize; but every line in the new despatches makes it clearer that the Chinese rulers are getting into the condition of a person in the last stage of sea-sickness, when even the influence of fear ceases to operate. What is there left for them to fear? Their country is potentially in the possession of foreigners, they themselves are under the protection of foreigners; the more practical of them have considered the situation, and have made their selection of what they deem the strongest protector: which may be the explanation of what Sir Claude Macdonald found to be the anti-British policy of Li Hung-chang. That the influence of fear has not entirely ceased to act upon the Government is probably true enough. The effect generally survives the cause, and even scientific convictions do not entirely dislodge inherited superstitions. But it is evidently a disappearing phantom so far as the collective Government is con-

cerned. The old forms may be kept up, and the foreign Powers continue to go through the pantomime of negotiation, but under such desperate conditions that it must more and more become with the Chinese a question of *Sauve qui peut!* This no doubt is what Russia has understood long ago and acted upon with such striking effect.

The transactions recorded in the Blue-book¹ began on the morrow of the Russian acquisition of Port Arthur. It was then for the first time that her Majesty's Government saw the necessity of action in China in order to safeguard British interests. The whole position was changed by the establishment of Russia in a Chinese fortress, actually in the inner waters, not on the Pacific at all, except in the sense that the Gulf of Finland is on the Atlantic. As a counterpoise, Great Britain claimed the naval harbor which faces Port Arthur on the southern coast of the Gulf, and after certain peremptory negotiations, the lease of Wei-hai-wei was extorted from the Tsungli-Yamèn. Without venturing on any estimate of the value of that position, we may at least claim for its seizure that, as a definitively aggressive action on the part of her Majesty's Government, taken avowedly to preserve the balance of power in the Gulf of Pechili between Russia and Great Britain, this stroke was the herald of the new policy on which the British Government has launched.

The other matters attempted and done, treated of in the correspondence, are chiefly connected with the progress of railway concessions on the part of the various countries. The most interesting of these is no doubt the concession granted to a Belgian syndicate for a line from Peking to Hankow, on behalf of the Russian and French Governments. This concession, running right into the heart of the Yangtse Val-

¹ China, No. I., 1899.

ley, which had been assumed as a British sphere of influence, was a bold but insidious attack on this country. Consequently, Sir Claude Macdonald made the strongest remonstrance with the Tsungli-Yamèn against the ratification of the contract. The Ministers of the Yamèn appeared to be quite ignorant of the nature of the concession and of the consequences involved in it. Only one man, we are told, understood it, and that was Li Hung-chang, who was credited with rushing through the ratification under strong pressure on the part of Russia, France, and Belgium. On his failure to bar the conclusion of this contract, Sir Claude Macdonald makes the pertinent and obvious remark that, "if heavy payment is not exacted from the Chinese Government for their bad faith, Li will persuade his colleagues that it is easier to slight England than any other Power," and he formulates a set of demands which ought to be made on the Chinese Government as a punishment for their bad faith, which, however, he adds, "it would be impossible to obtain without bringing great pressure to bear." This is the recurring note throughout the whole three hundred and sixty pages: it is not right nor wrong, good faith or bad faith, injury or benefit, but pressure, that is of any account in all these negotiations. If the fact that this railway concession into the very centre of China, with the large powers of control granted to the Russian agent—or whether granted or not, certain to be exercised,—if these considerations, plainly placed before the Chinese Ministers, did not deter them from granting this concession, it must be very clear that no argument but force, or the belief in it, will have any influence on their minds. The defeat of our Minister in Peking on this question seems to have made a sharp impression upon her Majesty's Government, who promptly instructed Sir Claude Mac-

donald to put forward demands for other concessions, to be enforced, if necessary, by an appeal to the Admiral. In carrying out these instructions, Sir Claude Macdonald seems to have had some rough passages with the Chinese Ministers. They repudiated his charges of breach of faith, and disclaimed any intention of giving offence to Great Britain. As far as writing a note went, they were quite willing to do so; but they would not name the Belgian agreement, because it was certain to lead to trouble with other Powers. The coincidence of this explanatory and apologetic note of 7th September last, with the dismissal from the Yamèn of the Grand Secretary, Li, is remarked upon by Sir Claude Macdonald; but the connection between the two events seems insufficiently established.

On the real opinions and feelings of the Chinese with respect to these trunk railways, and the secret machinery which has been at work to procure such tremendous concessions to Russia, we obtain no light from the despatches,—perhaps for the good reason that the writer had none to give. But that Chinese intelligence is not blind to the ulterior consequences of what they are now doing, is shown in a memorial from the Viceroy of Central China, Chang Chi-tung, in conjunction with a no less celebrated official called Shêng Hsüan-hual, Director-General of Railways. They say—

If England is allowed to build the Hankow and Canton line, afterwards when the Russian line advances southwards and the English line is continued to the north, although we shall be in possession of the Lu-han line (Hankow to Peking), we shall be stifled and our profits curtailed, for being between the other lines we shall not be able to defend our own. It is also greatly to be feared that our own line would pass into either English or Russian hands. In this case, not only is our throat stopped

by the foreigners being in possession of our ports, but our vital parts are injuriously affected.

They add—

Your memorialists are distressed when they consider the extreme danger of the situation; but they think that the best method of meeting it is to proceed ourselves at once with the construction of the Hankow-Canton railway.

Here are the views of two Chinese officials antithetical in personal character; but, whatever their respective failings, men of first-class intelligence,—yet they affect to speak of the Luan line as in their possession, and even imply that it is a kind of defence against Russian designs! And we find the Tsungli-Yamén, with all these arguments before them, furtively, and in desperate haste,—because they had given their word to Sir C. Macdonald that they would not do it,—rushing through a contract which gives over the possession of that very line to Russia; for, as the China Association pithily puts the matter, “the real control rests with the predominant partner in the alliance which seems to hold China in his grip.”

The remedy proposed for these dangers to China is to build a line from Hankow to Canton. It is not plain to the common understanding in what way that line is to counteract the effect of all the others; but if we consider that Shêng himself is the promoter of the Canton line—and very far from disinterested—we may read the whole memorial as a mere plea for that project, the denunciations of the craft and subtlety of foreign countries being but a Chinese form of preamble. The association of two men with such different records as Shêng and Chang can only be appreciated by those who know which will be the dominant partner in the firm when there is “money in it.”

Such discussions afford us a glimpse of what Chinese statesmanship is,—a glimpse, however, which carries us no further than the conclusion of the poet that “the heathen Chinese is peculiar.” Could we but draw from the exhibition the practical inference that it is vain to play with players into the unfathomed depths of whose sleeves we are unable to penetrate!

The dispute about the extension of the settlement in Shanghai forms a very important subject of comment. The French have always separated themselves from the cosmopolitan community of Shanghai, maintaining their own jurisdiction within the elastic limits of their settlement. In area it is out of all proportion to that which has for so many years been sufficient for the accommodation of all other nations; but since the recent commotion in China, the French have considered that large as their settlement (or “concession” as they like to call it) is now, it is not nearly sufficient for their purpose. Hence they have claimed an enormous extension, which, if granted to them, would include much property at present owned by British subjects and others. At the same time, the real needs of the cosmopolitan community, which is a growing one and transacts practically the whole business of the port, have become very pressing. They also require a large addition to the ground they at present occupy, not for political purposes, which by the mere presence of mixed nationalities are precluded, but solely for business accommodation and residence. The claims of the general community conflict with the special claims of the French, and while Great Britain protests against the unwarranted extension of French jurisdiction, Russia and France—who are anti-cosmopolitan—are attempting to block the way to any extension of the general foreign settlement. On this point it is satisfactory to find that Lord

Salisbury is both clear and firm. "No matter under what regulations," he telegraphed on the 24th December, "we cannot agree that any British property should be given over to be administered by the French;" and he significantly adds, "In refusing this demand we will support the Chinese materially." Later on he took strong objection to any extension of the French concession, on the further ground that the proposal was at variance with the engagement given by the Chinese Government as to the non-alienation of any territory lying in the Yangtse region to another Power. Her Majesty's Government therefore absolutely declined to consent to the arrangement, and to clench the whole matter, Lord Salisbury concludes with the very short sentence: "It will be well to ask the Admiral to send another ship to Shanghai."

Thus, then, we have at last got on to something like solid ground, just enough for the sole of our foot, in China: we are prepared, as in the old time, to assert our rights and to defend them. More than that the people of England have no right to ask; less than that they will no longer tolerate. Such plain announcements *urbi et orbi* will smooth the path of British policy in every part of the world. It remains for the country, our manufacturers, chambers of commerce, financiers, adventurers of all kinds, to see that this policy is maintained, and to require that it shall be strictly applied. Relying on treaties will not help us against people banded together to subvert them. Assurances, no matter from what quarter, have been proved for the thousandth time to be empty wind. Whatever we have gained in China will be lost if we neglect to utilize and follow it up. Henceforth it must be clear to all that what we desire we must take with every form of ceremony that does not bar the acquisition. We are

not likely to copy the violence of other nations; but our interests are greater than theirs, and by all proper means we must defend them. It is satisfactory to observe that the commercial representatives of this country are becoming alive to the interests which they possess in China. The Associated Chambers of Commerce, at their opening meeting, gave forth no uncertain sound on this important question. Mr. Keswick, M. P., led off the proceedings with a resolution expressing satisfaction with the action taken by the Government for the protection of commercial interests in China, and urging them to maintain vigorously the policy of the open door for commerce throughout the Chinese empire, and the prior British rights in the Yangtse Valley and its watershed, and at all ports and settlements where British interests and business have been established and have predominated for many years.

If further proof were needed that the commercial class have been strung up to a sensitive appreciation of their interest in the Far East, it would be afforded by the amendment to Mr. Keswick's resolution, proposed by Mr. Joseph Walton, M. P. This was to omit the words "expressing satisfaction with the action taken by the Government," and it went on to point out in vigorous terms the necessity of upholding our position. He denied that England could claim even to-day any special sphere of influence even in the Yangtse Valley, and that we were far from receiving equal treatment with our rivals in China. So amended, the resolution was passed unanimously by that most important and representative congress, whose action no doubt will give a clue to that of all local associations throughout the country.

The annual report of that very active body, the China Association, comes opportunely to give emphasis to, and fill up the gaps in, the correspondence pre-

sent to Parliament. With regard to the Yangtse region in particular, the Association has done well to remind us that protection of that important zone of Central China is no new idea. It is there that our greatest commercial interests are consolidated, it is there that our political influence has been more than anywhere in the ascendant for many years. We had arranged to defend it for China during a dispute with Russia about Kuldja in 1880; again, during her war with France in 1884, we distinctly warned the French off the Yangtse Valley, and thus their coercive measures against China were limited to a naval patrol of the coast. Finally, during the war with Japan in 1894, Great Britain once more asserted her interest in that region, and intimated to the invader her readiness to defend the mouth of the river at all costs. Thus it is no political doctrine extemporized for the occasion that we should claim the integrity of the Yangtse Valley, but a principle of policy resting on a respectable historical basis. What remains is to give full practical effect to the claim, of which we trust that Lord Salisbury's dictum about the French concession in Shanghai may be taken as an earnest.

We may sum up the whole matter by insisting on the active, well-considered realization of all our rights and claims, trusting to no paper titles, no goodwill of any Power, or group of Powers, with a decent regard to the feelings of the Chinese Government so long as they are reasonable, but without entering on exhausting controversies with that inanimate body, the Tsungli-Yamén. For we must remember that as yet there is only promise, but little in the way of achievement; and with regard to the Yangtse Valley itself, absolutely nothing has been done to secure our position there excepting the declaration of Lord Salisbury with regard to the French claims

in Shanghai. Since our policy in China has been, by our own self-effacement, formed for us by the action of other Powers, it is always well to take notice of the views held by those Powers.

In this connection there is a significant despatch in the Blue-book from the Foreign Office to the Ambassador in Berlin, dated 13th May. Lord Salisbury, reporting an interview with the German Ambassador, with regard to co-operation in railway schemes in China, says: "His Excellency maintained that Germany, by her occupation of Kiao-chau, and her agreement with China respecting Shantung, has acquired a special position in that province, which consequently is not unreservedly open to British enterprise; whereas Great Britain not having occupied any place in the Yangtse region, that region is still unreservedly open to German enterprise: consequently, my suggestions did not contain any element of reciprocity."

Although Lord Salisbury was "unable to assent" to this proposition, it is well to know the view that Germany takes of our rights in China. And it is especially important to observe that Germany is acting on her view to our detriment, while we are not acting on ours. As we have said over and over again, it is not by protocols and treaties that we shall secure the enjoyment of our rights, but by the only authority which is now universally recognized, effective occupation. So far we have done little more than turn the vessel's head to the current; we have yet to make headway against it; and recover by strenuous exertion the ground we have lost.

There is a pathetic side to this voluminous Blue-book. When we consider the labor of statesmen and diplomatists embodied in these 360 pages, the strain of relations with other Powers, the jarring, friction, and commotion all round, and reflect that all this is but a labori-

ous effort to recover some portion of the ground which was lost through inadvertence,—we may applaud the effort, but cannot help holding it up as a warning against easy optimism and a policy of drift in the future. The Blue-book is a public confession of failure containing the germ of amendment.

Blackwood's Magazine.

JEAN INGELOW.

In the summer of 1897, two remarkable women writers slipped away, quietly, and with as little observation as either would have desired, barely noticed, indeed, during the absorbing excitements of the Jubilee. The public had delighted to honor each in her day, but it had already passed into the stage of half-forgetting, for it has much to do in following after all the new gods of the last few years.

Yet Mrs. Oliphant and Jean Ingelow have never really faded out before all the newer reputations, as is the fate of those who only satisfy a momentary need, or a passing taste of their generation. They both wrote voluminously, and much of their work has already dropped away, because only a small proportion of it reached their high water-mark of achievement. But how good that is, and what a distinction it has! How delightful it is to come back to it when one takes up the old volumes again and snatches a respite from the flood of current fiction and poetry!

They were practically the last of the Victorian old guard, and with them vanished the remains of the older Victorian literary tradition. That tradition is different indeed to some of recent growth—they grow very fast nowadays. How unabashed and outspoken was the fulness of its emotions! What an uproar of domes-

tic sentiments filled the literary world thirty-five or forty years ago! They resound even in its splendid poetry, they were rampant in the novels of the generation. Obvious and perfectly simple sentiments cannot go abroad naked and unashamed nowadays; it would shock us all. We generally take them out in masquerade dress, always suitably disguised. Their day of effulgence has met with the inevitable reaction, and each in turn is doubtless necessary and wholesome.

In many respects Mrs. Oliphant is hardly representative of her own generation, except in her lavishness of material and in her wealth of excellent situations, which continued up to the end. The play of her humor is too incessant for early Victorian days, and it has the sharp edge to it, a genuine touch of that disillusion which has been so strenuously sought and stridently proclaimed of late years. But if disillusioned, she was not rebellious; she believes no more in the breaking of contracts than in the divine nature of human institutions. To complain is silly, and also unbecoming in a gentlewoman, for Mrs. Oliphant, beyond all other novelists of her day, or indeed ours, possessed the secret of making heroines who are perfectly well-bred, who have the grand air without knowing it, as their natural heritage.

Her resignation, their resignation, to things as they find them, consists in accepting the situation with a good

²⁰ *Revue Generale*, the 30th of December, 1898, vol. ix. p. 927.

grace, but with a charmingly cynical smile and shrug of the shoulders.

The attitude of Jean Ingelow, on the other hand, is far more characteristic of her generation. There is no questioning at all, no trace of mockery in her acceptance of the established order in all things, religious and social, no matter how hardly the institution may press in individual cases. Perhaps the danger of not being allowed its rightful and permanent place, which threatens the small quantity of quite admirable poetry to be found amongst her writings, may partly arise from this wholesale submission; there is a tameness about it not likely to find much favor with the clamorous self-assertion of her successors to-day. Also Calverley's brilliant parodies, bringing into cruel and ludicrous prominence all the exuberant weaknesses of her least artistic moments, went far, no doubt, towards killing her popularity with the rising generation of the literary and critical classes.

With the great uncritical, sentimental democracy, Miss Ingelow is found to be still a favorite—another reproach, of course! Yet it should be remembered that if her volumes are to be seen on best parlor tables here, and especially in America, in company with those who shun reviews, she shares this doubtful position in common with another Lincolnshire poet, who yet remains the greatest poetic artist of our age. By this I do not mean to suggest any follies of comparison. I would only urge that popularity with the masses does not, in itself, constitute sufficient reason for sentence without hearing.

Not to read Jean Ingelow is to miss something from our store, a small quantity it may be, a few grains of gold sifted from a sand-heap, but genuine gold for all that. And what are they? First, a poem without

blemish, of complete and sustained art within its limits, of poignant pathos, of dramatic intensity, of perfect tunefulness,—I mean, of course, "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire;" then two or three songs of a quality rare amongst modern song-writers, showing a complete understanding of the limits and nature of the medium chosen not often found; and many fragments to be gleaned from many pages, flashes of vivid impressionism, the heart of a summer day, a vision of color, the sound of the tide on the shore, poetic and melodious to a haunting degree, by no means to be spared from our anthology. Is it possible to discard altogether a poet who may, at any moment, kindle from sheer dulness (but always tuneful dulness) into surprises such as—

And there hung a mist of bluebells on
the slope and down the dell.

or this—

..... the sultry air
Went out to sea and puffed the sails
of ships
With thymy wafts, the breath of trodden
grass.

or this, for its imitative sound—

And leisurly the opal murmuring sea
Breaks on her yellow sands.

Not to speak of the better-known, magic-lantern-like flashes of high summer in England, from "Divided"—

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of
broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are busy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our
feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang
over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so
sweet.

"Seven Times Three" from "Songs of Seven" may be added to the number of her complete lyrics, with its admirable effect of fragrant darkness, and the newly awakened girlish heart, impatient at last to give the answer withheld till now—

I leaned out of window, I smelt the
white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw
not the gate;
"Now if there be footsteps, he comes,
my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet
nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love, he is late!"

Whether it is the dying fall of its music, or the charm of its atmosphere, the passionate innocence of a young girl's love, there is much to remind one, and by no means unworthily, of "Maud," in these verses.

It is with the terribly competent and immensely occupied people who are growing up now, that one would urge Jean Ingelow's cause to-day. That she is sentimental, or rather that the *motifs* of her poems often belong to the stereotyped order of romance which prevailed in her younger days, and that her artistic perceptions too often failed her, do not constitute reasons for not reading her at her best, for not reading her at all. Very few writers produce much first-rate work; to have produced any is a claim to the remembrance of all who care for literature. Jean Ingelow wrote a handful of poems which aroused the rare, but always warm and generous, appreciation of the greatest artist of her day. Lord Tennyson, indeed, sought her out personally, as did also the other rare singers and writers who have followed one another out of the world so fast of late years.

The present age is not so rich in

poets that any can be spared out of that former abundance. With all its effectiveness, its extraordinary sense of power, and the breadth of its interests, perhaps for these very reasons, the end of the century does not at present make for poetry, not, at any rate, for such poetry as came from the Victorian old guard. Their successors are yet to be found; their cries are probably resounding within nursery walls at present, where, for the sake of the new generation, we wish them well with all our hearts.

In speaking of Miss Ingelow's work one feels less than the usual temptation to yield to that common, but I always think misplaced, curiosity, to dwell on such irrelevant matters as the private life and domestic history of the writer. For, after all, what do the industry of the biographers and the audacity of interviewers profit us with regard to those whose achievements given to all the world alone matter to us? Do we enjoy Shelley's poems any the more because it is difficult now to chew the cud of them without certain intrusive, and generally hateful reminiscences recurring to the mind of his follies and extravagances in daily life, or still worse, of the callous and cruel egotism towards individual women, which was the practical outcome of "having loved Antigone" in some other phase of existence?

Do Wordsworth's most splendid lines gain anything from our knowledge that he was admirable in his domestic relations, and an intolerably egotistical talker? Even with regard to those whom we have actually known—but this is too dangerous ground—well, it is surely no disloyalty to the poets to wish to enjoy the best fruits of their great imaginations undisturbed by the encumbering irrelevances of their daily habits, moods and dyspepsias. Heaven

knows they have at least as good a right to them as the rest of us, but between the prophets and the public there should surely be some kindly refraction of light, rather than that fierce glare of Röntgen ray penetrating power which modern biographers and interviewers love to apply to the hapless great ones. Thank heaven, Providence has seen fit to hide all that was perishable of Shakespeare so securely from our sight!

These remarks have little enough application to the quiet home-life of unselfish devotion to duty and contented beneficence, led by the poet who was so little anxious to claim the recognized privileges of her order. They accord, however, exactly with her wishes and her practice. She shrank from every sort of publicity, with all the traditional horror of it in which the gentlewomen of a former age were nurtured; it was fostered in her case by temperament as well. It is affirmed that she eluded the enterprising interviewer, even to the end, with a persistence equal to his own. She was always ready to give the soundest and wisest advice to the multitude of young persons with literary ambitions who applied to her, but she drew a determined line between that which she wrought for to the world and her private life, her own personality in fact. Such an attitude is sufficiently unusual nowadays to call for some consideration, even if the value of her work entitled her to less.

But the curious reader can still gather all that it concerns him to know about the personality of this writer in the true and legitimate way, by the unconscious self-revelation of her poems and prose writings. This secondary study, always fascinating to those possessed—as most women are—of the analytical passion, is extremely simple in the present instance.

Almost every page bears the tokens of that wonderful single-heartedness, that joyous simplicity of faith and resignation which her friends knew. The large charity, the complete sympathy, the quiet distinction, and, in her novels, the delightful humor, speak from her writings almost as plainly as they did in life to those who loved her with an affection which it was her secret to call forth.

As a poet, Jean Ingelow is, above all things, the singer of the English landscape. From her earliest childhood and its roamings over the wide Lincolnshire flats, she drank in those impressions of wold and pasture and sea-shore, which she was to flash, with such vivid effect, from her writings in later life. She was steeped in the subtle effects of light and shade over wide, green country, in the sounds of sea and wind. She learnt early to watch with delight the faint heralds of changing seasons in the copses, the ways of the bird people, the springing of the unmarked multitude of flowers in meadow grasses. This sheer delight in nature for its own sake, and not merely as background for the human drama, is one of the distinctive characteristics of our race. In no English writer is it more manifest than in Jean Ingelow. Some lovely, fleeting effect of spring-tide, or a summer revel of birds and flowers, will rise to her remembrance with a kind of intoxication at all sorts of unexpected moments, lifting her sometimes to the true lyric level, and sometimes, unfortunately, but kindling that fatal exuberance of word and epithet which Calverley seized and gibbeted. The rambling, and, to tell the truth, not interesting, stories in verse, of which she wrote many, are yet wont to be happily enlivened by remembered sights, such as this one of an inland plain:—

Half-drowned in sleepy peace it lay,
As satiate with the boundless play
Of sunshine in its green array.
... The grassy sea, where clouds
might find
A place to bring their shadows to.
From "Scholar and Carpenter."

And again, this, from the same poem:

Adown the rock small runlets wept,
And reckless ivies leaned and crept,
And little spots of sunshine slept,
On its brown steeps and made them
fair;
And broader beams athwart it shot,
Where martins cheeped in many a
knot,
For they had ta'en a sandy plot
And scooped another Petra there.

In "The Four Bridges," one of those
early Victorian romances of very
youthful love and woe, so popular in
the fifties and sixties, we suddenly
light upon a childish reminiscence, a
bird-drama full of intimate knowl-
edge and observation. Miss Inge-
low's work contains no happier and
more effective episodes than those
taken from bird-life:—

To yonder copse by moonlight I did
go,
In luxury of mischief, half afraid,
To steal the great owl's brood, her
downy snow,
Her screaming imps to seize, the
while she preyed
With yellow, cruel eyes, whose radi-
ant glare,
Fell with their mother-rage, I might
not dare.

Panting I lay till her great, fanning
wings,
Troubled the dreams of rock-doves
slumbering nigh,
And she and her fierce mate, like evil
things,
Skimmed the dusk fields; then ris-
ing with a cry
Of fear, joy, triumph, darted on my
prey
And tore it from the nest and fled
away.

Of yet higher quality is the tragedy

of the raven mother robbed of her
young, from the "Songs on the Voices
of Birds," which are full of the
poetry of the natural world:—

The polished tide with scarce a hint
of blue,
Washed in the bight; above with
angry moan
A raven that was robbed, sat up in
view,
Croaking and crying on a ledge
alone.

Stand on thy nest, spread out thy
fateful wings,
With sullen, hungry love bemoan
thy brood!
For boys have wrung their necks,
those imp-like things
Whose beaks dripped crimson daily
at their food.

* * * * *

Thou madest many childless for their
sake,
And picked out many eyes that
loved the light.
Cry, thou black prophetess! sit up,
awake,
Forebode; and ban them through
the desolate night!

Quotation mutilates here a poem
which maintains its quality through-
out.

Miss Ingelow's success, which was
very great, came to her suddenly, and
as a happy surprise after long waiting
and working. It was in 1863 that she
found herself famous after the publi-
cation of a volume of poems contain-
ing, amongst others, "The High Tide
on the Coast of Lincolnshire" (the fin-
est and most finished piece of work
that she ever achieved), "Divided,"
"Songs of Seven," and that admirable
song, "When Sparrows Build," insert-
ed for no apparent reason in a desul-
tory conversation between rustics,
called "Supper at the Mill."

For many years before this, from
the days, indeed, of those childish
roamings over the Lincolnshire fens,
she had written constantly, both in

prose and verse, but had met with no recognition from the public.

In Lord Tennyson's life of his father, a letter written by the poet in 1849 makes mention of a volume of verse by Jean Ingelow, which had been submitted to him by a relative of hers. He evidently discerned much promise, along with "certain things (in the way of rhymes) which I count abominations. . . If the book were not so good, I would not care for these specks."

One gathers, however, from what remains of her earlier efforts, that it needed the insight and the generosity of the greater poet to discover all the latent quality and promise of the younger writer's work at this time. She served a long apprenticeship before attaining to the high level of poetic art reached in the volume which made her reputation.

Many English people, in especial many English women, mature with strange slowness. Their gifts, whether those of character or of mind, take long forging before they are fully tempered for service. In this, as in so many other respects, Jean Ingelow was the true daughter of her race. Born in 1820, it was forty-three years before she touched high watermark and won success; but now it came to her in abundant measure. Two of the most finely discriminating critics of the day, poets themselves, the late Professor F. T. Palgrave, and Mr. Gerald Massey, made haste to give public welcome to the new poet. I have before me now a brown and tattered copy of the *Athenæum*, dated July 25th, 1863, in which the delightful discovery is made known to the world. Praises so warm and generous, coming from those high authorities, must have gladdened the heart of the worker who had been patient for so long. Another most happy and valued result of her poetical achieve-

ments was that many friendships were formed and retained through life with those whose own work forms part of our national heritage. This cordial seeking-out of the new singer, who claimed so little for herself, by the most honored of the poets and writers, brought more solid pleasure and real, lasting satisfaction to a spirit so little endowed with vanity than the immense tide of popularity which soon swept her name and works all over the English-speaking countries.

It is impossible not to linger for a moment over the finest gem of all her literary performance, I mean, of course, "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." How truly the ominous note is struck at once, calling up that vague terror of an unknown danger drawing swiftly near, which the old grandmother recalls as she tells the story of the terrible tidal wave which suddenly swept up the bed of the river Lindis (in 1571), overwhelming the peaceful pasture lands with death and disaster. The warning is carried with the ringing of "The Brides of Enderby" from the belfry-tower of Boston Church, a signal of danger to those scattered about below over the flat land:—

Men said it was a stolen tyde—

The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in mine ears doth still abide

The message that the bells let fall;
And there was nought of strange, be-
side

The flights of mews and peewits pled
By millions crouched on the old sea
wall.

Unaware of the peril, her "sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth," wanders away with their children to call in the cows with her accustomed milking song, and one of most melodious quality it is! But even while some were still tranquilly speculating

Why this thing should be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
that the warning tune should be
rung.

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and
main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth.)

With what splendid movement the
great wave presently sweeps through
two or three verses.

And rearing Lindis backward
pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes
amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls
again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin
and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

After the stress and terror of that
night follows the anguish of loss, then
despair finally passes with a gradual,
most skilful calming of the metre into
the gentler sadness of memory. It is
no surprise to learn that this poem
aroused the special admiration of the
late Poet-Laureate.

"Divided," which has been quoted
from, called forth more approval on
its first appearance than the taste of
to-day would perhaps incline to be-
stow upon it. It treats of the gradual
parting of two lovers by the widening
stream of life and circumstances,
after a fashion which may appear
somewhat too obvious. Fashion in

sentiment changes quickly, and car-
ries a curious revulsion in its trans-
formations. But apart from its sub-
ject the poem is valuable for some of
those vivid pictorial effects which
make one realize that Miss Ingelow
was a fine impressionist long before
that convenient term had kindly
emerged for our necessities.

Another volume of poems followed
not long after the first, called by the
name of a long story in blank verse,
concerning Noah's mission and the
building of the ark. There are only
a few poets ever really able to wield
that metre and lift it from the stone
anvil, where it sticks like King Ar-
thur's sword until seized by the right
hand. It was not the medium suited
to Miss Ingelow's temperament, and
though her ear was too true to mal-
treat it, as so often happens, yet it did
not attain to any of its proper
strength and majesty. This same
volume, however, contains a song of
extreme grace and finish, called
"Sailing beyond Seas," one which
few later writers have equalled for
form and symmetry. It loses noth-
ing, rather gains in fact, by being di-
vorced from the music which
snatched and wedded it soon after it
appeared, and resounded through
thousands of drawing-rooms all over
the country. The tuneful and charm-
ing "Songs on the Voices of Birds" al-
ready alluded to are also to be found
here, amongst other good things.

It has been truly said of Miss Inge-
low that she remained untouched by
"the strange disease of modern life."
A perfectly simple and comprehensive
faith breathes through all her writ-
ings, both in prose and verse, her
novels are penetrated by a rare
Christianity, as generous and tolerant
as it is whole-hearted and unself-
conscious. She accepts the social
order as it stands with the same con-
fident tranquillity. In all her works

one finds no traces of mental stress or storm, of the problems of belief, or of those other problems, the stalking-horses of the "new" novelists, or their scourges used to rouse a public, somewhat unwilling, and for the most part apathetic. Mercifully the "new" novelist is already dropping into the legendary past, along with the millinery of the season before last. Jean Ingelow's theology and social ethics are scarcely more *démodés*.

But it was impossible for one so keenly alive to all the influences of the natural world not to feel deeply the universal presence of that mystery of things which creeds and dogmas have not yet explained. What creature of sensitive imagination is not almost painfully aware at times of those yearnings of unknown kinship with the dumb green world, of the hauntings of its forgotten language, or of the dread and awe of its irresistible forces moving on their way serenely cruel, wholly indifferent to the human struggle? Such feelings turn to a kind of pantheism with many people, and especially with the poets; not so in the case of Miss Ingelow. Intensely alive to every impression, shaken and awed at moments by the inevitable dread of our weakness, she tends to no identification of force with its manifestations. Her scheme of things, the creator and the created, remains definite, distinct, perfectly anthropomorphic. The "Song of the Middle Watch" seizes one of these weird moments of half-realization with admirable effect, many people can testify to the truth of the second line:—

I woke in the night, and the darkness
was heavy and deep;
I had known it was dark in my sleep,
And I rose and looked out,
And the fathomless vault was all
sparkling, set thick round about
With the ancient inhabitants silent,
and wheeling too far

For man's heart, like a voyaging
frigate, to sail . . .

I look on you trembling, and think, in
the dark with my soul,
"How small is our place 'mid the
kingdoms and nations of God!

These are greater than we every
one."

And there falls a great fear, and a
dread cometh over, that cries,

O my hope! Is there any mistake?
Did He speak? Did I hear? Did I
listen aright if He spake?

Did I answer Him duly? For surely
I now am awake,

If never I woke until now."

And a light, baffling wind, that leads
nowhither, plays on my brow.

But reassurance follows swiftly on
the heels of the dread, a cry for com-
fort is answered by the "still voice:"—

I had heard it erewhile, but the
noises of life are so loud,
That sometimes it dyes in the cry of
the street and the crowd . . .

O elder than reason, and stronger
than will!

A voice when the dark world is still:
Whence cometh it? Father Immor-
tal, Thou knowest! and we—

We are sure of that witness, that
sense which is sent us of Thee;
For it moves and it yearns in its fel-
lowship mighty and dread, . . .

On its tongues are the laws of our
life

And it counts up the times of the
dead.

The childlike heart and the simple
faith quickly find their own refuge
from the pain of contemplating the
incomprehensible, and the unimaginable; they discern in them all the
personal element again.

I have loved them with love everlast-
ing, the children of men,

answers the consoling voice in the
darkness.

Space falls for further quotation
from this "Story of Doom" volume,
yet it contains, besides "Sailing be-
yond Seas," many fragments imbed-

ded in longer poems which serve but to emphasize the conviction that no poet has less to lose and more to gain by selection than Jean Ingelow.

Her later poems seldom or never reach the level often touched in these first two volumes, and it is certainly by these that her reputation must abide.

Allusion has been made to the mass of her prose writings, witnesses to her immense industry, and to other qualities more attractive to the reader. These chiefly consist of long, leisurely stories of family life, full of pleasantness—it is difficult to find another word equally descriptive—and all possess a certain distinction. They have a freshness of humor and a flow of radiant spirits at times in delightful combination. Take, for instance, the scenes between Valentine and Dorothea, the light-hearted boy and girl friends, in "Off the Skelligs." I must confess to a great weakness for that rambling, guileless, disconnected chronicle of the Mortimer family, resumed again with flashes of its former charm, in another book almost equally long, called "Fated to be Free." It is true that, after many years of recurrent study, I have never been able to unravel the intricacies of the Mortimer relationships with any clear understanding; and many other matters connected with them, such as the mysterious crime that left a ban on Valentine's inheritance of the family estate in "Fated to be Free," still prove wholly beyond my grasp; but these trifles in no way interfere with an enjoyment not too often found in far more artistic products current to-day. How few people read Miss Ingelow's long stories now! Yet there is some touch of originality to be found even in the weakest of them. "Don John," for instance, turns upon the time-honored incident of a child being changed at nurse, but a fresh element

is introduced into the situation by the lifelong doubt of distracted parents, as to whether the exchange was not doubled, and so restored to its original elements by one who died with her secret. The angelic conduct of the rich child's parents, through a life of unsolved doubt, is such as could only exist and be taken for granted in Miss Ingelow's golden world, where unfailing magnanimity is the common rule of life.

"Sarah de Berenger" turns upon another practically impossible situation, and is wanting in that wonderful atmosphere of youth and lightheartedness which is so attractive in "Off the Skelligs." For after all, one comes back to this book, which leaves above all the others a series of charming impressions on the mind. The waste of excellent material in it is nothing short of appalling in these days when many novelists have learnt a cheese-paring economy with regard to the stuff out of which plots are made. There is the wonderful childhood of the heroine and her brother, for instance, the weird survivors of a short-lived family of infant prodigies. In the case of the brother it leads to nothing whatever; while Dorothea, dearest, sprightliest and most fascinating of maidens, owes little indeed to the child who frightened one tutor away by her awesome stock of knowledge, and led another, a more enterprising young man, to cut her out dolls' clothes in desperation, by the help of a ruler and compasses, in the hope of diverting her infant mind into a more suitable channel.

What, again, can be more charming than the *camaraderie* later on between Dorothea and Valentine Mortimer? The quips, the sparrings, the quarrels and reconciliations of these two barely grown-up children, are the most charming feature of a picture of English family life from its most attrac-

tive aspect. Miss Yonge, the prophetess of the domestic novel, has never really equalled these episodes to my mind; there is a morbidness, an obtrusive overgrowth of conscience always meddling with the May family, and never permitting this pure and perfect play of young wit and laughter. On the other hand, Miss Yonge never perpetrated so terrible a young man as Mr. Brandon, the dreadfully self-conscious mentor of the family, who cannot understand or keep his heavy hand off so simple a relationship as that between his young brother and girl visitor, but must needs meddle with such painful consequences. The worst of it is that Miss Ingelow obviously intends her hero to be a model of all the manly graces and virtues instead of the coxcomb and the prude he too often appears. Yet even Mr. Brandon has moments of relaxation, during which he also is betrayed into something of that young gaily which sparkles through the book, and will not be submerged even after Valentine's bride has been abandoned just before her wedding and while the feast is being prepared. As it was Mr. Brandon who was really responsible for this embarrassing climax, so it is Mr. Brandon again who rises to the situation and provides the most suitable atonement for giddy Valentine's desperate behavior. And what could be more delightful than the first scene between the runaway bridegroom and his abandoned *fiancée*, after his return in disgrace to the house which had been decked for their wedding? Tragedy, dignity, and remorse, all the constituents one would expect to form part of so dramatic a meeting, simply vanish away. Two children made a mistake, one of them behaved badly, but they soon get tired of being serious, and Valentine is presently making parodies and asking Dorothea to play his accom-

paniments again with that inimitable inconsequence which gives this domestic story so much unusual charm and reality.

Of Valentine, indeed, one could write a great deal more for one's own enjoyment, if consideration for the reader's patience permitted. It is seldom, indeed, that the *jeune premier* of fiction proves so irresistibly attractive to other persons than the one destined by his creator to fall a victim to his charms. And, indeed, it is not a romantic sentiment that Valentine excites—in spite of Mr. Brandon's obstinate conviction—either in Dorothea or the reader; but was his omniscient step-brother so stupid as to think so? This cracked-voiced, long-legged, light-hearted boy, with his bright hits, his inconsequence, his affectionate heart, and his perfect absence of self-consciousness, was calculated to drive his pedantically well-regulated mentor to despair; but Dorothea understood him, and loved him with just that same affectionate and sisterly superiority which it was obviously his nature to inspire. Valentine is adorable, and, of course, he was always in love in his own fashion; but what self-respecting young woman would have attached any importance to his enchanting and ridiculous declarations? Not to love Valentine would have been impossible, but to fall in love with him would have been equally preposterous. Clear-eyed Dorothea was not guilty of this absurdity; she was only pushed into the semblance of it by the indefatigable officiousness of blind Mr. Brandon.

"Off the Skelligs" is also notable for one of Miss Ingelow's best descriptions of scenery. These, too, are admirable in "Fated to be Free." It is in this last book that her wonderful understanding of children is peculiarly apparent. She not only loved them,

no uncommon taste, fortunately, but she had that rare and complete understanding of them in the light of which there is no such thing as "a naughty child," an expression which in itself constitutes the commonest and most complete confession of ignorance and incompetence on the part of the grown-up who complacently utters it.

That her stories, in a greater degree even than her poems, are of very varying quality is undeniable. The best has its tracts of dulness; but even in one much over prosy and irrelevant, one may light upon such a sentence as this, about John Mortimer's children, in "Fated to be Free"—

The morning was warm, a south
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wind was fluttering the half-unfolded leaf buds and spreading abroad the soft scents of violets and primroses, which covered the sunny slopes. John's children, when they came in at Mrs. Walker's drawing-room window, brought some of this delicate fragrance of the Spring upon their hair and clothes. Grown-up people are not in the habit of rolling about or tumbling down over beds of flowers. They must take the consequences, and leave the ambrosial scents of the wood behind them.

The italics are not Miss Ingelow's, but they are irresistible. Oh! for an inspired blue pencil to walk up and down the length and breadth of her writings, cutting out much that is of no account, sifting out all the gold which lies buried in the sand!

Mabel C. Birchenough.

PESSIMISM AND TRAGEDY.

It has become a commonplace of literary history that just about three hundred years ago, when the sixteenth century was passing over into the seventeenth, Shakespeare fell into a mood of despondency and pessimism, of which his four great tragedies (among other things) are the outcome and the evidence. The theory is plausible, and I do not seriously impugn it; but I suggest that the evidence must be sought, not in the great tragedies, but in the "other things." I wish to examine into the assumption that the writing of tragedy necessarily implies a pessimistic philosophy, or even a pessimistic mood; glancing, too, at the cognate assumption that tragedy is intended to beget, or does necessarily beget, a pessimistic mood in the spectator or reader. Many people will reject these assumptions at the first glance, and sceptically inquire where they pass

current. I answer: on every hand in the criticism of the day. Whosoever deals with a tragic theme in fiction or drama is at once written down a pessimist, while his work is characterized in a stereotyped set of adjectives of which "morbid" is the least denunciatory. There is a danger, not only to literature, but to sound sense and manliness of spirit, in this hectic optimism. Had it prevailed in the great ages of literature it would have crushed, not only the noblest, but many of the most stimulating and inspiring, utterances of the mind of man. My contention is—to put it briefly and at once—that tragedy is not necessarily an expression of personal gloom, any more than comedy is necessarily an ebullition of personal gaiety, and that a work of imagination makes for optimism or pessimism in the reader, not in virtue of the gaiety or gloom of its

story, but rather in virtue of its inherent vitality or lack of vitality, the bracing or "lowering" quality of the spirit which animates it.

My main examples shall be chosen from modern fiction; but before passing on to them, let us return for a moment to Shakespeare. The current division of his life into periods of youthful happiness, gathering gloom, black pessimism, and serenity regained, is useful as a mnemonic device for examination purposes. It has this in its favor, too, that Shakespeare, like other men, did actually grow a year older with every three hundred and sixty-five days that passed over his head. Yet, again, there was a period in his life (probably in the early years of the seventeenth century), when he went out of his way, as it were, to write an ugly and bitter play like "Troilus and Cressida," and to collaborate, at least, in "Timon of Athens." Here it was not the artist in him that spoke, and still less (we may say with tolerable certainty) the acute theatrical caterer. It was not the craving for beauty, whether in its joyous or its terrible aspect, that impelled him to write "Troilus and Cressida." He can scarcely have expected the play to be popular, and there is every reason to suppose that it was not. He simply used the theme as a sort of receptacle into which to pour (along with great accumulation of abstract thought) a splenetic and despondent humor which we may, if we please, call pessimism. Here, then, where it is not the artist but the thinker that finds utterance—where he does not obey, but rather flouts, his instinct of beauty and sublimity—we may admit that there is evidence of a period of gloom in his soul, a misanthropic mood. Further evidence may be found, perhaps, where he puts into the mouths of his characters (such as the Duke in "Measure for Measure") expressions of world-weari-

ness stronger and more heartfelt, it would seem, than the situation demands. But among such expressions it would be wrong to include (for example) the pessimistic utterances in "King Lear." They are, if not in all cases essential to the given character, at any rate essential to the atmosphere of the drama.

It is here, if anywhere, that Shakespeare is the inspired artist. He has seized upon a theme of which gloom and terror are the imperative conditions. He is enamored of the beauty of tempest and desolation, and he paints a Titanic picture, kept sedulously in tone. But to conclude, either from his choice or his treatment of the subject, that his own personal mood was murky and tempestuous, is to commit a sheer psychological inconsequence. Ask any artist who is capable of tragedy at all, and it is ten to one he will tell you that his finest effects have been achieved in the happiest moments of his happiest years.

Now look at the matter from another point of view. Shakespeare composed, not four, but five great tragedies; and the first, "Romeo and Juliet," dates, on the most positive evidence, from the very heyday of his youthful vigor and buoyancy of soul. Yet can anything be, in itself, more pessimistic than this tragedy? Its motto might be chosen from "King Lear":—

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport."

The endeavors of German ingenuity to discover in "Romeo and Juliet" as much *tragische Schuld* as you might "take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal" have led to nothing but ludicrous failure. There is no ethical or psychological necessity for the tragic issue of the fable. By no strain of sophistry can it be made to "justify the ways of God to man." The lovers

are "star-crossed," that is the last word of their saga. They fall victims, partly to man's inhumanity, mainly to brute chance. If it were in the nature of man to quail before the terrors of his lot, who could endure to live in a world where youth and beauty, passion and innocence, may thus be hurled to annihilation by the miscarriage of a letter? But age-old experience assures us that if the artist can make man's lot seem moving, interesting, above all, beautiful, his audience will not shrink from its terrors. Nay, rather, they will be heartened to play their parts bravely and with a will upon so fascinating a stage. It would have been easy to give "Romeo and Juliet" a "happy ending." They did so, indeed, in the Restoration Theatre, when poetry was out of fashion, and prosaic sensualism ruled the roost. Shakespeare kept the myth, as he found it—tragic—not because he was a pessimist, but because he was an artist, a beauty-lover, and shrank from the inconceivable bathos of "Romeo and Juliet Married and Settled." He knew that death alone can give beauty its crown of immortality, and exalt it above chance and change. If it be pessimism to make this admission, or rather to state this fact, then tragedy is indeed pessimistic; but, by the same act of definition, pessimism becomes the creed that makes for resolute, undaunted, healthy, even joyous life in a world where nature, among all her other gifts—good, bad and indifferent—has given us the supreme gift of beauty, and the power to perceive and worship it. Pessimist or not, the man who wrote "Romeo and Juliet" impresses us as a happy man, at peace with nature and destiny; and, infinitely sad though it be, the tragedy has dashed and daunted no human soul, but, through the three centuries of its being, has made for courage, passion, and the will to live.

Conversely, if there ever was a man who was far from being at peace with nature and destiny, that man was the Shakespeare of the "Sonnets." Their tone is querulous throughout; they record an unhappy and humiliating love-episode; and they abound in pessimistic utterances which it is impossible to explain away as merely conventional. Yet of the two current theories as to their date, one places them about the middle of the fifteen-nineties, at the very height of the so-called period of youthful buoyancy; the other assigns them (for the most part) to the last years of that decade, thus making them exactly contemporaneous with "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," the most radiantly joyous creations of the human spirit. Both theories are equally fatal to the definite mapping out of Shakespeare's career into a period of optimism, with sparkling comedies and robust histories for its product and symptom, and a period of pessimism uttering itself in gloomy tragedies. The soul is not so obvious in its processes. Unless we are to deny the "Sonnets" all biographical significance (and not even Mr. Sidney Lee goes so far as this), it is plain that Shakespeare created Rosalind and Viola, Touchstone and Sir Toby, either while he was in the very throes of his unhappy love-affair, or while its imprint was still fresh upon his mind. And, if we choose the latter alternative, we make the period of his sonnet-melancholy about contemporaneous with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," and the three Falstaff plays.

Shakespeare, to sum up this part of my argument, was an artist to whom gayety and gloom, optimism and pessimism, were simply qualities of the material he worked in, of the colors on his palette, all equally adaptable to the one end of his endeavor, the creation of beauty. No doubt he had his moods,

like other men, and some of them, at all periods of his life, seem to have been sombre enough. Moreover, as time went on, he developed a keener eye for the profound spiritual beauties of tragedy, and cared less for the arabesques of comedy, the pageant-frescoes of history. But there is nothing to show that "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello" and "Lear," either expressed a personal disgust for life or were intended to beget, or did beget, any such disgust in others. We may rather assert that the mind which gave birth to these plays must have been in its full flush of healthy activity. When bitterness *did* get the upper hand, as in "Troilus and Cressida," it ousted the creative energy; and Shakespeare, while still a profound intelligence, ceased for the nonce to be a master artist.

The robust age of Elizabeth and James neither feared life, nor feared the fear of life. It is the latter emotion which current criticism carries to a morbid pitch. Not consciously, perhaps, but none the less insistently, it demands the banishment of tragedy from the domain of modern art. Melodramas of cape and sword are all very well; massacres and blood-baths in the borderlands of barbarism are excellent material for literature; but it is rank pessimism to allege that everyday middle-class life in a civilized country can ever present conjunctures incapable of a "happy," or at worst a tenderly sentimental, solution. I am far from denying that there is a good deal of pessimistic fiction abroad in the world; but pessimistic fiction is not all tragic, and still less is all tragic fiction pessimistic. The only rational definition of a pessimistic novel or play is one that tends to discourage the reader, to put him out of conceit of life, to damp his ardor, to lower his vitality. But this is not necessarily the effect of tragedy, whether ancient or modern.

Whatever the precise operation which Aristotle understand by his *katharsis* of the emotions, he evidently conceived it as a beneficial, an invigorating process; and invigoration may be gained from the tragedy of to-day no less than from that of twenty-five centuries ago. The old physiological conception of "spirits" as a sort of vital essence permeating the frame, may conveniently be transferred to imaginative literature. There are books in which the "spirits" are high and intense, others in which the "spirits" are low and flagging; and the line of cleavage between books of high "spirits" and books of low "spirits" is very far from coinciding with the line of cleavage between "sad" books and "happy" books.

This distinction is illustrated by two recent books of remarkable power, the one gloomy throughout, the other painful in its conclusion, but both, to my thinking, placed far above the reproach of pessimism by the inherent vitality, the love of life, even in its darkest aspects, which animates every page. I mean "Gösta Berling's Saga," translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Miss Lillie Tudeer, and "The Open Question," by C. E. Raimond (Miss Elizabeth Robins).

"Gösta Berling's Saga" is not a novel, but rather the history of a countryside, a whole district in the Swedish province of Värmland. Each chapter sets forth a distinct episode in the primitive, violent, semi-barbarous life of this region of forest, lake, and iron-foundry. The stories are placed somewhere in the eighteen-twenties; but, save for the fact that at one point Gösta Berling throws a copy of Madame de Staël's "Corinne" down the throat of a wolf which is clambering upon his sledge, there is not a trait in them that might not quite plausibly be thrown back to the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Gösta Berling, a dis-

frocked priest, a man of gigantic physical and mental prowess, equally addicted to excesses of debauchery and excesses of sentiment, is the central figure in some of the episodes, and plays a certain part in all. One cannot but imagine (though on this point I have no knowledge) that he must be an actual hero of local legend, magnified and Byronized in the author's imagination. Almost without exception, the stories grouped around him are melancholy. They tell of social prejudice and barbarism, of physical brutality, of love hopelessly misplaced, of cruel chances, of purposeless sacrifices, of "Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand The downward slope to death." The writer has a diabolical art of kindling our warm sympathy for some tender, or noble, or passionate woman—a Countess Ellizabeth, a Marienne Sinclair, or an Anna Stjärnhök—only to plunge her in a few pages into the blackest misery. Sometimes the situations in which she deals belong to a high order of romantic melodrama; sometimes (in the case of Marienne Sinclair, for instance) they pass into the sphere of spiritual tragedy. Nowhere do we find a point of clear and steady light in the murky atmosphere. Least of all does Gösta Berling himself provide such a luminous centre. He is the most unreal character in the book (a fact which strengthens the supposition that he is imposed on the writer's imagination from without, not created from within); and both in his strength and his weakness he is almost always maleficent. So far as its matter goes, then, it would be hard to conceive a sadder book than "Gösta Berling's Saga." But its spirit, its "spirits," render it the reverse of depressing. The writer loves intensely, she revels and glories in the life she is describing. She is not blind to its barbarisms; her personal point of view is not inhuman; but her delight in the sheer vigor, the

rough-hewn individuality of the characters of her myth-cycle, is everywhere keen and infectious. She projects them with an energy that carries all before it. She never wavers in her faith that life was eminently worth living in her (real or imaginary) Värmland of seventy years ago; and she leaves the reader, for the moment, at any rate, fascinated by the spectacle of all this primitive vitality.

Two very dissimilar books have been recalled to my mind by "Gösta Berling's Saga." The first, "Wuthering Heights," is a still more striking example of the preponderance of "spirit" over "matter," in determining the ultimate impression which a book leaves upon the reader's mind. I am no devotee of "Wuthering Heights." I think there is a touch of exaggeration, not to say affectation, in some of the worship which has lately been paid to it. But I am fully conscious of the strenuous, ardent spirit which informs it, and places one of the gloomiest books ever written outside the circle of pessimistic literature. "Gösta Berling's Saga," indeed, is a thing of light and color in comparison with the chill unbroken gray, the more than Icelandic desolation, of Emily Brontë's saga of the Yorkshire moors. The two books have but two things in common: the technical inexpertness (puerility one might almost say) of the writers, and their unwavering conviction that to live passionately, even if it be to suffer intensely, is the one great boon to be demanded of fate. The second book which I am tempted to compare and contrast with "Gösta Berling's Saga," is Herr Sudermann's "Regina (Der Katzensteg)." Here the external resemblances are striking. The German novelist, like the Swedish, tells a tale of barbarism and violence, placing it in a remote country district, and in the early years of the nineteenth century. So far as its matter goes, the tale of

Boleslav von Schranden might quite well take a place among the episodes of "Gösta Berling's Saga." But how different is the spirit of the two writers! Herr Sudermann is not consciously and deliberately pessimistic; but his apparent acquiescence in the monstrous wickedness and injustice he sets forth, leaves us utterly depressed and nauseated. It is not the wickedness of one man, a Richard or an Iago, nor even of a group of individuals, such as Edmund, Goneril and Regan. It is the blind, and brutal, and deliberately-sustained cruelty of a whole civilized community, headed by their benevolent pastor. There is not a ray of light in the book; not a single man or woman, *not even the victim himself*, rises up in rebellion and cries, "We are men, not fiends; why make a hell of the earth?" The author does not precisely admire the idiotic-diabolic perversions of "patriotism" which he depicts, but neither directly nor indirectly does he make any valid protest against them, or show them in their true perspective. He and his hero are alike under the spell of the nightmare; they groan under it, but they cannot shake it off. If Prussian "patriotism" in 1814 was the hideous lunacy which Herr Sudermann portrays, he had, of course, a perfect right to take it as the motive of a tragic story. But it was a fault in art to immure himself and the reader in the madhouse, and allow no outlook, even for a moment, upon the horizon of sane humanity. It is this dull acquiescence in evil arising from sheer unreason, that leads me to regard "Regina," in contradistinction to "Gösta Berling's Saga," as a depressing, a "lowering," a pessimistic book.

We come now to "The Open Question," a book which has been classed by many critics as a typical example of "Pessimism in Fiction." That is the title of a leading article in *Literature* (December 3d, 1898), in which the writ-

er takes "The Open Question" as his text for a disquisition upon the "sincerity, gravity, and reasoned conviction" of the modern pessimistic writer, contrasted with the mere modish affectation of the Wertherism and Byronism from which our grandfathers suffered. "With the exception of 'The Open Question,'" says a writer in the *Globe*, "it would be hard to find a popular pessimistic or hopeless novel of 1898." Several other writers have in the same way assumed, as a matter beyond discussion, the pessimistic intention and effect of Miss Robins' story. One could scarcely desire a better example of that confusion between tragic art and pessimistic art which is the subject of the present paper.

On the very title page of her book the authoress gives a clue to her design. She is going to tell "A Tale of Two Temperaments," to narrate the conflict between a nature of optimistic and a nature of pessimistic bias. The conflict ends tragically, because, under the particular circumstances stated, it was almost inevitable that Doubt should be stronger than Faith. Miss Robins has handicapped optimism heavily—handicapped it with the doubt that besets consanguineous marriages, and the fear that is engendered by the word "consumption." But why has she done so? Not, surely, in the cause of pessimism, but to make the dauntless optimism of Valeria Gano stand forth the more vividly. If one wanted to write a pessimistic parable, to depreciate life, to indict Nature, how illogical it would be to make the story hinge on consanguineous marriage and consumption! These are trivial accidents in the scheme of things. The happiness of the species is not bound up in the marriage of cousins, and consumption, even if science should fail to eradicate it, affects but a small proportion of mankind. Your true pessimist—Mr. Thomas Hardy, for instance, who is a

stern logician as well as a great poet—lays little or no stress on such accidents. He goes straight at Nature, in its normal, typical phases, and he says, "Nature is cruel; let us not reinforce her cruelties by barbarous social ordinances." If Miss Robins had wanted to take up the parable against nature (and that is the only real pessimism), she would carefully have eliminated all accidental barriers between her hero and heroine, and brought them to misery—probably not to death—through the sheer operation of universal forces. As it is, she carefully raised the aforesaid barriers between them in order to throw into sharper contrast the two antagonistic temperaments engaged in "the duel of sex," and to enable Val to prove to the uttermost her irrepressible optimism. "In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of"—optimism. Life in its highest potency is so sweet to Val that she will not be balked of it by inauspicious stars. She will brave death rather than forego life; and having, as it were, challenged fate, she is too loyal to her husband and to her word to shrink from fulfilling the compact she herself proposed. "We Ganos," she says, "are honest people; we'll play fair." Even to the end she is not personally infected by Ethan's pessimism. Almost her last word is a word of passionate protest against it. But she holds death preferable to a life of disloyalty and shrinking compromise. That may be pessimism by "crownner's 'quest law;" in the case of Juliet—surely a leading case in the courts of literature—we call it heroism.

But if the scheme of the story were far more pessimistic than it really is, the ultimate effect of the book would still be invigorating (to my sense) in virtue of the intense vitality of its two leading personages—a vitality which in the grandmother is resolute and stoical, in the granddaughter radiant and

joyous. I need not dwell on the character of Mrs. Gano, since its extraordinary vigor is admitted on all hands. "The author," says the article in *Literature* above cited, "has a catholic sympathy with the most strongly conflicting temperaments, and the finest of her portraits is not that of either of her two morbid and creedless protagonists, but that of their eminently healthy and sternly orthodox old kinswoman, whose virtues and foibles have alike been treated with singular insight and tenderness." Nevertheless, so much for Mrs. Gano, who dominates the whole book until, on her deathbed, she draws the sheet over her face to hide the suffering which throughout her life, as Val says, "she would never let any one see." But what now, of Val herself, that "morbid and creedless protagonist," that "miserable self-tormentor?" We follow her from her early childhood to her death, and to my thinking there are few happier lives recounted in fiction than that of this "miserable" personage. She is a turbulent and rather naughty child, who extracts a fierce satisfaction from her year-long feud with her grandmother, and a tender joy from her comradeship with her father. How subtle and how delightful is her amazement on finding that her father, whom she has always regarded as a fellow-victim to her grandmother's tyranny, in reality rejoices with a great joy in his mother's Spartan magnanimity. Through the dreams of her eager girlhood we follow Val step by step—all visions of triumphant, insatiate idealism. Then comes the admirable scene, in which she realizes that she is not beautiful; but even in that hour of anguish her spirit rebounds. Her playfellow, Jerry Otway, calls over the fence to suggest a fishing expedition to Bentley's Pond:—

Val wavered. She might fish even if she was ugly. In fact, as she came

to think of it, it was one of the few things left to do—that, and disobeying Gran'ma. . . . A sense of returning life came warmly over her. She could still fish. Fishing alone was a career. She had a panoramic glimpse of herself through the future years . . . fishing forever and ever, her head tied up in a veil. She planted a Tam o' Shanter on her wind-blown hair, thinking: "I won't begin with a veil to-day. I don't mind Jerry—he's ugly too."

This instant reaction is absolutely typical of Val's character throughout. Very poetically conceived is the incident of Val's first meeting with Ethan, as she holds aloft the great lantern to light him up the broken steps of the old family home:—

Young Gano looked at her with quick realization of the eager, buoyant attitude, the uplifted face, on which the strong light streamed, the wide earnest outlook of eyes, with so much more in them of question than of welcome, they might have been accustomed to sweeping far horizons from the watch-towers of the world. An infinitesimal pause, and then: "How do you do, America?" he said, smiling, and took his cousin's hand. Val felt instantly he was laughing at her for a kind of travesty of Liberty Enlightening the World. She drew back quickly, lowering the lantern.

When it appears that Ethan shrinks from the touch of a mullein leaf and of everything else of a velvety texture, Val's remark is, "I'm afraid I haven't any fine feelings. I like everything." She has a bitter disappointment when Ethan pays no heed to her singing, and does not realize the quality of her voice; but

The next day, scarce well begun, beheld him on the way to a discovery that he kept on making for years: while you were occupied in realizing that Val Gano was hurt or disappointed, she was apparently getting over it with such despatch that, as you approached with suitable looks of sympathy, lo! she would advance to meet your condolence with banners flying

and trumpets blaring, so to speak, obliging you hurriedly to readjust your expression, in order fitly to greet a person so entirely pleased with the course of affairs. But to think Val miraculously expeditious in "getting over things" was hardly to go to the root of the matter. She did not get over disappointments; she remodelled them in her imagination till they were strokes of luck in disguise, or, at the very least, stepping stones to some dazzling victory.

This analysis is amply borne out in action. Val's spirit is absolutely incompressible. As I turn the pages of the book I find her invariably and incessantly "coming up smiling" after some disappointment or misfortune, small or great. I cull at random a few typical traits:—

"What's the real matter?" Ethan repeated. "I thought you were always happy." "Happy!" she said, making a gallant effort to recover her usual manner. "Well, it's nobody's fault if I am." "Now that I come to look at you, I believe you *are* happy all the same." "Course I am; but it's only because I was born that way and can't get out of the habit."

* * * * *

"Why do you think so much?" Emmy said to Ethan. "Heaven forbid! I never think." "Oh yes you do—unless Val's here. Grandma has often said," she continued, with her little air of superiority, "no one can think when Val's in the room." "Ah!" said Ethan to himself, "that's at the bottom of my affection for Val."

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"What do you do, little cousin, when you want to kill time?" She glanced over her shoulder with sudden gravity. "Do you know, I think to 'kill time' is the most hideous, murderous phrase in the language. I wish you wouldn't use it." "What do you propose as a substitute?" "Just remembering how little time there is for all there is to do with it." "Ah, yes," Ethan said. "But suppose you haven't got a mission? Suppose nobody and nothing has any particular need of you?" "Oh, I wasn't thinking of missions and needs. I was just thinking of how much there was

to see and—to—to feel—to *find out about!* Enough to last a million years, and we aren't given (in this life) a hundred." Gloom settled down upon her face. "I think it's simply awful that we're allowed so little time. Even elephants and ravens are better off."

* * * * *

She pressed her hands together, and her face, yes, it was like a lamp in the gathering gloom. "I wonder what you'll do with your life?" said the man, with something very tender in the low voice. "Do with it? I shall love it so, it will *have* to be good to me. I shall sing, and I shall travel—go everywhere, do everything. I mustn't miss a single thing—oh dear no! not a single, single thing!"

A little further on, this "miserable self-tormentor," this "morbid and creedless" being, rebels violently against the idea, to her monstrous and inconceivable, that the grave ends all, and that the wells of life, which she feels to be inexhaustible, can ever run dry. Her optimism is not that which resolutely makes the best of a bad business. She is literally and unalterably in love with life, with its agonies as well as its raptures. She heaps contempt on the poets who moan and groan over the curse of existence and the ills that flesh is heir to. One of them—James Shirley—she does not seem to have heard of, else I am sure she would have contradicted flatly the first lines of his famous song, and averred to the last, even as she sailed away into the sunset, that "The glories of our blood and state are *not* shadows but substantial things."

Abstract beauty and psychological probability (given Ethan's character and family circumstances) demanded that "The Open Question" should come to a tragic close; but how any reader can find in the story of Sarah Gano and her granddaughter a pessimistic design or a pessimistic moral passes my comprehension. The book assumes, indeed, a grave doubt as to the desirability of

marriage between cousins, and especially between those in whose family there runs a consumptive strain. But it neither creates nor exaggerates this doubt. And surely that is a very crazy optimism which thinks the value of life at large bound up in the question whether cousins and consumptives may marry undismayed.

A final word to guard against misconception. In using the phrase "the reproach of pessimism," I speak the language of the adversary, not my own. Pessimism is a point of view like another, and it matters little from what point of view the artist envisages life, so long as he looks at it with the eye of genius. Mr. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," for example, is surely one of the greatest of modern novels, though it might have been written by Schopenhauer had Schopenhauer been, like Mr. Hardy, a creative spirit. Again, if "The Open Question" were indeed a pessimistic book, it might be none the worse, nay, all the better, as a work of art. My only reason for impugning the current classification is that it does not happen to tally with the facts of the case. Even the least sympathetic form of pessimism—the French pessimism of sated sensuality—has produced some works of genius without which the world would be sensibly the poorer. The higher or philosophic pessimism is to my thinking logically irrefutable; psychologically, in the present stage of human evolution, almost irrelevant. There is all the less reason, then, why even the most enthusiastic optimist should rise up in arms against all artistic criticism of life from that standpoint. And as a matter of experience (to amplify the position previously taken up) books which are openly pessimistic are not always the most "lowering" in their effect. No one can accuse Mr. Meredith of pessimism, which he has laughed out of court a hundred times. For instance, in his

sonnet on "The Spirit of Shakespeare:"—

How smiles he at a generation ranked
In gloomy noddings over life! They
pass.

Not he to feed upon a breast un-
thanked,

Or eye a beauteous face in a cracked
glass.

Yet there are books of Mr. Meredith's which I for one (but in this I am far from singular), would not re-read for a large reward, so dispiriting is their effect upon me. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," for instance, is a great

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book, and I yield to no one in my admiration for it; but it seems to me more painful than the most pessimistic novel ever written. Why? Well, I think it is because the tragedy does not appear inevitable, because it begets in one the mood of the sailor in the gallery who shouts to the hero of the melodrama, imploring him not to rush to his ruin. But this question of the inevitable and the arbitrary in tragedy involves a number of distinctions too subtle to be even suggested in the last paragraph of an article.

William Archer.

HOW DO WILD BIRDS DIE?

There is no question in the natural history world which puzzles the popular mind more than the question of where wild birds die a natural death. The discrepancy between the number of birds bred and those found dead from purely natural causes is so strikingly great that there is little wonder that the subject is so much enshrouded in mystery. Extended travels and observations have convinced me that a very small percentage of our wild birds really die a natural death, and that accidents and enemies of various kinds account for the majority of them. In considering the question we must in the first place omit infantile mortality, which, from one cause or another, such as lack of food and inclement weather, is very great, as may be seen by wandering through our woods in the springtime, or visiting the breeding haunts of such gregarious species as cormorants or terns. One very important circumstance which prevents many wild birds dying a natural death is that the non-predatory ones are seldom permitted to do so by their enemies, for when they sicken they naturally lose some of their wonted vigi-

lance and activity, and are therefore not in a position to detect danger so quickly as of yore, or make their escape with the necessary amount of expedition. In the case of birds of prey, if old age or illness should reduce their watchfulness and energy sufficiently to bring them within range of a shot-gun, man seldom allows an opportunity of encompassing their destruction to pass by.

Of course, hard winters reduce the food supply, of such birds as thrushes, redwings, and blackbirds, for example, sufficiently to kill them off in vast numbers. After the terribly protracted visitation of frost and snow we experienced during the first two or three months of the year 1895, I found the remains of a great many of each species in the puffin-burrows at the Farne Islands, and during a single walk in Westmoreland picked up no less than eight skeletons of grouse that had died of starvation away down in the meadow fields. The condition of the last-named shy mountain birds became so pitiable that they were to be seen walking along the streets of even good-sized market towns in search of food,

and were reduced to only half their normal weight. Robins, although such familiar little birds, are full of mystery. One pair will rear two broods of four or five each in a single season, and yet, in spite of this, the following winter will not show an increased stock. The facts that a certain number of members of the species migrate, and that a small percentage may be slain by the ever-present and generally mischievous cat, will not account in any way for what the shopkeepers would call the unknown "leakage from stock." In spite of Wordsworth's very pretty and famous lines,—

Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast—

Our little English robin?

the bird is exceedingly vicious and quarrelsome, I am sorry to say. I have one in my garden which feeds, sings, lives, and appears to consider the whole place arranged and kept for his especial benefit and pleasure. The other day a stranger of the same species arrived upon the scene, intent upon sharing the good things provided, and the very fiercest battle I ever saw waged by any wild birds in my life was the result. They fought in the air like little feathered demons, stood back upon the ground and met each other just as gamecocks do, and finally became so much exhausted that they were obliged to prop themselves up by their tails whilst they panted open-mouthed for breath. Apparently in recognition of this selfish habit of monopoly, country folk account for the loss of so many of the redbreasts bred in this country by saying that the young ones, upon attaining full growth, drive away or kill their parents; and yet I have only picked up one robin that looked as if it might have died a natural death, or from exhaustion after some fiercely contested battle.

Rapidly developing attacks of sickness and sudden death have their places in the bird-world. I feed a number of tits every day outside my dining-room window by hanging pieces of suet up in small nets and placing the kernels of Spanish nuts—of which they are exceedingly fond—in cleft sticks. The other day I was watching a blue tit hard at work upon a piece of food, when to my great surprise the poor little creature was suddenly transformed by an attack of illness from a wee spark of perpetual motion into a huddling tuft of blue and yellow feathers. I thought the erstwhile merry little chap was going to succumb right away, but, fluttering to a small bush just below him, he sat moping for a long while and finally recovered sufficiently to fly away. A young lady, whilst sitting in her father's garden in the northern suburbs one summer's day, was astonished to see an old male sparrow fall at her feet in a fit. She picked the bird up in an absolutely unconscious condition and carried him indoors, where after a while he rallied, and, recovering his senses, flew away again as if nothing whatever had happened. A friend of mine, whilst walking round his grounds one morning not far from Kew, was greatly surprised to see a thrush which had been singing very sweetly at the top of a tall elm-tree suddenly fall headlong to the ground, and upon picking the unfortunate creature up discovered that it was quite dead. One fine autumn afternoon I was taking a quiet walk alongside a wood belonging to Sir Henry Meux in the neighborhood of Enfield, when, upon looking over a low gate, I saw a young hen pheasant walk slowly out of a ditch close to me. No sooner had she reached the top of the bank than, instead of taking wing and flying away as I expected, she began to open her mouth and jump up as if choking. In less than a minute she

rolled back into the ditch whence she had come, and after giving one or two convulsive wing flaps stretched out her legs with a shivering spasm and died. A year or two ago I found a wren's nest in a piece of ivy growing against a high garden wall. It contained three eggs which were entirely minus the usual brownish red spots, and I concluded that their layer must be either a very old bird or in poor health. Visiting the nest next morning at six o'clock, I discovered, upon thrusting an inquiring finger inside, that the owner was at home, so promptly withdrew for fear of disturbing her. At eight o'clock I returned again, thinking that I had allowed the wren sufficient time to lay her fourth egg, but found her still at home. My suspicions were aroused, and pushing a finger gently beneath her I discovered the pathetic fact that the poor little bird was quite stiff and cold. At the Farne Islands I have found an occasional tern lying dead—spotless, and, so far as could be seen, quite uninjured—whilst its beautiful, noisy companions were standing or flying closely around with every sign of happy oblivion to its lifeless condition. I have also seen elder ducks and gannets lying dead, apparently from natural causes, upon rocks where they bred, and at St. Kilda observed several kittiwakes floating inanimate in the sea.

The fact that very few of the lifeless bodies of birds that have succumbed to perfectly natural causes are seen,

The Speaker.

may be accounted for in various ways. When seized with illness many of them no doubt seek the most secluded parts of woods, so as to escape their enemies; those that die in exposed places are no doubt speedily devoured by hedgehogs, crows, and other creatures unaverse to food which they have not slain for themselves; and, lastly, multitudes of ants, flies, and beetles quickly consume any carrion left undisturbed in the fields during the summer time. I have known a full-grown rabbit absolutely eaten up by insects, with the exception of its fur and bones, in a week, and dead birds' feathers come in very useful to living ones that line nests with such things. I remember finding a common wren's nest lined throughout with feathers from a female grouse, although the builder had had to fetch them from a good distance. In such ways all traces of a dead bird would soon disappear, except of its wings, which are sometimes also used. At the Nomp of Noss in the Shetlands I found a shag's nest last summer lined with the wings and skeleton of a sea gull. Some idea may be gathered of the value attached to a source of feather supply by birds in the act of nest-building when it is mentioned that I myself and several friends saw a house sparrow watch a pair of roosters fight in a field near Elstree, and as the combatants plucked each other's feathers out the knowing little bird picked them up and flew away to its nest with them time after time.

R. Kearton.

RECENT SCIENCE.

I.

Is it possible to foretell weather several days, or maybe weeks, in advance? This is the question which now en-

grosses the attention of many practical meteorologists. Popular wisdom has always said "yes" to this question, and there are in the weather-lore of each nation many sayings to this effect.

Some of them belong, it is true, to the same domain of superstition as astrological predictions. Such is, for instance, the once so famous *Bauern-Praktik*, whose origin Dr. Hermann has traced as far as ancient Greece and the Vedas. But there circulates also, amongst mariners, peasants, and hunters all over the world, a certain stock of practical knowledge of weather which is based upon a correct observation of nature. When the Greeks say that the autumn and winter months are months of gales, or the North-west Canadians predict a spell of warm and dry weather after a snowstorm of short duration has blown early in autumn, or the Russian peasants remark that when the first snow has fallen upon an already frozen ground the snow will lie late in the spring, and the spring will be cool—there is scientific observation in such prophecy; and recent researches into the seasonal periodicity of gales in Greece, the character of weather in the North-western prairies, and the influence of the snow-cover upon spring temperatures in Russia, have decided in favor of these practical observers. The question is consequently this, Cannot science do better? After having succeeded in forecasting weather twenty-four hours ahead, cannot it make a further step in advance?

The means by which meteorologists succeed in issuing the daily forecasts which we now find in the morning papers, have so often been described that a few words will be sufficient to refresh in memory the leading principles of these prophecies. In every civilized country of the world there is one or several weather bureaus whereto telegrams are sent, once or twice daily, from a great number of meteorological stations, reporting the state of the weather at each station: the height of the barometer and the thermometer, the direction and the force of the wind, the cloudiness of the sky, and so on.

As soon as this information reaches the central bureau it is embodied in a weather chart by means of a system of conventional signs. All the spots at which the atmospheric pressure (or rather the corrected height of the barometer) is the same—30.0 inches, 29.9, 29.8, and so on—are connected on the map by curved lines or "isobars," which show at a glance the distribution of pressure over a wide area. The same is done for temperatures; while the wind which blows at each station, the state of the sky, and the amount of rain that has fallen during the previous day, are marked on the map by comprehensive symbols. A true picture of the different sorts of the weather experienced in the region which is covered by the weather chart is thus obtained. Every one knows these weather charts, which are exhibited at different places and are printed in some leading paper in each country—the *Times* for the British Isles. They are so comprehensible that even the uninitiated reader, if he sees in the morning that the isobar curves are sinuous and contorted, and run close to each other, is tempted to predict that the weather will be bolsterous and unsettled during the day.

The atmosphere of the earth is never at rest. It is involved in a general circulation, during which masses of air, hot and cold, are carried at different levels from the equator to the poles, and back to the equator.¹ But local depressions, or local eddies—similar to those which are seen in a swift current of water—are also formed here and there. And it is these eddies, or centres of low pressure, which determine the wind that will blow at a given spot, the clouds that will obscure its sky, and the amount of rain that may fall upon it. The weather will be different

¹ The laws of the general circulation have been discussed once in these pages, *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1893.

to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, of a local depression of atmospheric pressure.² Besides, these eddies continually shift their positions, and the main difficulty is to foretell whereto this or that centre of low pressure will move, and how its dimensions will be altered within the next twenty-four hours. If such a centre of depression has made its appearance on the western coast of Ireland, it will shift eastwards as a rule; but it also may be shifted to the south-east, or, after having described a U-shaped curve, it may creep next towards Iceland; and the weather at, let us say, London will depend entirely upon whether London is now in the centre of the depression, or in its front or rear, to the left or to the right of its path.

The tracks followed by each of these centres of low barometric pressure for the last thirty years (they are still named "cyclones," although no real cyclone storm is implied) have been the subject of most laborious investigations. For every separate region—the British Isles, Western and Eastern Europe, South Russia, India, Japan, and so on—we have now detailed descriptions of the different types of depressions, and atlases of the tracks which they follow at different seasons. The result is that when an experienced forecaster looks on this afternoon's weather-chart for Europe, or the States, or India, and compares it with both the weather-chart of the previous day and his atlas of "cyclone-tracks," he can foretell whereto the centre of low pressure will

be shifted by next morning, what will be the probable distribution of isobars, and consequently what sort of weather will prevail next day in the different sections of his own country. He issues his forecasts, and in nearly nine cases out of ten they are correct, although the forecast as regards rain is beset with great difficulties, especially in these isles, on account of the importance of local conditions.³

It has often been objected that although meteorologists have undoubtedly succeeded in placing weather predictions twenty-four hours in advance upon a scientific basis, the practical value of their forecasts is not yet great.⁴ However, this last depends entirely upon the methods of bringing the forecasts to the knowledge of the population; the rapidity with which warnings of changes of weather are issued and disseminated; the degree of confidence that has been won by the local meteorologists; and finally upon the average level of popular education. Even in the British Isles, for which weather predictions are beset with more difficulties than anywhere else, the storm-warnings and partly the weather forecasts are taken notice of by the population. But it is especially in the United States that one sees how much the meteorological service may become part of the daily life of a nation.

The daily weather-charts and the forecasts are prepared in the States with wonderful rapidity. The forecasts are ready one hour and forty minutes after the observations have been made (at eight o'clock of the 75th

² By using the word "eddies" it is not meant that real eddies are formed. The word is only a convenient description of an analogous feature.

³ This is why the tendency is now to decentralize the weather forecasts. In the United States twenty-six weather bureaus have lately been created: they receive all the telegrams (on the circuit system) and issue independent forecasts. Experience has shown that they are of an immense value. Besides, the best me-

teorologists (Abercromby, Bebbier, Woelfoff) encourage by all means individual forecasts, and invite all persons interested in weather to practise in that art.

⁴ The first part of this statement has also been contested lately by no less an authority than Dr. H. Klein, but with little success. See the most instructive discussion on this subject which took place between Dr. Klein and Dr. Bebbier.

meridian) at from 2,700 to 2,960 stations scattered over the States and Canada, as well as at the auxiliary stations of Mexico and the West Indies. Immediately the forecasts are telegraphed and spread broadcast, reaching nearly 30,000 persons and institutions. The local and the auxiliary bureaus, as well as the post-offices, spread them by all means, including free postcards and telephone messages. The warnings of frosts and blizzards in February, of night frosts in the spring, of storms on the coasts and squalls on the lakes, of inundations, and so on, are the subject of a special care. Thus, last winter, when a cold wave and a blizzard were expected in the West, 650 points in twelve ranching States, as also all the railway and steamboat stations, and thousands of private persons were warned from the Chicago weather bureau. Immediately most ranchers took their flocks of sheep under shelter (200,000 head of sheep and cattle in one single small spot), and masses of both sheep and cattle were saved from an almost certain destruction by an awful blizzard.⁵ In April last most valuable crops of strawberries were saved in the same way. The strawberries were covered with straw, or artificial clouds were made.⁶

The squalls which are going to blow on the great lakes; those which are foreseen to sweep over the Columbia river during the salmon season; the storms and rains that may be fatal to crop operations in Dakota; the rains which may damage the drying of raisins in California; and the coming floods

of the Mississippi are telegraphed in the same way to the respective regions, either from Washington or from the local forecasting bureaus. Moreover, great numbers of private telegrams, to inquire whether next day will be favorable for salmon-fishing, or to what height the Mississippi or such a river may rise during the next days of hay-making, or when a big raft of timber ought to be floated, are received in numbers at the weather bureaus and immediately answered. Nay, the meteorological service has so much won the confidence of the population that last year it was very seriously urged by the Press to issue forecasts of "increase of crime," it being known that such an increase really takes place during some sorts of hot weather.

II.

At the present time the weather forecasts which are issued every evening cover only twenty-four hours in advance. Thirty-five years ago even such forecasts were described as an awful self-conceitdness on the part of the meteorologists, sufficient to discredit them. Maury himself lectured Fitzroy on this theme. But now such forecasts are already found insufficient, and on all sides the desire is expressed to know the coming weather several days, if not weeks, ahead. Meteorologists have thus to face a new problem, and they approach it in two different ways. On the one side assiduous researches are made in order to see whether there is not a certain periodicity, or certain

⁵ Monthly Weather Review, Vol. xxvi., March, 1898.

⁶ Same publication, April, 1898, p. 139. Mr. Willis L. Moore has made a special study of the cold waves, and is most successful in their prediction. In the above-mentioned case twenty-four stations were warned from Washington. The warnings were also widely distributed by mail from Raleigh, Tarboro, and Farmville by the logotype system. A number of display men, besides posting warnings at the post-offices and depots (shops), also distributed

them by telephone. . . . They were also, where opportunity offered, sent into the country and circulated verbally. . . . The average time that the warnings were received in advance of the frost was fourteen hours. The words of warning are also attached to the stamps of the receiving post-offices, and they are printed on all letters, postcards, and papers issued from the offices for distribution. The weather warning is thus printed by the same movement which the post officer has to make in order to stamp the letters.

cycles, in the recurrence of hot and cool, dry and wet weather; and on the other side research is directed towards ascertaining the different *types* or spells of weather, their duration and the succession in which they follow each other.

It is now certain that the number and the size of the dark spots which we see on the surface of the sun are in some way connected with the weather which we have on the earth. Charles Meldrum, Sir Norman Lockyer, the Indian meteorologists, and especially Dr. W. Köppen in his great work, have proved that there is a certain periodicity in the temperature, the rainfall, the number of cyclones, etc., which corresponds to the eleven years' periodicity (11.1 years) in the number of sunspots.⁷ However, the amount of variation which may be due to this cause is so small in comparison with the non-periodical irregularities of weather that it is often masked and obliterated by them. Moreover—to say nothing of the connection which exists between the sun-spots' period and the magnetical forces in our atmosphere—the whole matter, as has been shown by Polis, is more complicated than it seemed to be at first sight.⁸ It appears that when the sunspots are at a minimum, mild winters and hot summers prevail, while cold winters and cool summers seem to characterize the maximum periods of the sunspots; while Mr. A. McDowall points out that not only the seasons and fractions of the year, but different days as well, must be treated separately in all discussions upon the influence of the sun-spots' periods. Years of sunspots'

maxima are, in his opinion, years when the monthly and daily extremes of temperature are greater as a rule.⁹ In short, our weather is undoubtedly influenced by the eleven years' periodical variation of the sun's radiation which is indicated by the sunspots. But this influence is only now studied in such detail as to be taken into consideration in weather predictions.

Another weather period which perhaps has not yet been taken sufficient notice of, is the thirty-five years' period discovered by the Swiss professor, Ed. Brückner.¹⁰ Taking all available observations of temperature, rainfall, and height of water in lakes and rivers since 1700, he has proved that, excepting such peculiarly situated regions as the West of England, the rainfall and the wetness of the seasons in Europe have, as a rule, their maxima and their minima at regular intervals of about thirty-five years. At the present time we are in a warm period of decreasing rainfall—the last maximum having been attained in the years 1882–86.¹¹ Of course, rain is the most difficult part of weather to foretell, there being not two stations in this country where the rain curves for many years would be quite similar; but, all taken, we are now in a period of increasing dryness. Besides, Brückner suspects also the existence of a longer period, of over 100 years, which necessarily would interfere with the thirty-five years' period.

The moon has always been a favorite with weather prophets, who generally accuse meteorologists of a wilful neglect of the influence exercised by our satellite upon weather. The reality is,

⁷ Henry F. Blanford summed up this question a few years ago in *Nature*, vol. xliii. 1891, p. 583.

⁸ *Das Wetter*, vol. xi. 1894, pp. 73, 169.

⁹ *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, 1896, vol. xxi. p. 431. As to the quantities of rain and snow during the maximal and the minimal sunspots' periods, the whole matter is too complicated to be expressed in one sweeping sentence. Local conditions at different seasons must be

taken into account, as may be seen by comparing the researches of Dr. H. Klein (*Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, 1897, p. 145) with the above-mentioned papers.

¹⁰ *Klimaschwankungen seit 1700*, in Penck's *Geographische Abhandlungen*, iv. 2, Wien, 1890. It was already mentioned in these pages (*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1894).

¹¹ A. McDowall, in *Nature*, vol. lix. 1898, p. 175, has given a very nice diagram to show it.

however, that meteorologists simply want to know what its effect exactly is, and that they failed for a long time to discover it. However, the recent researches of Bouquet de la Grye.¹² A. Poincaré and Garrigou-Lagrange¹³ show that if the effects of the moon upon our atmosphere are treated separately for the periods when our satellite is on the north of the equator and on the south of it, they appear quite distinctly. If we take, for instance, the differences of atmospheric pressure in the latitudes 30° N. and 70° N., we find that they are notably greater when the moon is to the north of the equator. Masses of air must consequently be transferred from the lower latitudes to the higher ones, and such a transfer necessarily influences the distribution of winds.¹⁴

A number of other periodicities of weather is also under consideration. Such are the nineteen years' period so forcibly advocated by H. C. Russel for Australia, and corresponding to the well-known period of 235 lunar months; the seven years' period discovered in America by Murphy, and three shorter periods of 424, 412, and 11.9 indicated by Lamprecht; the 26.7 days' periodicity in pressure and temperature noticed by Professor Bigelow, which would correspond to the period of rotation of the sun; the five and one-half days' period detected at the Blue Hill Observatory; and so on. And finally there are the cold waves spreading every year in May, and the no less than six cold and three warm periods recurring every year in Europe, and indicated

years ago by the veteran Scotch meteorologist, Mr. Buchan.

At every step we thus find in our atmosphere a recurrence of waves, large and small, and of fluctuations accomplished within periods of short and long duration. That many such waves must exist there is not the slightest doubt, and when all forthcoming evidence has been properly threshed, the knowledge of these waves will certainly be very helpful for the long-period weather forecasts.

The other direction in which research goes on, and in which most valuable knowledge has already been gained for the forecasts several days ahead, is the study of the different *types of weather*, inaugurated by Abercromby and van Bebbler, the Indian and the American meteorologists.¹⁵

The first long-period forecasts were made in India, on the basis of a few empirical sequences suggested by Henry F. Blandford.¹⁶ The whole life of India depends upon the timely beginning of the rainy season, its perseverance and its timely end. Consequently, it was a vital question to be able to foretell the coming and the general character of the monsoon which brings rains with it. This was begun by H. F. Blandford, and in the hands of his successor, Mr. Elliot, the seasonal forecasts, which are now issued semi-annually, become every year more rational and trustworthy.¹⁷ In India, owing to its tropical position, the seasonal changes of weather, which depend upon the general circulation of the atmos-

¹² *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, 1895; *Meteorologische Zeitung*, vols. xxviii. and xxx.

¹³ *Comptes Rendus*, vol. cxx. 1895, p. 844; cxxi. p. 468 &c.; cxxii. 1896, p. 848; cxxiii. p. 850.

¹⁴ See also Lindeman in *Das Wetter*, vol. xlii. 1896, p. 145.

¹⁵ The excellent little book of Ralph Abercromby, *Weather: a Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day* (International Scientific Series), of which the first edition appeared in 1888 and a third edition in 1892, ought to be in the hands of every

meteorologist and observer of weather. Professor W. van Bebbler's *Die Wettervorhersage*, 2nd edition, Stuttgart, 1898, is also written in a popular style, and is also an excellent guide for weather forecasts: it ought to be translated into English.

¹⁶ A Practical Guide to the Climates and Weather of India, Ceylon, and Burmah, and the Storms of the Indian Seas. London, 1889.

¹⁷ Douglas Archibald in *Nature*, vol. lv. 1896, p. 85; *Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society*, January, 1896, quoted in the above.

where, are far more important than the irregular non-periodical changes upon which weather depends in Europe; and this circumstance facilitates the task of the forecaster. Still it took years of study before the various causes influencing the monsoons became known; but now the Indian meteorologists can foretell, as a rule, in the first week of June when the rainy southwest monsoon is expected to come, what will be its probable strength and general character, and what is the probability of that break in the rains in July and August which is so important for the crops. They also foretell the general character of the winter monsoon, but they find it difficult to prophesy when the rainy season will come to an end, although its early termination, being fatal to some crops, may result in a famine.

In the temperate zone, where weather is much more governed by the conflicts between the great equatorial and polar currents of air than by the steady flow of these currents themselves, no such forecasts could be issued. And yet, under certain special conditions—namely, in the Pacific North-West of Northern America—a rather successful attempt in this direction has lately been made by Mr. Pague, the forecast official at Portland, in Oregon. His predictions are issued in the spring for the coming summer, and in the autumn for the coming winter; not at settled dates, but as soon as the summer or the winter type of weather definitely sets in. Last year the summer type of weather made its first appearance very late in the season—namely, on the 7th of July—and it was only at that date

that the summer forecast was issued. A steady dry weather and a succession of repeated short cycles of cool and hot days, with sprinkles of rain at the time of the changes, and occasional thunderstorms following the hot days, were predicted quite successfully.¹⁸

In the maritime portions of the temperate zone, and especially in Europe, weather prediction becomes a still more complicated problem. Even if we had regular observations, all the year round, of the surface temperatures of the Gulf Stream and the North Sea, we could only gather some broad hints as to the aspects of the coming seasons.¹⁹ However, even under such difficulties the genius of man finds an outcome. A careful study of thousands of weather charts has enabled Abercromby and Bebbert to discriminate in Europe five distinct types and five sub-types of weather which have the tendency to prevail at certain seasons, to be maintained for several days in succession, and to be followed, each of them, by some other type of weather in preference to all others. Taking as an instance the type which Abercromby described as the "western type of weather," if the forecaster sees it coming he is enabled to foretell with great probability that for the next three or four days there will be an elongated region of high pressure stretching from the West Indies to Vienna, with rapidly decreasing pressures towards the north. Broken weather—cool in summer and warm in winter—will be the consequence. Then—supposing we are in summer—when a change of weather comes there will again be a great probability of the "central type" of Bebbert

¹⁸ Monthly Weather Review, June, 1898.

¹⁹ Very interesting researches have been made in this direction by Otto Petterson, who has shown the close connection between the surface temperatures of the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea and the distribution of the daily isobars. (Ueber die Beziehung zwischen hydrographischen und meteorologischen Phänomenen, in *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, xiii. 1896, p.

285.) They have been continued with a decided success on the Gulf Stream by Dr. W. Meinardus, who shows that the surface temperatures of the Gulf Stream at the coasts of Norway in early winter are an indication as to the temperatures which will prevail in late winter and early spring in middle Europe (*Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau* xii. 1897, p. 106, and xiii. 1898, p. 200).

following the western. That means that all over Europe the pressure will be high during the next four or five days, attaining its maximum in middle Germany; from that region winds will blow outwards with great regularity, a blue sky will shine, there will be little rain, and the temperature, low in the mornings, will be above the average in the afternoons.

Of course all these are mere probabilities; but nevertheless the advantage of knowing these types of weather and their probable sequences is manifest. When one type has set in it lasts for days; if it has been broken for a day or two, and has returned, it will persist only the longer after the break, and the coming changes and their direction may be foreseen a few days in advance, if account be taken of the above-mentioned periodicities and especially if the movement in the higher strata of the atmosphere have been taken notice of by means of cloud observations or of balloons and kites. In fact, some modest attempts at forecasting weath-

er a few days ahead are already made, and we find them, in the shape of hints, at the end of the daily meteorological summaries of weather.

To make these provisions more secure, one thing is, however, of first necessity. It is the knowledge of how the great circulation of the atmosphere goes on at a given moment, and this knowledge can only be gained by regularly exploring the higher strata of the atmosphere. A beginning of this is being made by means of meteorological stations that are planted in every civilized country of the world on the tops of some mountains, by means of cloud observations, of international balloon ascents carried out at regular intervals, and especially by means of kites provided with meteorological instruments, which have lately been brought to a very high degree of perfection in America at the Blue Hill Observatory. But these high-level investigations are so full of interesting and instructive results that they must be analyzed separately.

The Nineteenth Century.

P. Kropotkin.

ELUSIVE NATURE.

The daisy droops upon its stem,
A glow is on the grass,
I cannot touch her healing hem,
And yet I feel her pass.

Still, like a summer wind that streams
Over the fields unmown;
Sowing the golden dust of dreams,
She passes and is gone.

With stately joy each herb receives
The influence which is hers,
The poplar shakes a thousand leaves,
The water-lily stirs.

The bending willow whispers low,
 Till wave and whisper meet;
 The very river seems to flow
 In song beneath her feet.

And yet, and yet, I am so blind,
 I only feel her wings,
 And deep within my troubled mind
 The tranquil heart of things.

The Spectator.

WITH THE CAMEL-POST TO DAMASCUS.

When I saw Moussa I understood what the American Consul meant when he spoke of a driver's face. I had called on the Consul a few days before with Khaled, the camel-dealer, who supplies the Turkish post with dromedaries for the journey between Baghdad and Damascus. At the time I was under the impression that Khaled was to accompany me across the desert; but the Consul knew better. "That is not a driver's face," he said.

Now Moussa's was unquestionably a driver's face. It was like an old coffee-colored parchment. The heavy brow was furrowed and pitted with years of exposure to the fiery heat of August and the fierce cold of January nights in the Syrian desert; the grizzled hair of his cheeks matted his face almost to the eyes; his beard might have been a sprig of withered tamarisk bush; his eyes, neither expectant nor reminiscent, infinitely patient, infinitely resigned, were cast from long habit on the skyline. Moussa and the camel are inseparably connected in my memory. When I used to wake in the desert from dreaming of some English garden or crowded city, I would peer out of my sheepskins to see the camel's arched neck framing a starry ring of sky with head posed so motionless that were it not for a slight twitching of the mouth you would think the patient beast asleep. My thoughts turned instinc-

tively to Moussa. The old man would be nursing his beaked coffee-pot over the scanty embers of a thorn-bush fire, as patient as fate. He looked like one who had been devoted from his youth to a great trust in which his life centered. I cannot remember ever having seen Moussa or the camel asleep. Moussa never looked quite comfortable when out of the saddle; the jogging swing of the camel was second nature to him, and I have no doubt that he would have suffered extreme discomfort in an easy chair. The old man was plainly clad in long black boots, a very dilapidated, weather-worn sheepskin cloak, and a brown hood clasped with a simple black *aagal*;¹ all of which seemed quite insufficient against the icy winds that after sunset sweep across the desert from Lebanon. Relics of brass buttons and an edging of red braid revealed that there had been some pretence of a uniform. As might be expected, his figure was slightly bent, and his gait a rather difficult shambling; but he never lost his peculiar Arab dignity, which was heightened perhaps by the burden of his trust and the memory of that longer journey of his youth to the prophet's tomb at Mecca. At least such were my impressions of Haji Moussa, the old man who, in Oriental parlance, was my father

¹ A cord of wool or goat-hair worn round the head to secure the turban.

and my mother during the long ride over the desert from Baghdad to Damascus. I obeyed him in all things implicitly, as one does the captain of a ship. His attitude was paternal enough to make me feel a child again and wonder if I had been good at the end of each day. Life in the desert with Moussa was so new and unaccustomed.

We left Baghdad one morning early in January, much the coldest time of the year in the valleys of Mesopotamia. The puddles in the lanes which led out of the city wore a thin coat of ice, and there was hoar frost on the ground. To protect myself against the cold, as well as to disguise my European identity, I had purchased a heavy sheepskin coat in the Baghdad bazaars, and wore over my deer-stalking cap a Bedouin turban fastened with the customary black *aagal*. When one has passed beyond the Euphrates valley into the lawless Bedouin country, the precaution is very necessary, though in my case it proved ineffectual.

We started without the post. It was to follow in the evening and pick us up before we reached Hitt on the Euphrates, whence we struck off into the desert of Palmyra. We travelled very slowly that first day, and an hour before sunset we turned off the track to some shepherds' huts on the left, where Moussa was warmly welcomed. Moussa laid my quilt between the camel-bags on the leeward side of a low thorn fence which sheltered the Arabs' rude goat-hair tents. I was not a little surprised to find that he intended to sleep here, though I expected to be roused every minute. In the middle of the night a little twelve-hand rat of a pony arrived, panting and neighing, laden with the mails and a second postman, and escorted by two Zaptiehs, privates of the Turkish military police. In my imaginings I had pictured the famous post, half a score of men splendidly mount-

ed, galloping across country with the mails, attended by a large escort, relays every twenty miles up to the Euphrates, then a hurried transfer to the fast-trotting dromedaries ready harnessed on the further bank, and the terrible, ceaseless ride of eight days and nights over the parched desert of Damascus. The reality fell ludicrously short of my dreams. For two days this poor little spent pony struggled in our wake, and we made short stages, travelling slowly to enable it to keep up with us. I used to sit on the mails to drink my coffee, and when the bags gaped too ominously, Moussa would patch them up with his darning needle.

It was not until the fourth morning after leaving Baghdad that we first sighted Hitt. We spent half a day there. Then the ride began in earnest, and I found that all the difficulties of the way were crowded into that forced march over the Palmyra desert; and the motive of this furious haste and the consequent hardships and fatigue of the journey was not to expedite the post, as I had imagined, but, for the sake of man and camel, to curtail so far as possible the passage of the inhospitable wilderness between the Euphrates valley and the mountains of Anti-Lebanon. When we reached the first pasturage of Syria by the village of Doumeir, Moussa became more dilatory than ever. The conveyance of the mails seemed to cause him no anxiety. For my own part I was glad of these delays, as the slow camel-riding had given me an acute pain in the small of my back. One gets used to the motion in time, when the muscles are hardened and accustomed, but it was a great relief to become inured to it gradually. It was also very pleasant to sit round the fire with Moussa's friends, smoking and drinking coffee, listening to their chaff and trying to understand it. The *feringhi* was often the theme of conversation; though there was none

of the rude and inquisitive scrutiny of person and paraphernalia which is so annoying in the further East. The simple shepherd-folk were perfect gentlemen, courteous, dignified, hospitable, independent. Moussa was evidently a great favorite and well-known to wayfarer and *fellaheen*. After the evening meal of rice, dates and *khobes*,^{*} the strong coffee and the strong tobacco and the fatigues of the day would have their effect, and I would lie back in my sheepskin and warm Persian quilt and listen to the talk, until the forms by the fire became more indistinct, the strange voices more meaningless, and the two camels, who seemed to watch over us all, more and more unreal. When I woke in the night there they were still, their black eyes fixed above us and beyond us on the starry skyline, patient, motionless, expressionless, unintelligent, unintelligible as the Sphinx. I remember but one lapse from this impassiveness born of the desert. One night as I was making my bed my poor beast, suffering from days of hunger and thirst, swung his head round, detached my pillow and began demurely to chew it. Moussa spoke a few plain words, reproachfully, as an elder brother might, and gently took the pillow away.

On the morning of the fourth day, on the summit of a sandhill, we first sighted Hitt. In the far distance wreaths of dense, black smoke issuing from the vicinity of a lofty, chimney-like tower offered the incongruous suggestion of a manufacturing town in the Midlands. Instinctively we drove our camels on at a fast trot, until the little post-pony became a diminutive dot in our rear. As we approached nearer, Hitt revealed itself, a walled city built on a low hill, with its rows of serried housetops giving it the appearance of

one huge battlemented fortress dominated by a single towering minaret; for the chimney proved a minaret, and the smoke rose from the bitumen-wells outside the city. We had to wait our time on the Euphrates bank, while the great oblong ferry-boats plied across the stream, heavily laden with flocks of sheep and goats and asses. The scene by the river-bank suggested a people in migration; horses were neighing, asses braying, camels gurgling, sheep bleating, and herdsmen shouting. In this medley Moussa was hailed by many acquaintances. The old man was so respected that we had no occasion to wait our turn. So soon as we could persuade the kicking, struggling, protesting camels to embark, the post was added to our burden and we took leave of my friend, the belated carrier of mails.

A few minutes after noon we were entering Hitt by the north gate. The little city is so compact that you would think there was not possibly room for a camel; the butt of Moussa's old blunderbuss, which was packed securely underneath the camel-bags, rattled against the wall as we ascended the street, and the bags jammed uncomfortably at the corners. We drew up in a narrow, tortuous alley at the house of one of Moussa's friends. A room was cleared for me and a fire lit on the floor. It was the only occasion that we slept under a roof. I would have much preferred the open desert; for our quarters, though no doubt the cleanest in the city, compared unfavorably with any old disused limekiln or ruined caravanseral. Luckily it was not the season for vermin.

Hitt is the dirtiest, unsavoriest, sleepiest and most biblical-looking city I have ever seen. There is hardly breathing-room in the narrow winding alleys that run down to the river-bank. One has to edge along the walls to avoid the contamination of the open sewers

^{*} Bread generally made by kneading a cake of dough on the convex surface of a metal plate heated over the fire.

of the street, which poison the air the year through, until an occasional winter shower washes the noisome filth and offal into the river where the women go to fill their pitchers. The houses are dark and windowless, unrelieved by the picturesque gables which lend their charm to the purlieus of Baghdad and Damascus. Where doors are opened to admit the impurer air of the streets, one catches a glimpse sometimes of families stabled together in rooms half choked with smoke, chimneyless except for the insufficient aperture in the roof. The most astonishing feature of the place is that the streets show traces of having once been paved with bitumen. The mystery of these incredible evidences of a past civilization is explained by the wells outside the south gate, whose dense fumes, when the wind blows from that quarter, envelop the city in a suffocating cloud, which must act as a wholesome disinfectant. Thus, no doubt, is the city saved from the ravages of disease. It is a relief to follow the continuous stream of half-veiled women, who glide noiselessly down the street to the Euphrates bank. The river is dammed in the centre to direct the current against the huge, unwieldy water-wheels, which revolve slowly in the arches of great stone-work piers built half across the stream. The water is caught in small earthen jars attached to the palm-leaf flanges and emptied into an elevated drain which is distributed in a thousand little runnels over the palm-gardens. I have seen water-wheels in Cambodia constructed on identically the same plan. Many of the piers are ruined and unrepared, and the huge, creaking frames, doomed to pursue unceasingly their purposeless revolutions, add vastly to the quaint picturesqueness of a scene strikingly characteristic of Oriental ineptitude, and eloquent of the pathetic aimlessness of a people crusted with the conservatism of cen-

turies. North and south the city is fringed with palm-gardens, now suffused with the soft, violet haze of sunset; eastward lies the Euphrates, and westward stretch the interminable solitudes of the Palmyra desert. There lies my path. As I ascend the winding street to Moussa's lodging, I am seized with a burning eagerness to be on the road, to explore the best and worst of the desert, and to become inured to its hardships as quickly as I may. The twelve hours' stay in this walled city was very galling. I hated this enforced dallying on the brink; but the custom of the East is obdurate.

It was with a feeling of awe that I led my camel down the street the next morning in the chill gray before dawn. Neither Moussa nor I spoke a word. We mounted silently and urged our camels at once into a fast trot. Looking back I saw Hitt haloed by the glory of the rising sun. Thick clouds hung over it, flecked with fire like the skirts of smoke above a great conflagration. Then the track dipped down into a hollow and we passed between low sandhills on either side, left the last palm-fringed village to the north, and rode contentedly into the illimitable desolation beyond. The sense of the desert was upon me, the embracing, soothing spirit of unconfinedness, as we rode on to woo the solitude and peace of those boundless wastes, too real, too awful for monotony.

We made a halt at sundown to cook rice for the evening meal; then on again into the darkness. After sunset we used to rein into a walk, the camel's most uncomfortable pace, and Moussa would take my rein, guiding himself by the stars through these dark, moonless nights. By some mysterious instinct he kept the beasts to the track. Hour after hour we rode on, until time seemed an eternity; a cold breeze swept the desert, and in spite of my wrappings and sheepskin the wind bit icily.

After several hours I became half numbed and unconscious, until I fancied myself swimming at sea, breasting the billows of an illimitable ocean; then again I was a boat in tow, as with every swinging step of my camel a little wave of wind broke against my face and chilled me to the bone. I would wake myself with an effort from this unhealthy state of torpor, for it was a long drop from the saddle to the ground, and in the desert a broken limb is little short of death. So we rode on silently, speechlessly, threading the darkness of the night, until I felt my beast stop, just as a boat grazes the welcome shore, and Moussa was alongside of me, with quaint sounds bidding the beasts kneel. The bliss of that moment was unspeakable. Then we built our house, the bags to windward of us, the warm wall of a camel on either side; and above us the stars. But still in my half-consciousness I was being propelled against the resistless waves, and for weeks an imponderable presence was driving me on over that desert sea to Scham, haunting my sleep and interpenetrating my dreams.

It was on the second day after leaving Hitt that we fell in with the Bedouin. We had marked the low black tents of an encampment the evening before, far on the northern horizon, and early that morning we had met two men on the track, who must have taken word to the Sheikh that there was a *feringhi* with the post. We had been riding for some hours, and it must have been nearly noon when I noticed that Moussa was beckoning to me and pointing over his back. I turned and saw some dim objects bearing down upon us from the horizon. As I drew my camel closer up to his, Moussa whispered hoarsely, "Bedou, Bedou!" and placing a finger on his lip he drew the wrist of his right hand ominously across his throat, grimly indicative of

our possible fate if I said a word or showed any resistance. They were on us in an instant. Two ruffianly-looking men leapt from the first camel and seized our reins, motioning to us to dismount. They immediately began rifling our bags. The second camel brought two more on the scene, better featured and of more dignified bearing than the first. A third followed, and its rider, an altogether superior-looking man, evidently the Sheikh of the tribe, greeted us with the customary *Salaam Aleikoum*. The contrast between him and his followers was very marked. It was hard to believe that they were of the same race; for I have seldom seen two more villainous, murderous-looking ruffians than our first assailants. As the Sheikh rode up they ceased ransacking the camel-bags and began gorging themselves on a bag of dates and *khobes*, which they devoured rapaciously.

During this scene Moussa began to busy himself with lighting a fire and boiling coffee. He affected the attitude of a host, resigning himself graciously to the entertainment of importunate guests. Meanwhile I had been engaged in examining the Bedouins' property, which comprised a rifle by an English maker, with Martini-Henri action, sighted up to five thousand yards, a rather antiquated Snider, and a hare which had been caught in a noose. Neither of the rifles was loaded; they travel light, these Bedouin, and ride hard. On the arrival of the Sheikh I thought it best to assume indifference, so joining the group by the fire I passed round my tobacco-pouch and smoked the pipe of peace, too polite and considerate to object to the entertainment of Moussa's friends. The conversation naturally turned on myself. Moussa told them that I had come to Basra from over the sea and was bound for Stamboul. When they asked if I could speak Arabic, he replied that I only knew the words for hot water and

Damascus, which was untrue; I owe Moussa a grudge for that speech, but it raised a laugh. I had never seen the old man so jocular. As he ejaculated the word for hot water he nudged me and kicked the kettle with his foot, then pointing along the track to Damascus, he muttered the words "Scham, Scham," whereat the Bedouin laughed more than ever, which was not reassuring. I left Moussa to play the cards; he was a good actor and knew his audience. I smiled unintelligently at his jest, pretending not to understand a word. Moussa's voice was always a mild protest, but now it seemed more gently protesting than ever; as I looked at him he seemed to me to become more aged and reverent, almost pathetic in his confidence and trustfulness in the goodness of human nature and of Bedouin nature in particular. I felt that the Sheikh wished himself well out of the business when Moussa handed him the coffee. I even began to have hopes that our acting might prove a reality, and that, owing to Moussa's tact, we, the tolerant hosts, might be allowed to go on our way after parting amicably from our uninvited guests. But soon the conversation took dangerous ground. It was a question of toll; Moussa was explaining to them about my letter of credit, and they were incredulous or pretended to be so. They demanded ransom; Moussa protested; they insisted. Their voices grew higher and more menacing; but Moussa bowed his head sadly and I knew that he was saying: "The *feringhi* has got no money. How can I give you gold?" Then at a sign from the Sheikh one of his rascally followers mounted my camel and rode off. The others followed, and Moussa and I were left alone. As the Bedouin rode away, to use the words of a certain war-correspondent, I wished that I had never seen a camel, nor the desert, nor the light of day.

We piled the mails and all our kit on the back of one laden dromedary, and started walking, very dejectedly and disconsolately, back towards Baghdad. I led the camel, and the old man shambled behind. He spoke but one word, "Bahgdad," dwelling on the guttural with such a bitter deep-drawn sigh, that I remember wondering at the time how anybody could dream of spelling the word without the *h*.

The Bedouin rode on ahead, and in less than an hour's time they had disappeared into the horizon towards the encampment we had marked the night before. I felt that we had not seen the last of them. It was a dismal procession, Moussa and I and the camel. The old man walked with difficulty, but after a while I persuaded him to mount. My mind was chiefly occupied in calculating how many days it would take us to reach Hitt, and in picturing the ignominious return to Baghdad. I dreaded more than anything the insincere condolences of all the people who could say, "I told you so;" the bitterest part of all was that they really had told me so. If the Bedouin were trying to force my hand they had succeeded, for I would have given them all my possessions then, if they would only give me back the camel, with just enough food to take me through to Damascus, and clothes enough to prevent me from perishing with cold on the way. I knew that the Turkish Government subsidized the sheikhs of the tribes to allow the post an unmolested passage through their country. That is why the mails are entrusted to a single old man. An escort would be useless against such odds; or at least any escort whose expenses would not be unreasonably disproportionate to the end in view. The Bedouin know this. Their security is unassailable; they may plunder and pillage, but no vengeance can overtake them. The Turkish Government does not hold itself

responsible for any chance wayfarer who may accompany the post, and they would never attempt to send a punitive force into the desert. The only way in which they can avenge an outrage is by seizing any member of a suspected tribe who may venture near Hitt or Damascus to purchase camp-necessaries in the bazaars; but that is a very slight hold, as these nomad people might be hundreds of miles away before news of an outrage could reach the Turkish authorities in Baghdad. After all, the only protection one has in the desert is the good nature of the Bedouin themselves. The worst of them will generally leave a traveller enough food to carry him to the nearest place of safety. They have been known to take a good dromedary and give in exchange an inferior beast of their own; in Damascus there is a story of a traveller who arrived in his shirt, but it is several years since a European has accompanied the post. The Bedouin of the Palmyra desert will never kill unless resistance is shown. I was warned of this, and had hidden my revolver in the very bottom of my portmanteau. Moussa carried a useless old blunderbuss through the safe and populous valley of the Euphrates, but having no wish to present it to the Bedouin he left it behind at Hitt. The old man proved my salvation, as I am going to tell.

We had been walking the best part of two hours when we sighted the Bedouin again on our left. They had dismounted by a small pool of water, and as we drew nearer they called out to us to join them. I was for going on, but Haji Moussa decreed otherwise, and I obeyed him in all things. Up to this moment I had felt little anxiety for my personal safety. I had expected to be searched and robbed, perhaps even to be stripped to the shirt, but I felt confident that I need fear no violence if I kept a cool head and a con-

trol over my temper; but as we approached the Bedouin a second time it occurred to me that they might have held counsel together and decided that, since they had stolen one valuable dromedary, it might be better to provide against news of the incident reaching Baghdad. The situation was a little difficult. We formed another ring, but this time there was no fire, nor coffee, nor play-acting. Moussa was protesting, expostulating, entreating. He told them that the camel was his own, that he was a poor old man and a *haji*, and that the *feringhi* had no money. During this scene he concealed in his mouth two English sovereigns, which I had given him when we first sighted the Bedouin; it was all the money I carried. Meanwhile I listened as before, an interested and unintelligent spectator. I could see that Moussa was convincing the Sheikh about my letter of credit. The Sheikh's manner reassured me; and the disappointed, baffled expression of his two sinister-looking dependents reassured me still more. The two others who completed the group were of the same type as the Sheikh, and seemed to reflect his every mood, which was also reassuring. At last my two portmanteaus and bag were brought forward and searched. The Sheikh presided with scrupulous politeness, for all the world like an officer in the Marseilles custom-house. He passed his hand lightly over everything, taking care not to disarrange the packing. All my European kit, dress-clothes, shirts, collars, ties, and articles of toilet were passed, and my revolver escaped notice at the bottom of the bag. I was travelling very light. The Sheikh appropriated an Arab turban cloth, but he was much too considerate to deprive me of any articles of European fashion; he had no hankering after curiosities. The provisions were calculated and apportioned; his men fell on their share rapaciously, like

dogs; and then we were allowed enough to continue on our way. But which was our way? That was the question I was burning to answer; the weary trudge on foot to Hitt and the ignominy of the return by caravan road to Baghdad, or the long desert ride to Damascus, the now almost impossible goal of my desires? I was not held long in doubt. The Sheikh with a wave of his hand signified that the inspection was over. Moussa loaded both camels and motioned me to mount; then with a *Salaam Aleikoum* he bade the Bedouin godspeed, and turned his camel's head to Damascus. At the same moment the Bedouin mounted and rode away in the opposite direction. They had tried to force my hand, and found that I held no cards.

As we rode on Moussa lifted his open palms to Allah and laughed. There was no merriment in the sound; it was rather the laugh of a man whose smiles mark epochs in his existence. For a moment his face was transfigured; the brows lifted, the white teeth flashed a revelation and closed; it was like the opening and shutting of a prophetic book.

So we rode on side by side to Damascus, over the boundless desolation; bleak, undulating plain and rocky ravine, barren sandhills and interminable stretches of yellow, brown, and gray,

gray, brown, and yellow. Sometimes a startled hare would cross our path, or a flock of desert wheatear; but often we would ride on for hours, spanning horizon after horizon without view of living thing, through tracts too starved and desolate to lend a niggard sustenance to the scant thorn-bush. We were riding in the early morning when the sun rose, and the brown earth glowed beneath us, a burnished plain, and a thousand little spearheads glistened and glistened as they caught the rays. We were riding through the day, and at sunset when the violet screen faded in the west, and through the long hours of night until the seventh star of the Plough had climbed high above the skyline. So we rode on for six days after the Bedouin left us, only halting an hour for our morning and evening meal, and six hours at night to snatch a welcome sleep; until one morning I woke to find the mountains of Damascus heaped around us, and to hear in the distance the tinkle of a sheep-bell. Then we urged on our spent camels to the Arab paradise of Scham. The sense of life grew upon us slowly; but when our hearts were warmed by the surprise of the first tree, and the unimaginable delight of fresh, green grass and flowers and running water, Moussa broke into song; and I wondered, for these things were miracles in my eyes.

Edmund Candler.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THEN AND NOW.—THE NORTH DOWNS, 1899.

Have you not heard of the road that we long ago travell'd
with Chaucer,

Here on the Pilgrim's Way, spanning the length of the
Downs?

Have you not seen these yews, still green in their sæcular
glory,

Marking the course of the route—older than Edward the
Third?

Well, we are with them now, on the height that faces St.
Martha's,

Thus on a summer eve watching the sunset awhile;
Watching the golden moon, as she rises afar to the eastward,
Over the Silent Pool, over the hollows of Shere.

Look toward the crest of the hills, to the south, where breezes
of ocean

Blow from the Sussex Weald, savoring still of the sea;
Look to the north, far down, where sheep-bells heard in the
valley

Tell of an order'd peace, safe in some sheltering farm:
Yes, 'tis a noble view! But more than the beauty of Nature,
More than the things we see, lives in this quiet around;
Years that are gone long ago, and centuries dead and de-
parted,

Rise through our searching souls into their places again.
Ah, what a long, long line of lofty and storied emotion
Glow through those gaunt old trees, out of a far-away
world!

Surely we once heard Mass, even we, in that grand gray
chapel?

Surely we rode past here, sauntering on to the shrine?
Surely we went in array from the "Tabard" with bluff Harry
Bailey,

Laughing and loitering on, right to the banks of the Stour?
Yes, we have done all that; content with an outward devotion,
Kissing the sacred bones, offering jewels and gold;
Then, with a sigh of relief, with a boyish and airy enjoyment,
Cantering gaily away, happy and shriven, and whole.

But—what is this? We are here, with another century closing,

Here on the height once more: this is a Pilgrimage too!
For we are moving along, not leisurely now, nor together,
But with our hot fierce hearts hurried and hostile and hard:
Pilgrims—and where is the shrine, the ultimate goal of our
journey?

Where is our place of rest? Where is the saint we adore?
Not on the banks of Stour, for the tomb of Æ Becket is wasted;

Gone are the sacred bones, gone are the jewels and gold:
Gone? Aye, and well may they go! We are not now boys,
to revere them;

We are mature sad men, born to an elderly age;

Struggling and stumbling along, with fervid frantic en-
deavor,

Each in his own wild way seeking a shrine of his own.

Fools! When the thing we seek needs never a journey to
find it;

Fools! When the pearl of price gleams at our own fireside;
Fools, when the God of our health is as ready as ever to
guide us,

Still in the same old words telling us what to adore!

For He is with us now: in the simpler creed of St. Martha's,
Or in the open air, vibrating yet to His word;

With us, around and above; in the snows and the tempests
of winter,

And when the greening turf brightens and blooms into spring:

And in the summer days, in the lovelier leafage of autumn;

And in His own still voice, everywhere calling us Home.

The Spectator.

Arthur Munby.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE BODY.

In a discussion of this question the first necessity, of course, is as clear an understanding as may be of the meaning of the terms which we are to use, and especially of that of our central concept, disease. I say advisedly "as clear as may be," for the idea is one of notoriously difficult definition, and the attempts that have been made at it are for the most part more or less self-confessed failures. The one thing which seems to be made clear by a study of these is that the concept is in no sense an essential one, but purely relative; that the essence of disease consists, not in either the kind or the degree of the process concerned, but only in its relations to the general balance of activities of the organism, to its "resulting in discomfort, inefficiency, or danger," as one of our best-known definitions has it. Disease, then, is not absolute, but purely relative; there is no single tissue-change, no group even of changes or of symptoms, of which we can say, "this is essentially morbid, this is everywhere and at all times disease." Our attainment of any clear view of the essential nature of disease was for a long time hindered, and is even still to some degree clogged, by the standpoint from which we necessarily approached and still approach it, not for the study of the disease itself, but for the relief of its urgent symptoms.

Disease presents itself as an enemy to attack, in the concrete form of a patient to be cured, and our best efforts were for centuries almost wasted in blind, and often irrational, attempts to remove symptoms in the shortest possible time, with the most powerful remedies at our disposal, often without any adequate knowledge whatever of the nature of the underlying condition whose symptoms we were combating, or any suspicion that these might be Nature's means of relief, or that "happily we should be found to fight against God." There was sadly too much truth in Voltaire's bitter sneer, "Doctors pour drugs of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less," and I fear the sting has not entirely gone out of it even in this day of grace. And yet, relative and non-essential as all our definitions now recognize disease to be, it is far enough (God knows) from being a mere negative abstraction, a colorless "error by defect." It has a ghastly individuality and deadly concreteness, nay, even a vindictive aggressiveness, which have both fascinated and terrorized the imagination of the race in all ages. From the days of "the angel of the pestilence" to the coming of the famine and the fever as unbidden guests into the tent of Minnehaha; from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" to the plague that still

"stalks abroad" in even the prosaic columns of our daily press, there has been an irresistible impression, not merely of the positiveness, but even of the personality of disease. And no clear appreciation can possibly be had of our modern and rational conceptions of disease without at least a statement of the earlier conceptions growing out of this personifying tendency. Absurd as it may seem now, it was the legitimate ancestor of modern pathogeny, and still holds well-nigh undisputed sway over the popular mind, and much more than could be desired over that of the profession. The earliest conception of disease of which we have any record is, of course, the familiar "Demon Theory." This is simply a mental magnification of the painfully personal, and even vindictive, impression produced upon the mind of the savage by the ravages of disease. And certainly we of the profession would be the last to blame him for jumping to such a conclusion. Who that has seen a fellow-being quivering and chattering in the chill-stage of a pernicious malarial seizure, or tossing and raving in the delirium of fever, or threatening to rupture his muscles and burst his eyes from their sockets in the convulsions of tetanus or uræmia, can wonder for a moment that the impression instinctively arose in the untutored mind of the Ojibwa that the sufferer was actually in the grasp, and trying to escape from the clutch, of some malicious but invisible power? And from this conception the treatment logically followed. The spirits which possessed the patient, although invisible, were supposed to be of like passions with ourselves, and to be affected by very similar influences; hence dances, terrific noises, beatings and shakings of the unfortunate victim and the administration of bitter and nauseous messes with the hope of disgusting the demon with his quarters, were the chief rem-

edies resorted to. And while to-day such conceptions and their resultant methods are simply grounds for laughter, and we should probably resent the very suggestion that there was any connection whatever between the Demon Theory and our present practice, yet, unfortunately for our pride, the latter is not only the direct lineal, historic descendant of the former, but bears still abundant traces of its lowly origin. It will, of course, be admitted at once that the ancestors of our profession historically, the earliest physicians, were the priest, the Shaman, and the conjurer, who even to this day in certain tribes bear the suggestive name of "Medicine Men." Indeed, this grotesque individual was neither priest nor physician, but the common ancestor of both, and of the scientist as well. And, even if the history of this actual ancestry were unknown, there are scores of curious survivals in the medical practice of this century, even of to-day, which testify to the powerful influence of this conception.

The extraordinary and disgraceful prevalence of bleeding, scarcely fifty years ago, for instance; the murderous doses of calomel and other violent purges, the indiscriminate use of powerful emetics like tartar emetic and ipecac, the universal practice of starving or "reducing" fevers by a diet of slops, were all obvious survivals of the expulsion-of-the-demon theory of treatment. Their chief virtue lay in their violence and repulsiveness. Even to-day the tendency to regard mere bitterness or distastefulness as a medicinal property in itself has not entirely died out. This is the chief claim of quassia, gentian, calumba, and the "simple bitters" generally, to a place in our official lists of remedies. Even the great mineral-water fad, which continues to flourish so vigorously, owed its origin to the superstition that springs which bubbled or seethed were inhab-

ited by spirits (of which the "troubling of the waters" in the Pool of Bethesda is a familiar illustration). The bubble and (in both senses) "infernal" taste gave them their reputation, the abundant use of pure spring water both internally and externally works the cure, assisted by the mountain air of the "Bad," and we sapiently ascribe the credit to the salts. Nine-tenths of our cells are still submarine organisms, and water is our greatest panacea.

Then came the great "humoral" or "vital fluid" theory of disease, which ruled during the Middle Ages. According to this, all disease was due to the undue predominance in the body of one of the four great vital fluids—the bile, the blood, the nervous "fluid," and the lymph, and must be treated by administering the remedy which will get rid of or counteract the excess of the particular vital fluid in the system. The principal traces of this belief are the superstition of the four "temperaments," the bilious, the sanguine, the nervous, and the lymphatic, and our pet term "biliousness," so useful in explaining any obscure condition.

Last of all, in the fulness of time—and an incredibly late fulness it was—under the great pioneer Virchow, who still lives to witness its triumph, was developed the great cellular theory, a theory which has done more to put disease upon a rational basis, to substitute logic for fancy, and accurate reasoning for wild speculation, than almost any discovery since the dawn of history. Its keynote simply is, that every disturbance to which the body is liable can be ultimately traced to some disturbance or disease of the vital activities of the individual cells of which it is made up. The body is conceived of as a cell-state or cell-republic, composed of innumerable plastic citizens, and its government, both in health and disease, is emphatically a government "of the cells, by the cells, and for the

cells." At first these cell-units were regarded simply as geographic sections, as it were, sub-divisions of the tissues, bearing much the same relation to the whole body as the bricks of the wall do to the building, or, from a little broader view, as the Hessians of a given regiment to the entire army. They were merely the creatures of the organism as a whole, its servants who lived but to obey its commands and carry out its purposes, directed in purely arbitrary and despotic fashion by the lordly brain and nerve-ganglia, which again are directed by the mind, and that again by a still higher power. In fact, they were regarded as, so to speak, individuals without personality, mere slaves and helots under the ganglion-oligarchy which was controlled by the tyrant mind, and he but the mouthpiece of one of the Olympians. But time has changed all that, and already the triumphs of democracy have been as signal in biology as they have been in politics, and far more rapid. The sturdy little citizen-cells have steadily but surely fought their way to recognition as the controlling power of the entire body-politics, have forced the ganglion-oligarchy to admit that they are but delegates, and even the tyrant mind to concede that he rules by their sufferance alone. His power is mainly a veto, and even that may be overruled by the usual two-thirds vote. In fact, if we dared to presume to criticise this magnificent theory of disease, we would simply say that it is not "cellular" enough, that it hardly as yet sufficiently recognizes the individuality, the independence, the power of initiative of the single constituent cell. It is still a little too apt to assume, because a cell has donned a uniform and fallen into line with thousands of its fellows to form a tissue in most respects of somewhat lower rank than that originally possessed by it in its free condition, that it has therefore

surrendered all of its rights and become a mere thing, a lever or a cog in the great machine. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and I firmly believe that our clearest insight into and firmest grasp upon the problems of pathology will come from a recognition of the fact that, no matter how stereotyped, or toil-worn, or even degraded, the individual cells of any tissue may have become, they still retain most of the rights and privileges which they originally possessed in their free and untrammelled amoeboid stage, just as in the industrial community of the world about us. And, although their industry in behalf of and devotion to the welfare of the entire organism is ever to be relied upon, and almost pathetic in its intensity, yet it has its limits, and that when these have been transgressed they are as ready to "fight for their own hand," regardless of previous conventional allegiance, as ever were any of their ancestors on seashore or rivulet marge. And such rebellions are our most terrible disease-processes, cancer and sarcoma. More than this; while, perhaps, in the majority of cases the cell does yeoman service for the benefit of the body in consideration of the rations and fuel issued to it by the latter, yet in many cases we have the curlous, and at first sight almost humiliating, position of the cell absorbing and digesting whatever is brought to it, and only turning over the surplus or waste to the body. It would almost seem at times as if our lordly *Ego* was living upon the waste products or leavings of certain groups of its cells.

Let us take a brief glance at the various specializations and trade developments, so to speak, which have taken place in the different groups of cells, and see to what extent the profound modifications which many of them have undergone are consistent with their individuality and independence,

and also whether such specialization can be paralleled by actually separate and independent organisms existing in animal communities outside of the body. First of all, because farthest from the type and degraded to the lowest level, we find the great masses of tissue welded together by lime-salts, which form the foundation masses, leverage bars, and protection plates for the higher tissues of the body. Here the cells, in consideration of food, warmth, and protection guaranteed to themselves and their heirs for ever by the body-state, have, as it were, deliberately surrendered their rights of volition, of movement, and higher liberties generally, and transformed themselves into masses of inorganic material by soaking every thread of their tissues in lime-salts and burying themselves in a marble tomb. Like Esau, they have sold their birthright for a mess of "potash," and if such a class or caste could be invented in the external industrial community, the labor problem and the ever-occurring puzzle of the unemployed would be solved at once. And yet, petrified and mummified as they have become, they are still emphatically alive, and upon the preservation of a fair degree of vigor in them depends entirely the strength and resisting power of the mass in which they are embedded, and of which they form scarcely a third. Destroy the vitality of its cells, and the rocklike bone will waste away before the attack of the body-fluids like soft sandstone under the elements. Shatter it, or twist it out of place, and it will promptly repair itself, and to a remarkable degree resume its original directions and proportions.

So little is this form of change inconsistent with the preservation of individualism, that we actually find outside of the body an exactly similar process, occurring in individual and independent animals, in the familiar

drama of coral-building. The coral polyp saturates itself with the lime-salts of the sea-water, precisely as the bone-corpuscles with those of the blood and lymph, and thus protects itself in life and becomes the flying buttress of a continent in death.

In the familiar connective-tissue, or "binding-stuff," we find a process similar in kind but differing in the degree, so to speak, of its degradation.

The quivering responsiveness of the protoplasm of the amoeboid ancestral cell has transformed itself into tough, stringy bands and webs for the purpose of binding together the more delicate tissues of the body. It has retained more of its rights and privileges, and consequently possesses a greater amount of both biological and pathological initiative. In many respects purely mechanical in its function, fastening the muscles to the bones, the bones to each other, giving toughness to the great skin sheet, and swinging in hammock-like mesh the precious brain-cell or potent liver-lobule, it still possesses and exercises for the benefit of the body considerable powers of discretion and aggressive vital action. Through its activity chiefly is carried out that miracle of human physiology, the process of repair. By the transformation of its protoplasm the surplus food-materials of the times of plenty are stored away within its cell-wall against the time of stress. Whatever emergency may arise, Nature, whatever other forces she may be unable to send to the rescue, can always depend upon the connective-tissues to meet it; and, of course, as everywhere the medal of honor has its reverse side, their power for evil is as distinguished as their power for good. From their ranks are recruited the whole army of those secessions from and rebellions against the body at large—the mesoblastic tumors, from the treacherous and deadly sarcoma, or "soft cancer," to the

harmless fatty tumor, as well as the tubercle, the gumma of syphilis, the interstitial fibrosis of Bright's disease. They are the sturdy farmers and ever ready "minute-men" of the cell-republic, and we find their prototype and parallel in the external world, both in material structure and degree of vitality, in the well-known sponge and its colonies.

Next in order, and, in fact, really forming a branch of the last, we find the great group of storage-tissues, the granaries or bankers of the body-politic, distinguished primarily, like the capitalist class elsewhere, by an inordinate appetite, not to say greed. They sweep into their interior all the food materials which are not absolutely necessary for the performance of the vital function of the other cells. These they form first into protoplasm, and then by a simple degenerative process it is transformed, "boiled down" as it were, into a yellow hydrocarbon which is capable of storage for practically an indefinite period. Not a very exalted function, and yet one of great importance to the welfare of the entire body, for, like the Jews of the Middle Ages, the fat-cells, possessing an extraordinary appetite for and faculty of acquiring surplus wealth in times of plenty, can easily be robbed of it and literally sucked dry in times of scarcity by any other body-cell which happens to need it, especially by the belligerent military class of muscle-cells. In fever or famine, fat is the first element of our body-mass to disappear; so that Proudhon would seem to have some biological basis for his demand for the *per capita* division of the fortunes of millionaires. And yet, rid the fat-cell of the weight of his sordid gains, gaunt him down, as it were, like a hound for the wolf trail, and he becomes at once an active and aggressive member of the binding-stuff group, ready for the repair of a wound or the barring out of

a tubercle-bacillus. And this form of specialization has also its parallel outside of the body in one of the classes in a community of Mexican ants, whose most distinguishing feature is an enormously distended œsophagus, capable of containing nearly double the weight of the entire remainder of the body. They are neither soldiers nor laborers, but accompany the latter in their honey-gathering excursions, and as the spoils are collected they are literally packed full of the sweets by the workers. When distended to their utmost capacity they fall apparently into a semi-comatose condition, are carried into the ant-hill, and hung up by the hind legs in a specially prepared chamber, in which (we trust) enjoyable position and state they are left until their contents are needed for the purpose of the community, when they are waked up, compelled to disgorge, and resume their ordinary life activities until the next season's honey-gathering begins. It scarcely need be pointed out what an unspeakable boon to the easily discouraged and unlucky the introduction of such a class as this into the human industrial community would be, especially if this method of storage could be employed for certain liquids.

Another most important class in the cell-community is the great group of the blood-corpuscles, which in some respects appear to maintain their independence and freedom to a greater degree than almost any other class which can be found in the body. While nearly all other cells have become packed or felted together so as to form a fixed and solid tissue, these still remain entirely free and unattached. They float at large in the blood-current, much as their original ancestor, the amœba, did in the water of the stagnant ditch. And, curiously enough, the less numerous of the two great classes, the white, or leucocytes, are in appearance, structure, pseudopodic movements, and even

method of engulfing food, almost exact replicas of their most primitive ancestor.

There is absolutely no apparent means of communication between the blood-corpuscles and the rest of the body, not even by the tiniest branch of the great nerve-telegraph system, and yet they are the most loyal and devoted class among all the citizens of the cell-republic.

The red ones lose their nuclei, their individuality, in order to become mere sponges capable of saturating themselves with oxygen and carrying it to the gasping tissues. The white are the great mounted police, the sanitary patrol of the body. The moment that the alarm of injury is sounded in a part, all the vessels leading to it dilate, and their channels are crowded by swarms of the red and white hurrying to the scene. The major part of the activity of the red cells can be accounted for by the mechanism of the heart and blood-vessels. They are simply thrown there by the handful and the shovelful, as it were, like so many pebbles or bits of chalk. But the behavior of the white cells goes far beyond this. Not only do all those normally circulating in the blood that is directed towards the injured part promptly stop and begin to scatter themselves through the underbrush and attack the foe at close quarters, but, as has been confirmed by Cabot's recent studies in leucocytosis, the moment that the red flag of fever is hoisted, or the inflammation alarm is sounded, the leucocytes come rushing out from their feeding-grounds in the tissue-interspaces, in the lymph-channels, in the great serous cavities, pour themselves into the blood-stream, like minute-men leaving the plough and thronging the highways leading towards the frontier fortress which has been attacked. Arrived at the spot, if there be little of the pomp and pageantry of war in their movements, their

devotion and heroism are simply unsurpassed anywhere, even in song and story. They never think of waiting for reinforcements or for orders from headquarters. They know only one thing, and that is to fight, and when the body has brought them to the spot it has done all that is needed, like the Turkish Government when once it has got its sturdy peasantry upon the battlefield: they have not even the sense to retreat. And whether they be present in tens or in scores, or in millions, each one hurls himself upon the toxin or bacillus which stands directly in front of him. If he can destroy the bacillus and survive, so much the better; but if not, he will simply overwhelm him by the weight of his body-mass, and be swept on through the blood-stream into the great body-sewers, with the still living bacillus literally buried in his dead body. Like Arnold Winkelried, he will gladly make his body a sheath for a score of the enemy's spears, if only his fellows can rush in through the gap he has made. And it makes no difference whatever if the first ten or hundred or thousand are instantly mowed down by the bacillus or its deadly toxins, the rear ranks sweep forward without an instant's hesitation and pour on in a living torrent, like the Zulu impi at Rorke's Drift, until the bacilli are battered down by the sheer impact of the bodies of their assailants, or smothered under the pile of their corpses. When this has happened, in the language of the old surgeon-philosophers, "suppuration is established" and the patient is saved. And the only thing that dims our vision to the heroism and the noble self-sacrifice of this drama is that it happens every day, and we term it prosaically "the process of repair," and expect it as a matter of course. Every wound-healing is worthy of an epic, if we would only look at it from the point of view of the citizens of our great cell-

republic. Our leucocytes are the true "unsung heroes" of history. And if we were to ask the question, "Upon what does their peculiar value to the body-politic depend?" we should, I think, find that it was largely the extent to which they retained their ancestral characteristics. They are born in the lymph-nodes, which are simply little islands of tissue of embryonic type, preserved in the body solely for the purpose of breeding this primitive type of cells. They are literally the Indian police, the scavengers, the Hibernians, as it were, of the entire body. They have the roving and fighting instincts of the savage. They cruise about continually through the waterways and marshes of the body, looking for trouble, and, like their Hibernian descendants, wherever they see a head they hit it. They are the incarnation of the fighting spirit of our ancestors, and if it were not for their retention of this characteristic in so high a degree, many classes of our fixed-cells would not have been able to subside into such burgher-like habits. Although even here, as we shall see, it is only a question of quickness of response, for while the first bands of the enemy may be held at bay by the leucocytes cavalry, and a light attack repelled by their skirmish-line, yet when it comes to the heavy fighting of a fever-invasion, it is the slow but substantial burgher-like fixed-cells of the body who form the real infantry masses of the campaign. And I personally believe that upon the proportional relation between these primitive and civilized cells of our body-politic will depend many of the singular differences, not only in degree but also in kind, in the immunity possessed by various individuals. While some surgeons and anatomists will show a temperature from the merest scratch, and yet either never develop any serious infection or display very high resisting power in the later stages; oth-

ers, again, will stand forty slight inoculations with absolute impunity, and yet, when once the leucocyte-barrier is broken down, will make apparently little resistance to a fatal systemic infection. And this, of course, is only one of a score of ways in which the leucocytes literally *pro patria moriuntur*. Our whole alimentary canal is continually patrolled by their squadrons, poured into it by the tonsils above and Peyer's patches below. If it were not for them we should probably be poisoned by the products of our own digestive processes, and it is only when the toxic processes taking place in the alimentary canal have gotten beyond the supply power of the patches of Peyer that we get the phenomena of that often fatal drama, typhoid fever.

If, then, the cells of the body-republic retain so much of their independence and individuality in health, does it not seem highly probable that they do also in disease? This is known to be the case already in many morbid processes, and their number is being added to every day. The normal activities of any cell carried to excess may constitute disease, by disturbing the balance of the organism. Nay, most disease-processes on careful examination are found to be at bottom vital, often normal to the cells concerned in them. The great normal divisions of labor are paralleled by the great processes of degeneration into fat, fibrous tissue, and bone or chalk. A vital chemical change which would be perfectly healthy in one tissue or organ, in another is fatal.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred any group of cells acts loyally in the interests of the body; once in a hun-

dred some group acts against them, and for its own, and disease is the result. There is a perpetual struggle for survival going on between the different tissues and organs of the body. Like all other free competition, as a rule, it inures enormously to the benefit of the body-whole. Exceptionally, however, it fails to do so, and behold disease. This struggle and turmoil is not only necessary to life—it is life. Out of the varying chances of its warfare is born that incessant ebb and flow of change, that inability to reach an equilibrium which we term "vitality." The course of life, like that of a flying express train, is not a perfectly straight line, but an oscillating series of concentric curves. Without these oscillations movement could not be. Exaggerate one of them unduly, or fail to rectify it by a rebound oscillation, and you have disease.

Or it is like the children's game of shuttlecock. So long as the flying shuttle keeps moving in its restless course to and fro, life is. A single stop is death. The very same blow which, rightly placed, sends it like an arrow to the safe centre of the opposing racket, if it fall obliquely, or even with too great or too little force, drives it perilously wide of its mark. It can only recover the safe track by a sudden and often violent lunge of the opposing racket. The straight course is life, the tangent disease, the saving lunge recovery.

One and the same force produces all.

In the millions of tiny blows dealt every minute in our body-battle, what wonder if some go wide of the mark!

Woods Hutchinson.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM APPLIED TO A MODERN INSTANCE.

In this note I endeavor to apply the critical principles with which we are familiar, when applied to "the Hexateuch," to a well-known ode of the poet Burns. I shall endeavor to show that it must have proceeded from at least two "sources," with a probable admixture by a third hand in the last stanza; which, after approved precedent, I venture to ascribe to a "compiler," who "appears to have introduced slight additions of his own." I shall distinguish the sources as B¹ and B², and the compiler as C. The ode consists of nine stanzas, and it will be seen at a glance that the principal line of demarcation falls after the fifth of these. The first five I assign to B¹, the next three unhesitatingly to B², while of the last I speak with more reserve, and leave to more curious and minute critics the question in what proportions it is to be divided between B² and C. I fear I shall hardly make my remarks intelligible without a transcript of the greater part of the poem, which, happily, is not long.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On Turning One Down with a Plough,
in April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' speckled breast.
When upward-springing, blithe, to
greet

The purpling east!

* * * * *
The flaunting flowers our gardens
yield,

High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histle stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

* * * * *

Above, each row of asterisks marks a stanza missed, and here the above "line of demarcation" occurs. I proceed to B², in four stanzas, the last modified by C:

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has
striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but hea-
ven
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's
fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's
weight,
Shall be thy doom.

In B¹ the dialect is the Scottish vernacular, in B² the classic English meets us. Their differences are far more strongly marked than those on account of which certain metrical pieces in the Old Testament, *e.g.*, the Song of Moses in Deut. xxxii., have been assigned to

a poet of Northern Israel. For here the differences include that of grammatical form, and that of vocabulary, as well as that of divergent mouldings of words common to both dialects. The most glaring instance of grammatical form is that of the third person singular of the verb in classic English being used for the second in Scotch. This occurs five times in the five stanzas of B¹—"Thou's [has] met," "Thou . . . adorns," and in the last two omitted stanzas, "Thou glinted forth," "Thou lifts," and "Thou lies." Contrast with these repeated instances the opposite one in the concluding stanzas, "Thou who mourn'st," for which B¹ would certainly have given "Thou that mourns." A different vocabulary is shown by the terms *stoure*, *weet*, *bield*; modified word-forms meet us in *maun*, *neebor*, *cauld*, *ica*, and in the easily recognized *amang*, *stane*, *alane*, *snawie*; while in the phrase, *the histic stibble-field*, we have an example of each of these two latter combined.

I have dwelt thus far on linguistic points. But the contrast in the thoughts presented is no less marked than that of language. Who does not see that pure physical objectivity characterizes B¹, while B² is marked by moral subjectivity and sentimental reflection? The former deals with rustic features which appeal directly and simply to the senses, like those of Mrs. Barbauld's "Ode to Spring." The latter exhibits in every stanza a new image of pathetic sadness. Moreover, the two differences correspond and confirm one another. The Northern dialect claims the physical realm as its own, and the Southern the ethical. That B¹ and B² "form two clearly definable independent sources is a conclusion that may be accepted without hesitation," since form and matter concur to establish it.

But, further, B¹ "is marked by a series of recurring features which are absent from the other," and in it "particular formulæ are repeated with great

frequency," considering the brevity of the work. Thus we have in stanza vi., "such is the fate of artless maid;" in vii. we have ditto repeated "of simple bard;" in viii., "such fate," with a slight variation, "to suffering worth;" while in ix., the variation from the norm, due, perhaps, as above suggested, to C, is greater, the phrase appearing as "*that* fate is thine," and being here transposed from the first to the second line of the stanza. Again, we have a precisely similar formulaic recurrence in the fifth line of every stanza in succession, "*Till* she, like thee, . . . *Till* billows rage, . . . *Till* wrenched of, . . . *Till* crushed beneath," &c. This love of formulaic iterancy is wholly absent from B¹, the "style" of which "is freer and more varied;" while these last four stanzas are "marked uniformly by the same distinctive and stereotyped phraseology" in each.

Yet more, B² exhibits a "distinctive and stereotyped" syntactic form otherwise. In every one of its stanzas except the last, the second and the third line form each a compound term *constructed in apposition to a simple term in the first line*, and yet not coupled to each other by any conjunction. To put it briefly, every such pair of lines forms opposed *asyndeta*. Thus to "ma'id" in stanza vi., line 1, is apposed "Sweet floweret of," &c., and again is apposed "by love's simplicity," &c. To "bard" in vii. 1 is apposed "On . . . luckless starred," and again is apposed "unskilful he," &c., where "he" virtually repeats the first term. Again, in viii. 1, "suffering worth" (a poetical abstraction for "a worthy man who suffers") has similarly attached to it its two following lines; and although helped by the relative "who," yet the effect is the same. Thus "sentences cast in the same type recur." From any such monotony of structure B¹ is wholly free; not to mention that such a poetical abstraction as that just noticed is wholly

foreign to his rustic muse. "Suffering worth" reminds us of Shakespeare's phrase "patient merit," and this suggests that the author had access to sources of culture to which that of B¹ was a stranger.

The compiler, whose hand we trace in the closing stanza, or else the poet of B², had evidently, in his apostrophe to himself, "Even thou who mourn'st," reproduced a trace of Gray's "Elegy" in the stanza which links it to the personality of the poet,

For thee, who mindful of the unhon-
ored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tales
relate, &c.

But he had forgotten that "thee" of the preceding stanzas is the daisy *itself*. Here then the hand of a compiler seems clearly betrayed. Of course we need not doubt that the poet of B² had B¹ before him, and adjusted a moral, or series of morals, to it; to which joint composition C put some finishing touches, and thus completed "the process by which the 'Ode to the Daisy' assumed its present shape."

To sum up, then, B¹ and B² are distinct from each other, as being products respectively of a Northern and a Southern dialect; and this affects their grammatical form, including that of the verb personal, the vocabulary, and the type of word-moulding. They are distinct also in respect of marked phraseological recurrences, which one exhibits freely, while from the other they are wholly absent. They are distinct in respect of syntactical arrangement, which in B¹ is free and varied, but in B² tends to fall into a fixed norm. And they are even more strongly contrasted, if possible, in respect of subject-matter, and the absence or presence of implied references to other

standard works. And "where," as in the case before us, "the differences are," in proportion to the very slight bulk of the whole, "at once *numerous, recurrent, and systematic*, they may be regarded as conclusive evidence that the compositions in which they occur are not the work of one and the same author."

But indeed we know from another poem in the same collection, in the same Northern dialect, and in the same metre, that B¹ could moralize, when the fit seized him, and that too without forsaking his native rustic tongue. I will quote a short sample only from the stanzas "To a Mouse," whose nest, it seems, had been stirred by the same ploughshare which tore up the daisy:

Thou saw' the field laid bare an' waste
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought' to dwell;
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble.
Now thou's turn'd' out for a' thy
trouble,

But' house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mouse, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!

Here, then, we trace the hand and style of B¹ throughout. Thus the argument from resemblance confirms that from difference; and both together lead us to an assured conviction that B¹ and B² are distinct and separate authors. In this last case, however, there is no

¹ These will be recognized as examples of the dialectic usage of the personal verb above referred to in the text.

² "But," in the Northern dialect is a preposition, "without."

B¹, and therefore no room for the work of C.

I venture, therefore, to express the *genesis* of the "Ode to the Daisies" by the formula B¹ plus B² plus B³ multiplied by C. The quotations in inverted commas, where not from the poem itself, are from the valuable article of Professor S. R. Driver on "Genesis,"² in his enumeration of the characteristics which distinguish the P of the critics from their J or JE. Where the phrases of so distinguished an authority were so apposite to the purpose, it would have been a mere affectation of originality to invent new ones. I am not aware that I have omitted any of the tests applied by him. I am not conscious of using them in any changed sense; or if any change there be, it is a change

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to a *fortiori*; for, *e.g.*, the difference between Scotch vernacular and classic English is greater than any amount of difference in style where the vernacular used is the same. Some may perhaps be led by the above to frame and apply a destructive hypothetical syllogism:—"If A is B, then C is D; but, if C be not D, then A is not B;" or, to clothe form with matter:—"If the method of the higher criticism is trustworthy, then the above Ode must be by more than one author." Any who have got thus far will be able to judge for themselves whether this consequent is to be admitted or denied, and to clinch the argument accordingly.

Canon Hayman.

² "Dict. of the Bible," 2nd ed., I. II. pp. 1140, foll.

THE POET CARE.

Care is a poet fine:
He works in shade or shine,
And leaves—you know his sign!—
No day without its line.

He writes with iron pen
Upon the brows of men;
Faint lines at first and then
He scores them in again. . . .

Then deeper script appears:
The furrows of dim fears,
The traces of old tears,
The tide-marks of the years.

To him, with sight made strong
By suffering and wrong,
The brows of all the throng
Are eloquent with song.

From At Dawn and Dusk.

Victor J. Daley.

UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

England, with her vast import trade, of all kinds of merchandise, from all parts of the world, receives from time to time a number of unbidden guests, some of whom have succeeded in making good their footing and have almost conquered for themselves the style and title of natives. Cockroaches are good examples. Everybody remembers Gilbert White's surprise when he found "an unusual insect" in one of his dark chimney closets, and his note thereupon to the effect that these insects—cockroaches by your leave—belonged originally to the warmer parts of America, whence they were conveyed by shipping to the East, "and by means of commerce begin to prevail in the more northern parts of Europe." With the single exception that the cockroach is now believed to have come from the East, White's note is strictly accurate. Since then four other species have come uninvited and established themselves as permanent residents. One reached us from America and settled in the Zoological gardens, Regent's Park. Like the frog it is a martyr to science; for the *corpora villa* of this species bring sterling coin to some of the keepers who supply biological teachers therewith for the use of their students. Australia sent another, which has made homes for itself in Cambridge, Kew, and Belfast. The small German species, which is not widely spread, is said to have been brought home from the Crimea in some of the troopships. And round the docks the gigantic "drummer" is often, and not improbably always, to be met with.

A dangerous guest that fortunately found safe quarters in the Reptile House of the Zoological gardens was once brought to Mr. Bartlett, who used to tell the story with great glee. A

sailor called at the office one day and asked for the Superintendent, who immediately saw him, and asked his business. The sailor had found a "sarpen" among some timber in the hold of a ship which was lying in one of the London docks after the voyage home from India, and had brought it to the Gardens as the most likely place to dispose of his find. "There's a beauty for you," he said, as he opened the mouth of an old rice bag which he held in his hand. Mr. Bartlett looked in and saw, to his amazement, a magnificent cobra with hood expanded, and apparently ready to strike. The sailor understood his look, and hastily closed the bag, while Mr. Bartlett fetched a large bell-glass, into which the snake was put and safely confined until it was transferred to a cage. The sailor told of another and larger snake he had seen in the hold; this he hoped to catch if he could find a customer. Mr. Bartlett promised to buy that also; but the man, who received some much-needed advice as to the danger of the undertaking, returned no more. There is a well-authenticated story from Liverpool of a fruiterer to whom a crate of melons had been delivered, and his assistants were about to unpack it, when the head of a small snake was seen protruding from the straw on the top. This proved to be a fine specimen of the Southern viper, which was gently "coaxed into a bottle by the aid of a stick," and it is said to have found a resting-place in the Liverpool Museum.

As one might expect, lizards turn up from time to time. They have been found in bananas, in which they have no doubt been imported. But it is not a pleasant dinner experience to find a lizard squatting between the layers as

one cuts a banana from the bunch. Yet such cases are recorded on unimpeachable authority. The lizard recently found in an American register-till by a London fruit merchant, and by him presented to the Zoological Society, must have had some strange experience. There is no possible doubt that the beast belongs to a species of which the English name is Delalande's Gecko, and which has its home in Western Africa and the Canaries. How came it in the till? Was the reptile imported into America, where it found its way into the machine, and so imported into England, as its finder believes? Or was it imported with fruit into this country, as many other lizards have been in the past, and, no doubt, will be in the future?

Some years ago the late James Payn made very amusing use of the fact that some centipedes had been imported with fruit. That was the bare incident as stated by the reporters. In Payn's story a large cask of pineapples had been sent by a grateful West Indian client to a London lawyer, who, after they had been delivered, returned from his office to find the house in charge of the police, his wife "very bad up-stairs," the maids screaming, and the rooms overrun with centipedes that had "come with them pineapples." No such fearsome monsters have established themselves in this country; but one species from Southern Europe has found a home in Scotland, having been introduced with old rags into a paper mill near Aberdeen. There the species is said to have bred freely and to have become quite established. A single specimen of another small species was found at Kew Gardens a few months ago—the first recorded as having been taken in this country. There can be no doubt that the little creature—it is not much over an inch long—was imported with plants.

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The zebra mussel is a native of the rivers of Southern Russia, whence it has been transported to many parts of northern Europe and to this country. In 1824 Sowerby took specimens in the Surrey Docks, to which it was probably brought with foreign timber. Since then it has found its way into many English rivers and canals, and probably into the reservoirs of water companies, for it has been met with in water pipes in Oxford Street, when taken up for repairs, and has been known to block pipes and cisterns in private houses.

Foreign beetles are among the unbidden guests, and they are far from welcome. Mr. Blandford has recorded a case of a species allied to the common bacon beetle that was imported into some soap works in a cargo of Indian bones.

Scaly bugs, or scale-insects, have been carried from country to country in warmer regions of the globe; but though they are often brought here with fruit—notably with bananas—they have never secured a footing. In California, where they had been introduced from Australia, they multiplied to such an extent as to threaten the ruin of the orange plantations. Various means were employed to get rid of the obnoxious visitors, but without success. At last experts were sent to find out the natural enemies of the pest. It was discovered that the larvae of a lady-bird preyed on them, just as the larvae of our native species prey upon aphides. No time was lost in procuring a supply of lady-birds, which increased and multiplied owing to the abundance of their prey. The experiment was eminently successful, and the obnoxious insects were soon kept in check, and in some parts exterminated. We may congratulate ourselves that hitherto none of our unbidden guests has been so harmful that we have had, in self-defence, to import its natural enemies to keep down its numbers.

A LITTLE MASTER OF ENGLISH.*

This little book in a blue cover should do much to make the writings of Samuel Rutherford better known to general readers. His works are loved by many; and by a few his "Letters" are, perhaps, still accounted "the most seraphic book in our literature." That was the praise they received when first published, and they still give out a most sweet savor. More than twenty-five editions of these "Letters" have appeared since 1664, the best being the one issued five years ago by Dr. Bonar. The slim volume before us is a selection from that edition, and we are tempted to string together a few of the radiant sentences in which it abounds.

For the sake of those who meet him for the first time, it will be well to premise that Samuel Rutherford was a Scottish minister in the age which gave us the Authorized Version of the Bible. He became minister of Anwoth, a small village in Kircudbrightshire, in 1627, and was so diligent a shepherd that they said of him: "He is *always* preaching, *always* visiting the sick, *always* catechising, *always* writing and studying." The more active of these employments were cut off by his banishment to Aberdeen in 1636. There he was free to move about among the people, but not to preach. The granite city was virtually his prison. One thing he could do: he could write letters to the saints of Anwoth and to his friends generally, and comfort them in the Lord. He could take pen and pour out his spiritual experiences. So he was *always* writing letters. He spilled his joys and sorrows upon paper; he gave comfort and sought it. Sometimes his joy makes his confinement a positive sweetness. "This prison," he writes, "is my banqueting house; I am handled softly and delicately as a dawted child." Again:

The smell of Christ's wine and apples (which surpass the up-taking of dull sense) bloweth upon my soul. . . Nay, His cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bare; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails are to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbor.

From this "banqueting house" he sought to cheer his fellows in the vineyard: "I tell you Christ will make new work out of old, forecasten Scotland, and gather the old broken boards of His tabernacle, and pin them and nail them together." Again, with evangelical fervor: "Oh, if I could make my Lord Jesus market-sweet, lovely, desirable, and fair to all the world, both to Jew and Gentile!" He learns anew the vanity of the world, and would instil it: "Oh, that we had as soon done with this world, and could as quickly despatch the love of it! But as a child cannot hold two apples in his little hand, but the one putteth the other out of its room, so neither can we be masters and lords of two loves."

Stinted of life, he sees the end of it, and is often pointing to the grave:

Remember, when the race is ended, and the play either won or lost, and ye are in the utmost circle and border of time, and shall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all your good things of this short night-dream shall seem to you like the ashes of a bleeze of thorns or straw, and your poor soul shall be crying, "Lodging, lodging, for God's sake!" then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely and homely smiles than if ye had the charters of three worlds for all eternity.

But he can comfort as well as warn. As a comforter Samuel Rutherford must have been accounted great:

Christ was death's Cautioner, who gave His word to come and loose all the clay-pawns, and set them at his own right hand; and our Cautioner, Christ, hath an act of law-surety upon death, to render back his captives. And that Lord Jesus, who knoweth the turnings and windings that are in that black trance of death, hath numbered all the steps of the stair up to heaven. He knoweth how long the turnpike is, or how many pair of stairs high it is; for He ascended that way Himself: "I was dead and am alive." And now He liveth at the right hand of God, and His garments have not so much as the smell of death.

Not always was Samuel Rutherford uplifted. Sometimes his prison was really a prison and his sorrows like lead. To conclude: where, in the literature of faith, shall we find the aspirations of the Christian more sweetly and plaintively uttered than in these sentences?

A little of God would make my soul bankfull. Oh that I had but Christ's odd off-fallings; that He would let but the meanest of His love-rays and love-beams fall from Him so as I might gather and carry them with me! I would not be ill to please with Christ, and veiled vision of Christ; neither would I be

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dainty in seeing and enjoying of Him: a kiss of Christ blown over His shoulder, the parings and crumbs of glory that fall under His table in heaven, a shower like a thin May-mist of His love, would make me green, and sappy, and joyful, till the summer-sun of an eternal glory break up.

The summer-sun of earthly liberty broke first on Samuel Rutherford. For many years he was a great man in the Scottish Church, and was sent up to the Westminster Assembly in 1643. After the Restoration he was again in disfavor, and was summoned to appear before the Parliament in Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. His enemies were too late. He replied that he had already got a summons to a higher tribunal; and he added, with one of his touches of humor, "ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come." Yet there were great folk who had been taking knowledge of him that he would soon be with his Master. When the Parliament voted that he should not die in St. Andrews, where his last days had been spent, Lord Burleigh rose and said, "Ye cannot vote him out of heaven." So passed this servant of God, and little master of English.

SPRING: A ROUNDEL.

(From the Old French of Charles D'Orleans.

*The year has cast his cloak away
Of wind-driven cloud and mist and rain;
And dons his summer garb again,
With leaf and flower embroidered gay.*

*And lake and rill and fount display
Their silver jewels, that have lain
Hidden through Winter's time of pain;
Everything dons a new array.
The year has cast his cloak away
Of wind-driven cloud and mist and rain.*

The Speaker.

M. R. Weld.

